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WIT AND WISDOM OF TAGORE

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Wit and Wisdom of Rabindranath Tagore

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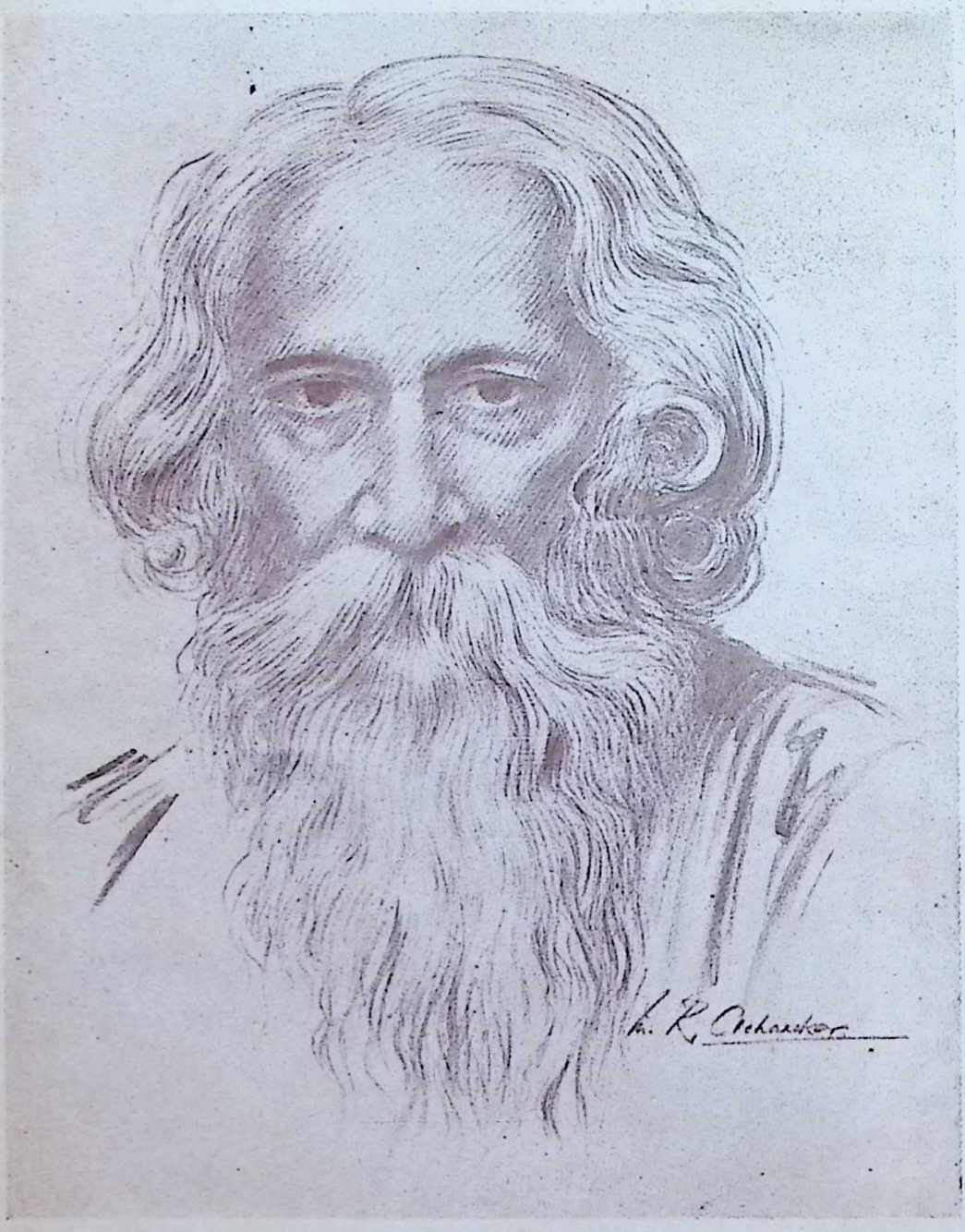

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Wit and Wisdom of Rabindranath Tagore

Being a treasury of several thousand valuable thoughts collected from the speeches and writings of the Bard af the East and classified under about eight hundred subjects

By

N. B. SEN

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Dedicated

to

the memory of

my esteemed friend

Dr. Sir P. C. Ray

Scientist, Scholar, Patriot

and a Maker of Modern Bengal.

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE—A STUDY

(*By Jawaharlal Nehru*)

He was no politician, but he was too sensitive and devoted to the freedom of the Indian people to remain always in his ivory tower of poetry and song. Again and again he stepped out of it, when he could tolerate some development no longer, and in prophetic language warned the British Government or his own people. He played a prominent part in the Swadeshi movement that swept through Bengal in the first decade of the twentieth century, and again when he gave up his knighthood at the time of the Amritsar massacre. His constructive work in the field of education, quietly begun, has already made Santiniketan one of the focal points of Indian culture. His influence over the mind of India, and especially of successive rising generations, has been tremendous. Not Bengali only, the language in which he himself wrote, but all the modern languages of India have been moulded partly by his writings.

He has been India's internationalist *par excellence*, believing and working for international cooperation, taking India's message to other countries and bringing their messages to his own people. And yet with all his internationalism, his feet have always been planted firmly on India's soil and his mind has been saturated with the wisdom of the *Upanishads*.

It was Tagore's immense service to India, as it has been Gandhi's in a different plane, that he forced the people in some measure out of their narrow grooves of thought and made them think of broader issues affecting humanity. Tagore was the greatest humanist of India.

(*Discovery of India*)

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I can tell you in all honesty that the memory of Gurudev is of enormous help to me in the problems that I have to face from day to day. And often when doubts and difficulties arise, that memory inspires me, and if it does not solve the problem, at any rate it puts me in a better frame of mind to tackle it.

Because he was a seer he could see ahead things yet unborn.

Address at Santiniketan (15th January, 1957)

Rabindranath had a very considerable influence on me. It is interesting to remember that my father and Rabindranath Tagore were born on the same day, month and year. (6th May, 1861)

Radio Interview (6th May, 1956)

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Preface

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore was one of the greatest literary giants of modern India. He created a great impression both on the East and the West through his valuable and varied writings. He expressed himself with equal ease through poetry, drama, fiction, short story and essay.

Apart from being a great philosopher and thinker, Tagore was also a great patriot. He renounced the title of Knighthood to maintain the honour and prestige of our Motherland at a critical time in the history of the nation.

One of his most outstanding works, 'Gitanjali' won for him the Nobel Prize for Literature and he was afterwards acclaimed as 'Bard of the East'. His lyrics and mystic writings are both elevating and inspiring.

Tagore's large number of books have been ransacked and a collection of his inspiring thoughts has been made in this work, which, it is hoped, will be found useful by all serious students of literature, philosophy, vedanta and mysticism.

New Delhi

N. B. Sen

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In reading Authors when you find
Bright passages, that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on, at another season
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down with black and white.
Such a respect is wisely shown,
As makes another's sense one's own.

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The foolish achieve success, the worthy glory.

—*Tagore*

It's snobbish to find fault with the English of a Bengalee.

—*Tagore*

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ACTION

Deeds are better, however cruel they may be, than the hell of thinking and doubting.

So long as the purpose remains in the mind it looms large and fearful. In action it becomes small. The vapour is dark and diffused. It dissolves into water-drops, that are small and sparkling.

ACTIVITY

Since it is possible to get on without getting along, why should I bestir myself to stir ?

Man will make blunders, will be baffled, and will meet with sorrows, but he can never stand still ; he will sacrifice his life for that which he believes to be his duty. It is thus that the sacred waters of the river of society are kept pure by being carried along in a never-ceasing current. This means that occasionally, for a short time, the banks of the river are broken and suffer loss, but to try and dam the current perpetually in fear of this would only be to invite stagnation and death.

All men do not stand at the same stage in the path—some are in front of the mountains, some on the shores of the sea, and some at the edge of the plains ; though not one of them has the power to remain still, all have to keep moving.

ACTORS

If every one were to act where would the audience be ?

ADAPTABILITY

Mustn't expect to have everything exactly to your taste.

It takes some time before you get used to your surroundings in a new place.

We seldom find things just to our taste in this world. We have to accommodate ourselves to what we can get, and put up with that as human beings.

ADMINISTRATION

Mere administration is unproductive, it is not creative, not being a living thing. It is a steam-roller, formidable in

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its weight and power, having its uses, but it does not help the soil to become fertile.

ADVENTURE

Plunge into the deep without fear, with the gladness of April in your heart.

You can't cross the sea merely by standing and staring at the water. Don't let yourself indulge in vain wishes.

When we are out for adventure, we must leave behind all fears, all quatrains, all Pundits, and all Scriptures.

To set out and go forth was the important thing.

We can't do anything simply because we have wife and children to support—they'll starve unless we can make something for them every day. How many people are there ready to risk death for their families by taking other people's perils on their own shoulders, especially in our country, where the families are by no means small ?

ADVICE

To offer instruction on any question before it has really arisen in the mind is like giving food before one is hungry,—it spoils the appetite and leads to indigestion.

Do not have the conceit to offer your advice to people who are far greater than you in every respect.

There are plenty of men to say good things, but very few to listen. That requires strength of mind.

We are often blind when we do not consider things from all points of view—when there is a danger of our conduct causing trouble in any society ; at such a time we should welcome as a friend one who asks us what our conduct will lead to, and to what limits we can safely go.

AFFECTATION

Affectation goes a longer way than open boasting.

AFFECTION

Affection expects presumption.

A mother endeavours to protect her babe by clasping it to her breast.

Love has the power to derive pleasure from mistakes, discords, incapacity. A mother's love overflows at the false steps of the child whom she is teaching to walk.

When a sick child does not want to take its medicine, the mother, though quite well, drinks some herself to console the child with the idea that both are in the same plight. That is not a question of medical treatment, but of personal love, and

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if that love is lacking, however reasonable the mother's actions may be, the relation of mother and child is hurt, and with it is lost the desired effect.

AFFINITY

I often wonder where lie hidden the boundaries of recognition between man and the beast whose heart knows no spoken language.

Through what primal paradise in a remote morning of creation ran the simple path by which their hearts visited each other ?

Those marks of their constant tread have not been effaced though their kinship has been long forgotten.

Yet suddenly in some worldless music the dim memory wakes up and the beast gazes into the man's face with a tender trust, and the man looks down into its eyes with amused affection.

It seems that the two friends meet masked, and vaguely know each other through the disguise.

Oh, if only some kindred soul were near-just one loving human being whom I could hold near my heart !

AGE

The time comes when the world shall know
that you're not banished in your own shadow ;
Your heart shall burst in torrents
Out of the clasp of the ice ;
And your North wind turn its face
Against the haunts of the flitting phantoms.
There sounds the magician's drum,
And the sun waits with laughter in his glance,
To see your grey turn into green.

Our hair shall never turn grey,
Never.
We will never doubt the world and shut our eyes to ponder,
Never.
We will not grope in the maze of our mind.
We flow with the flood of things, from the mountain
to the sea,
We will never be lost in the desert sand,
Never.
How grave he looks,
how laughably old,
How solemnly quiet among death preparations !
Come, friends, help him to find himself
before he reaches home.

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Change his pilgrim's robe
into the dress of the singing youth,
Snatch away his bag of dead things
And confound his calculations.
Old folk can't help talking when there's any one there.
Our hair shall never turn grey,
Never.
There is no blank in this world for us,
no break in our road,
It may be an illusion that we follow,
But it shall never play us false,
Never.
We are out on our way
And we fear not the Robber, the Old Man.
Our path is straight, it is broad,
Our burden is light, for our pocket is bare,
Who can rob us of our folly ?
For us there is no rest, nor ease, nor praise, nor success,
We dance in the measure of fortune's rise and fall,
We play our game, or win or lose,
And we fear not the Robber.

AGE AND YOUTH

It is written in the book that Man, when fifty, must leave the noisy world, to go to the forest seclusion. But the poet proclaims that the forest hermitage is only for the young. For it is the birthplace of flowers and the haunt of birds and bees ; and hidden nooks are waiting there for the thrill of lovers' whispers. There the moonlight, that is all one kiss for the *malati* flowers, has its deep message, but those who understand it are far below fifty.

And alas, youth is inexperienced and wilful, therefore it is but meet that the old should take charge of the household, and the young take to the seclusion of forest shades and the severe discipline of courting.

AGONY

We give these sufferings names, bad or good, according to the classifications of the books, but this agony which is welling up from a torn heart, pouring into the fathomless dark, has it any name ?

AIM

What is to be ended must be ended in this life.

The captain of a ship when he is out on the ocean keeps in mind the port across the sea, both while at work and during his leisure.

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We two are colleagues, for our aims are one.

The life-force in you is dispersed. It has to be mobilised and marshalled round one single object of your life. Then will your life gain a meaning. When that which is scattered is gathered and concentrated towards a single aim and becomes intense and dynamic, then alone can we call it a moral organism.

AKBAR

In Indian history, the meeting of the Mussulman and the Hindu produced Akbar, the object of whose dream was the unification of hearts and ideals. It had all the glowing enthusiasm of a religion, and it produced an immediate and a vast result even in his own life time.

ALMS

We women must stay on in our empty homes, with our blasted lives, to give alms to all these home forsakers, who are neither sons, nor husbands, nor brothers.

There's no dearth of folk to take alms. It's the givers who are rare.

To find one to take the offering, much merit must be earned.

When we get our food precariously as alms, we remember God the giver. But when we receive our food regularly at home, as a matter of course, we are apt to regard it as ours by right.

AMBITION

Manly ambition to build up from the very bottom a tower of triumph !

ANARCHY

Anarchy is always a source of danger.

Look at those who call themselves anarchists, who resent the imposition of power, in any form whatever, upon the individual. The only reason for this is that power has become too abstract—it is a scientific product made in the political laboratory of the Nation, through the dissolution of personal humanity.

ANGER

Woman's anger is like a diamond's glitter ; it only shines but cannot burn.

You can meet an opinion by another opinion, or one argument by another, but in matters in which the understanding is concerned it is barbarous to try and use anger as a punishment.

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It's far better to make people angry than to make them ashamed.

ANIMAL FOOD

I really must give up animal food. We manage to swallow flesh only because we do not think of the cruel and sinful thing we do. There are many crimes which are the creation of man himself, the wrongfulness of which is put down to their divergence from habit, custom, or tradition. But cruelty is not of these. It is a fundamental sin, and admits of no argument or nice distinctions. If only we do not allow our heart to grow callous, its protest against cruelty is always clearly heard ; and yet we go on perpetrating cruelties easily, merrily, all of us in fact, any one who does not join in is dubbed a crank.

How many living creatures are sacrificed only to grace the dishes at a dinner-party, a large proportion of which will leave the table untouched !

So long as we are unconscious of our cruelty we may not be to blame. But if, after our pity is aroused, we persist in throttling our feelings simply in order to join others in their preying upon life, we insult all that is good in us. I have decided to try a vegetarian diet.

ANIMALS

Man is worse than an animal when he is an animal.

It was in May. The sultry noon seemed endlessly long. The dry earth gaped with thirst in the heat.

When I heard from the riverside a voice calling, "Come, my darling !"

I shut my book and opened the window to look out.

I saw a big buffalo with mud-stained hide standing near the river with placid, patient eyes ; and a youth, knee-deep in water, calling it to its bath.

I smiled amused and felt a touch of sweetness in my heart.

One day I saw this naked boy sitting with legs outstretched.

In the water his sister sat rubbing a drinking-pot with a handful of earth, turning it round and round.

Nearby a soft-haired lamb stood grazing along the bank.

It came close to where the boy sat and suddenly bleated aloud, and the child started up and screamed.

His sister left off cleaning her pot and ran up.

She took up her brother in one arm and the lamb in the

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other, and dividing her caresses between them bound in one bond of affection the offspring of beast and man.

APPAREL

The naked is without a credential, it's the made-up clothes that define us.

APPEARANCES

There are fools who judge men by their outside.

People who are virtuous to outward appearance are virtuous at heart also.

When the physical appearance evades the scrutiny of our senses and enters the sanctuary of our hearts, than it can forget itself.

You may judge a flower or a butterfly by its looks, but not a human being.

ARGUMENT

No greater nuisance to a country than an arguer.

No need to meet argument by argument.

That which is mere verbal argument appears as one thing becomes a very different matter when it comes to a question of action.

ARMS

The force of arms only reveals man's weakness.

ART

Of all living creatures in the world, man has his vital and mental energy vastly in excess of his need, which urges him to work in various lines of creation for its own sake. Like Brahma himself, he takes joy in productions that are unnecessary to him, and therefore representing his extravagance and not his hand-to-mouth penury. The voice that is just enough can speak and cry to the extent needed for everyday use; but that which is abundant sings, and in it we find our joy. Art reveals man's wealth of life, which seeks its freedom in forms of perfection which are an end in themselves.

Things are distinct not in their essence but in their appearance; in other words, in their relation to one to whom they appear. This is Art, the truth of which is not in substance or logic, but in expression. Abstract truth may belong to science and metaphysics, but the world of reality belongs to Art.

It is needless to say that upon a mere expression of emotion—even the best expression of it—no criterion of art can rest.

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ART AND MUSIC

Music and the fine arts are among the highest means of national self-expression, without which the people remain inarticulate.

Our conscious mind occupies only a superficial layer of our life ; the sub-conscious mind is almost fathomless in its depth—where the wisdom of countless ages grows up from its base, like the great continents, beyond our ken. Our conscious mind finds its expression in numerous deliberate activities which pass and repass before our view. Our sub-conscious mind, where dwells our soul, must also have its adequate media of expression. These media are poetry and music and the arts ; herein the complete personality of man finds its utterance.

During the Moghal period, music and art in India found a great impetus from the rulers, because their whole life was in this land, not merely their official life ; and it is the wholeness of a man from which originates Art.

Music and art must have their prominent seats of honour, and not merely a tolerant nod of recognition.

ART AND PERSONALITY

In everyday life our personality moves in a narrow circle of immediate self-interest. And therefore our feelings and events, within that short range, become prominent subjects for ourselves. In their vehement self-assertion they ignore their unity with the All. They rise up like obstructions and obscure their own background. But art gives our personality the disinterested freedom of the eternal, there to find it in its true perspective. To see our own home in flames is not to see fire in its verity. But the fire in the stars is the fire in the heart of the Infinite; there, it is the script of creation.

ART AND POETRY

When some storm of feeling sweeps across the country art is under a disadvantage. In such an atmosphere the boisterous passion breaks through the cordon of harmony and thrusts itslf forward as the subject, which with its bulk and pressure dethrones the unity of creation. For a similar reason most of the hymns used in churches suffer from lack of poetry. For in them the deliberate subject, assuming the first importance benumbs or kills the poem. Most patriotic poems have the same deficiency. They are like hill streams born of sudden showers, which are more proud of their rocky beds than of their water currents ; in them the athletic and arrogant subject takes it for granted that the poem is there to give it occasion to display its powers. The subject is the material

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wealth for the sake of which poetry should never be tempted to barter her soul, even though the temptation should come in the name and shape of public good or some usefulness. Between the artist and his art must be that perfect detachment which is the pure medium of love. He must never make use of this love except for its own perfect expression.

ARTISTS

To the artist a ruin may be a beautiful object ; but houses are built not only for the contemplation of artists, but that people may live therein ; so they have to be kept in repair in spite of artistic susceptibilities.

The artist is the lover of Nature; therefore he is her slave and her master.

ARYANS

When the non-Aryan gods found place in the Aryan pantheon their inclusion was symbolized by the trinity, Brahma Vishnu and Siva—Brahma standing for the ancient tradition, exclusive externalism ; Vishnu for the transition when the original Vedic Sun-god became humanized and emerged from the rigid enclosure of scriptural texts into the world of the living human heart ; and Siva for the period when the non-Aryan found entrance into the special organisation of the Aryan. But though the Aryan and non-Aryan thus met, they did not merge completely. Like the Ganges and the Jumna at their confluence, they flowed on together in two separately distinguishable streams.

Originally the tending of flocks had been the main occupation of the Aryan tribes. This pastoral life likewise suited the forest tracts of India, and Brahmins in their forest retreats continued to regard the cow as their principle wealth. But though tending cattle was fit for the nomad life or for that of small groups of individuals living in forests, the concentration of large bodies of men in cities required the organised production of food. Naturally, the necessity of such organisation was more keenly felt by Kshatriyas, who were founders of cities, than by the others.

ASCETICISM

Asceticism has a great attraction for women, you know. Kalidas describes in his poem how Uma mortified the flesh for the sake of an ascetic.

The callousness of asceticism pitted against the callousness of luxury is merely fighting one evil with the help of another, inviting the pitiless demon of the desert in place of the indiscriminate demon of the jungle.

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ASCETICS

I am a *Sanyasi*. I have neither hatred nor attachment in my heart—I never claim you as mine ; therefore I can never discard you. You are to me as this blue sky is,—you are,—yet you are not.

And they, who have no ties, no joy or sorrow, no earthly burden, who float along like the clouds in autumn—are only they awake, are only they real ?

When abstinence is the only choice, an ascetic frame of mind comes easy.

No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say.

I shall never be an ascetic if she does not take the vow with me.

It is my firm resolve that if I cannot find a shady shelter and a companion for my penance, I shall never turn ascetic.

No, my friends, I shall never leave my hearth and home, and retire into the forest solitude, if rings no merry laughter in its echoing shade and if the end of no saffron mantle flutters in the wind ; if its silence is not deepened by soft whispers.

I shall never be an asectic.

At mid-night the would-be ascetic announced :

"This is the time to give up my home and seek for God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here ?"

God whispered, "I," but the ears of the man were stopped.

With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed.

The man said, "Who are ye that have fooled me so long ?"

The voice said again, "They are God." but he heard it not.

The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to its mother.

God commanded, "Stop, fool, leave not thy home," but still he heard not.

God sighed and complained, "Why does my servant wander to seek me, forsaking me ?"

The division of days and nights is not for me, nor that of months and years. For me, the stream of time has stopped, on whose waves dances the world, like straws and twigs. In this dark cave I am alone merged, in myself,—and the eternal night is still, like a mountain lake afraid of its own depth. Water oozes and drips from the cracks, and in the pools float the ancient frogs. I sit chanting the incantation of nothingness. The world's limits recede, line after line.

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The stars like sparks of fire, flown from the anvil of time, are extinct ; and that joy is mine which comes to the God Siva, when, after acons of dream, he wakes up to find himself alone in the heart of the infinite annihilation. I am free, I am the great solitary One. When I was thy slave, O Nature, thou didst set my heart against itself, and madest it carry the fierce war of suicide through its world. Desires, that have no other ends but to feed upon themselves and all that comes to their mouths, lashed me into fury. I ran about, madly chasing my shadow. Thou drovest me with thy lightning lashes of pleasure into the void of satiety. And the hungers, who are thy decoys, ever led me into the endless famine, where food turned into dust, and drink into vapour.

Till when my world was spotted with tears and ashes, I took my oath that I would have revenge upon thee, interminable Appearance, mistress of endless disguises. I took shelter in the darkness,—the castle of the Infinite,—and fought the deceitful light, day after day, till it lost all its weapons and lay powerless at my feet. Now, when I am free of fear and desires, when the mist has vanished, and my reason shines pure and bright, let me go out into the kingdom of lies and sit upon its heart, untouched and unmoved.

I started up and saw the Hermit standing before me. The moon had moved to the west, peering through the leaves to espy this wonder of divine art wrought in a fragile human frame. The air was heavy with perfume ; the silence of the night was vocal with the chirping of crickets ; the reflections of the trees hung motionless in the lake ; and with his staff in his hand he stood, tall and straight and still, like a forest tree. It seemed to me that I had, on opening my eyes, died to all realities of life and undergone a dream birth into a shadow land. Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes. I heard his call—"Be loved my most beloved !" and all my forgotten lives united as one and responded to it. I said "take me, take all I am !" And I stretched out my arms to him The moon set behind the trees. One curtain of darkness covered all. Heaven and earth, time and space, pleasure and pain, death and life merged together in an unbearable ecstasy . . . . with the first gleam of light, the first twitter of birds, I rose up and sat leaning on my left arm. He lay asleep with a vague smile about his lips like the crescent moon in the morning. The rosy-red glow of the dawn fell upon his noble forehead. I sighed and stood up. I drew together the leafy lianas to screen the streaming sun from his face. I looked about me and saw the same old earth. I remember what I used to be, and ran and ran like a deer afraid of her own shadow, through the forest path strewn with *shephali* flowers, I found a lonely nook, and sitting down

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covered my face with both hands, and tried to weep and cry. But no tears came to my eyes.

ASIA

We forget that in Asia great kingdoms were founded, philosophy, science, arts and literatures flourished, and all the great religions of the world had their cradles. Therefore, it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and climate of Asia to produce mental inactivity and to atrophy the faculties which impel men to go forward. For centuries we did hold torches of civilization in the East when the West slumbered in darkness, and that could never be the sign of sluggish mind or narrowness of vision.

Then fell the darkness of night upon all the lands of the East. The current of time seemed to stop at once, and Asia ceased to take any new food, feeding upon its own past, which is really feeding upon itself. The stillness seemed like death, and the great voice was silenced which sent forth messages of eternal truth that have saved man's life from polution for generations, like the ocean of air that keeps the earth sweet, ever cleansing its impurities.

The worst form of bondage is the bondage of dejection, which keeps men hopelessly chained in loss of faith in themselves. We have been repeatedly told, with some justification, that Asia lives in the past,—it is like a rich mausoleum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalize the dead. It was said of Asia that it could never move in the path of progress, its face was so inevitably turned backwards.

ATHEISM

India has desired to acknowledge, fully, both the opposite aspects of subtle and gross,—inner and outer, spirit and body,—that those who cannot grasp the subtle aspect have the opportunity to seize upon the gross, and, their ignorance working on it, results in these extraordinary distortions. All the same, it would never do for us to cut ourselves off from the great, the varied, the wonderful way in which India has tried to realise in body, mind and action, and from every point of view, the One who is true, both in forms and in formlessness in material as well as in spiritual manifestation, alike to outer sense and inner perception ;—or to commit the folly of accepting instead, as the only religion, the combination of Theism and Atheism, dry, narrow, and unsubstantial, evolved by eighteenth-century Europe.

ATTACHMENT

God has revealed to me plainly enough the form of attachment, and has shown me that it is not pure, and that in it there is no peace. Like wine it is red and pungent—it does not allow

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the mind to be tranquil, it makes one thing appear another—I am a *sanyasi*, in my realisation and worship it can have no place.

AUTHORSHIP

Plenty of people have business to do and yet find time for writing.

The man who is not useful can be ornamental, and he who is not productive in other fields can at least produce literature. Encouraged by this thought, I wrote a farce. People said it was good, and it was even acted on the stage.

Once having tasted of fame, I found myself unable to stop pursuing it farther. Days and days together I went on writing farces with an agony of determination.

You say that father writes a lot of books, but what he writes I don't understand.

He was reading to you all the evening, but could you really make out what he meant.

What nice stories, mother, you can tell us! Why can't father write like that, I wonder?

Did he never hear from his own mother stories of giants and fairies and princesses?

Has he forgotten them all?

Often when he gets late for his bath you have to go and call him an hundred times.

You wait and keep his dishes warm for him, but he goes on writing and forgets.

Father always plays at making books.

If ever I go to play in father's room, you come and call me, "What a naughty child!"

If I make the slightest noise you say, "Don't you see that father's at his work?"

What's the fun of always writing and writing?

When I take up father's pen or pencil and write upon his book just as he does,—a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i,—why do you get cross with me then, mother?

You never say a word when father writes.

When my father wastes such heaps of paper, mother, you don't seem to mind at all.

But if I take only one sheet to make a boat with, you say, "Child, how troublesome you are!"

What do you think of father's spoiling sheets and sheets of paper with black marks all over on both sides?

AUTUMN

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

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And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sigh.

BABY

When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely understand what the pleasure is that streams from the sky in morning light, and what delight that is which the summer breeze brings to my body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

BABY AND MOON

Mother, your baby is silly! She is so absurdly childish!

She does not know the difference between the lights in streets and the stars.

When we play at eating with pebbles, she thinks they are real food, and tries to put them into her mouth.

When I open a book before her and ask her to learn her a, b, c, she tears the leaves with her hands and roars for joy at nothing, this is your baby's way of doing her lesson.

When I shake my head at her in anger and scold her and call her naughty, she laughs and thinks it great fun.

Everybody knows that father is away, but if in play I call aloud "Father," she looks about her in excitement and thinks that father is near.

When I hold my class with the donkeys that our washerman brings to carry away the clothes and I warn her that I am the schoolmaster, she will scream for no reason.

Your baby wants to catch the moon. She is so funny;

Mother, your baby is silly! She is so absurdly childish!

BABY AND MOTHER

If I were only a little puppy, not your baby, mother dear, would you say "No" to me if I tried to eat from your dish?

Would you drive me off, saying to me, "Get away, you naughty little puppy"?

Then go, mother, go! I will never come to you when you

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call me, and never let you feed me any more.

If I were only a little green parrot, and not your baby, mother dear, would you keep me chained lest I should fly away?

Would you shake your finger at me and say, "What an ungrateful wretch of a bird! It is gnawing at its chain day and night"?

Then go, mother, go! I will run away into the woods; I will never let you take me in your arms again.

BABY'S EYES

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Clasping her pitcher to her waist mother went to fetch water from the village near by.

It was noon. The children's playtime was over ; the ducks in the pond were silent.

The shepherd boy lay asleep under the shadow of the banyan tree.

The crane stood grave and still in the swamp near the mango grove.

In the meanwhile the sleep-stealer came and, snatching sleep from baby's eyes, flew away.

When mother came back she found baby travelling the room over on all fours.

Who stole sleep from our baby's eyes? I must know. I must find her and chain her up.

I must look into that dark cave, where, through boulders and scowling stones, trickles a tiny stream.

I must search in the drowsy shade of the *bakula* grove, where pigeons coo in their corner, and fairies' anklets tinkle in the stillness of starry nights.

In the evening I will peep into the whispering silence of the bamboo forest, where fireflies squander their light, and will ask every creature I meet, "Can anybody tell me where the sleep-stealer lives?"

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.

Shouldn't I give her a good lesson if I could only catch her?

I would raid her nest and see where she hoards all her stolen sleep.

I would plunder it all, and carry it home.

I would bind her two wings securely, set her on the bank of the river, and then let her play at fishing with a reed among the rushes and water-lilies.

When the marketing is over in the evening, and the village children sit in their mothers' laps, then the night birds will mockingly din her ears with:

"Whose sleep will you steal now?"

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The sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes ? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two shy buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps —does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs —does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.

BABY'S WORLD

If baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven this moment.

It is not for nothing that he does not leave us.

He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and cannot ever bear to lose sight of her.

Baby knows all manner of wise words, though few on earth can understand their meaning.

It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak.

The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words from mother's lips. That is why he looks so innocent.

Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came like a beggar on to this earth.

It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise.

This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be utterly helpless, so that he may beg for mother's wealth of love.

Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny crescent moon.

It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom.

He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught and pressed in her dear arms.

Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss.

It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.

Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's yearning heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles weave the double bond of pity and love.

I wish I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very own world.

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I know it has stars that talk to him, and a sky that stoops down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rainbows.

Those who make believe to be dumb, and look as if they never could move, come creeping to his window with their stories and with trays crowded with bright toys.

I wish I could travel by the road that crosses baby's mind, and out beyond all bounds;

Where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms of kings of no history;

Where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, and Truth sets Fact free from its fetters.

In Baby's world, the trees shake their leaves at him, murmuring verses in an ancient tongue that dates from before the age of meaning, and the moon feigns to be of his own age —the solitary baby of night.

In the world of the old, flowers dutifully blush at the make-believe of fairy legends, and broken dolls confess that they are made of clay.

BACK

There is no mischief in the back ; all the trouble is in the front.

Of all our limbs, the back is the most truthful. It says to us, "Lie down."

When we are young, that braggart breast is a great swell ; but, in the end, we can only rely on our back.

BANARAS

Banaras city is a bad place for young girls.

BANKIMCHANDRA CHATTERJEE

Though much older than myself, he was my contemporary and lived long enough for me to see him, was the first pioneer in the literary revolution which happened in Bengal about that time. Before his arrival our literature had been oppressed by a rigid rhetoric that choked its life and loaded it with ornaments that became its fetters. Bankimchandra was brave enough to go against the orthodoxy which believed in the security of tombstones and in that finality which can only belong to the lifeless. He lifted the dead weight of ponderous forms from our language and with a touch of his magic wand aroused our literature from her age-long sleep. A great promise and a vision of beauty she revealed to us when she awoke in the fulness of her strength and grace.

BARGAINING IN LOVE

"Come and hire me," I cried, while in the morning I was walking on the stone-paved road,

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Sword in hand, the King came in his chariot.

He held my hand and said, "I will hire you with my power."

But his power counted for naught, and he went away in his chariot.

In the heat of the midday the houses stood with shut doors.

I wandered along the crooked lane.

An old man came out with his bag of gold.

He pondered and said, "I will hire you with my money."

He weighed his coins one by one, but I turned away.

It was evening. The garden hedge was all aflower.

The fair maid came out and said, "I will hire you with a smile."

Her smile paled and melted into tears, and she went back alone into the dark.

The sun glistened on the sand, and the sea waves broke waywardly.

A child sat playing with shells.

He raised his head and seemed to know me, and said, "I hire you with nothing."

From thenceforward that bargain struck in child's play made me a free man.

BATHING

The men gravely take their regulation number of dips and go away, but girls are on much more intimate terms with the water. Both alike babble and chatter and ripple and sparkle in the same simple and natural manner; both may languish and fade away under a scorching glare, yet both can take a blow without hopelessly breaking under it. The hard world, which, but for them, would be barren, cannot fathom the mystery of the soft embrace of their arms.

Tennyson has it that woman to man is as water to wine. I feel today it should be as water is to land. Woman is more at home with the water, living in it, playing with it, holding her gatherings beside it; and while, for her other burdens are not seemly, the carrying of water from the spring, the well, the bank of river or pool, has ever been held to become her.

BEAUTY

Truth reveals itself in beauty. For if beauty were mere accident, a rent in the eternal fabric of things, then it would hurt, would be defeated by the antagonism of facts. Beauty is no phantasy, it has the everlasting meaning of reality. The facts that cause despondence and gloom are mere mist, and when through the mist beauty breaks out in momentary gleams, we realise that Peace is true and not conflict, Love is true and

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not hatred ; and Truth is the One, not the disjointed multitude.

A creation of beauty suggests a fulfilment which is the fulfilment of love. We have heard some poets scoff at it in bitterness and despair ; but it is like a sick child beating its own mother—it is a sickness of faith, which hurts truth, but proves it by its very pain and anger. And the faith itself is this, that beauty is the self-offering of the One to the other One.

The vast powers of nature do not reveal their truth in hideousness, but in beauty. Beauty is the signature which the Creator stamps upon His works when He is satisfied with them. All our products that insolently ignore the laws of perfection and are unashamed in their display of ungainliness bear the perpetual weight of God's displeasure.

Beauty and her twin brother Truth require leisure and self-control for their growth. But the greed of gain has no time or limit to its capaciousness. Its one object is to produce and consume. It has pity neither for beautiful nature nor for living human beings. It is ruthlessly ready without a moment's hesitation to crush beauty and life out of them, moulding them into money.

The heart of the earth must heave in joy under her bare white feet. Methought the vague veilings of her body should melt in ecstasy into air as the golden mist of dawn melts from off the snowy peak of the eastern hill. She bowed herself above the shining mirror of the lake and saw the reflection of her face. She started up in awe and stood still ; then smiled, and with a careless sweep of her left arm unloosed her hair and let it trail on the earth at her feet. She bared her bosom and looked at her arms, so flawlessly modelled, and instinct with an exquisite caress. Bending her head she saw the sweet blossoming of her youth and the tender bloom and blush of her skin. She beamed with a glad surprise. So, if the white lotus-bud on opening her eyes in the morning were to arch her neck and see her shadow in the water, would she wonder at herself the livelong day. But a moment after the smile passed from her face and a shade of sadness crept into her eyes. She bound up her tresses, drew her veil over her arms, and sighing slowly, walked away like a beauteous evening fading into the night. To me the supreme fulfilment of desire seemed to have been revealed in a flash and then to have vanished.

I am not the woman who nourishes her despair in lonely silence, feeding it with nightly tears and covering it with the daily patient smile, a widow from her birth. The flower of my desire shall never drop into the dust before it has ripened to fruit. But it is the labour of a life-time to make one's true self

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known and honoured. Therefore I have come to thy door, thou world-vanquishing Love, and thou, Vasanta, youthful Lord of the Seasons, take from my young body this primal injustice, and an unattractive plainness. For a single day make me superbly beautiful, even as beautiful as was the sudden blooming of love in my heart. Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty, and I will answer for the days that follow.

Find your beauty, my heart, from the world's movement, like the boat that has the grace of the wind and the water.

O Beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

This world is the world of wild storms kept tame with the music of beauty.

As the Ganges rapidly grows to fulness with the coming of the rains, even so did she day by day grow to the fulness of beauty and youth.

Her beauty would put to shame all the vanity of the beautiful.

All our treasure is of gold, the secret treasure of the dust. But the gold which is you, beautiful one, is not of the dust, but of the light which never owns any bond.

The sight of one's own beauty would soon grow wearisome.

The beautiful is mere phantasy. To him who knows; the dust and the flower are the same.

There must be beauty even in hell; but nobody there can understand it, that's their cruellest punishment.

Beauty only responds to beauty. Its lute strings break when force tries to snatch an answer.

A beautiful face is like a diviner's rod; it draws out any beauty that lurks in its surroundings.

If things did not move on and vanish, we should see no beauty anywhere.

Fate never intended beauty to run to waste.

That day I reproached my Creator because he had not made me surpassingly beautiful,—not to steal any heart away, but because beauty is glory.

BEES

The humble-bees hover round me in some fruitless quest, to the tune of a meaningless humming, with tireless assiduity.

I could easily have thought them to be departed spirits who had left this world unsatisfied, and so keep coming back to it again and again in the guise of bees, paying me an inquiring visit in passing. But I think nothing of the kind. I am sure

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they are real bees, otherwise known, in Sanskrit, as honey-suckers, or on still rarer occasions as double-proboscideans.

The wasp thinks that the honey-hive of the neighbouring bees is too small.

His neighbours ask him to build one still smaller.

BEGGARS

I had gone a-begging from door to door in the village path, when thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all kings !

My hopes rose high and methought my evil days were at an end, and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and for wealth scattered on all sides in the dust.

The chariot stopped where I stood. Thy glance fell on me and thou camest down with a smile. I felt that the luck of my life had come at last, Then of a sudden thou didst hold out thy right hand and say, "What hast thou to give to me ?"

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg ! I was confused and stood undecided, and then from my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee.

But how great my surprise when at the day's end I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap ! I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my all.

That savours of beggary, for money is man's, not woman's.

Beggars never can have harmony among themselves; they are envious of one another, mutually suspicious, like dogs living upon their master's favour, showing their teeth, growling, barking, trying to tear one another.

No beggar will ever know the King. The greater beggar appears like the King to the eyes of the lesser beggar.

The beggar in me lifted his lean hands to the starless sky and cried into night's ear with his hungry voice.

His prayers were to the blind Darkness who lay like a fallen god in a desolate heaven of lost hopes.

The cry of desire eddied round a chasm of despair, a wailing bird circling its empty nest.

But when morning dropped anchor at the rim of the East, the beggar in me leapt and cried:

"Blessed am I that the deaf night denied me—that its coffer was empty.

He cried, "O Life, O Light, you are precious ! And precious is the joy that at last has known you !"

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BEGGAR'S BOWL

A smile of mirth spread over the sky when you dressed my heart in rags and sent her forth into the road to beg.

She went from door to door, and many a time when her bowl was nearly full she was robbed.

At the end of the weary day she came to your palace gate holding up her pitiful bowl, and you came and took her hand and seated her beside you on your throne.

Time after time I came to your gate with raised hands, asking for more and yet more.

You gave and gave, now in slow measure, now in sudden excess.

I took some, and some things I let drop; some lay heavy on my hands; some I made into playthings and broke them when tired; till the wrecks and the hoard of your gifts grew immense, hiding you, and the ceaseless expectation wore my heart out.

Take, oh, take—has now become my cry.

Shatter all from this beggar's bowl: put out this lamp of the importunate watcher: hold my hands, raise me from the still-gathering heap of your gifts into the bare infinity of your uncrowded presence.

BELOVED

My beloved is ever in my heart
That is why I see him everywhere,
He is in the pupils of my eyes
That is why I see him everywhere.
I went far away to hear his own words,
But, ah, it was vain !
When I came back I heard them
In my own songs.
Who are you who seek him like a beggar
from door to door !
Come to my heart and see his face in the
tears of my eyes !

Your own mirror will not reflect them—it lessens you, limits you, makes you look small and insignificant. But could you see yourself mirrored in my own mind, how grand would you appear ! In my own heart you are no longer the daily individual which you think you are—you are verily my second self.

BENGAL

Many look down on Bengal as being only a flat country, but that is just what makes me revel in its scenery all the more.

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Its unobstructed sky is filled to the brim. like an amethyst cup, with the descending twilight and peace of the evening ; and the golden skirt of the still, silent noonday spreads over the whole of it without let or hinderance.

Where is there another such country for the eye to look on, the mind to take in ?

BENGALIS

It's snobbish to find fault with the English of a Bengali.

I am certain that even an angel would have seemed a veritable messenger of *Yama* to any Bengali boy if he came to him at the end of his miserable day at school, and lighted a dismally dim lamp to teach him English.

How well Bengalis may do in their examinations, they will never be any good as administrators.

BIRD IN CAGE

The tame bird was in a cage, the free bird was in the forest.

They met when the time came, it was a decree of fate..

The free bird cries, "O my love, let us fly to the wood."

The cage bird whispers, "Come hither, let us both live in the cage."

Says the free bird, "Among bars, where is there room to spread one's wings ?"

"Alas," cries the cage bird, "I should not know where to sit perched in the sky."

The free bird cries, "My darling, sing the songs of the woodlands."

The cage bird says, "Sit by my side, I'll teach you the speech of the learned."

The forest bird cries, "No, ah no ! songs can never be taught."

The cage bird says, "Alas for me, I know not the songs of the woodlands."

Their love is intense with longing, but they never can fly wing to wing.

Through the bars of the cage they look, and vain is their wish to know each other.

They flutter their wings in yearning, and sing, "Come closer, my love !"

The free bird cries, "It cannot be, I fear the closed doors of the cage."

The cage bird whispers, "Alas, my wings are powerless and dead."

The caged bird spends its holiday knocking against the bars.

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When the wild bird sighs for the golden cage, it's an evil spirit that sits in her wings.

It doesn't need much cleverness to know that when a captive bird pecks at the bars it's not in the spirit of cares. What does it matter whether that's openly confessed or not ?

BIRDS

The bird's song is the echo of the morning light back from the earth.

The bird wishes it were a cloud.
The cloud wishes it were a bird.

The bird of the morning sings.

Whence has he word of the morning before the morning breaks, and when the dragon night still holds the sky in its cold black coils ?

Tell me, bird of the morning, how, through the twofold night of the sky and the leaves, he found his way into your dream, the messenger out of the East ?

The world did not believe you when you cried, "The sun is on his way, the night is no more."

O sleeper, awake !

Bare your forehead, waiting for the first blessing of light, and sing with the bird of the morning in glad faith.

How little we really know of the household affairs of these innocent winged creatures, with their soft breasts and their many-coloured feathers ! Why on earth do they find it necessary to sing so persistently ?

The sky pours its light into our hearts,
We fill the sky with songs in answer.
We pelt the air with our notes
When the air stirs our wings with its madness.
O Flame of the forest,
All your flower-torches are ablaze.

You have kissed our songs red with the passion of your youth. In the spring breeze the mango-blossoms launch their messages to the unknown.

And the new leaves dream aloud all day.

O Sirish, you have cast your perfume-net round our hearts,
Drawing them out in songs.

BIRTH

The time during which the seed lies underground is long, so long indeed that one forgets that there is any danger of its sprouting. But once its shoot shows up above the surface, it

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grows and grows so fast, there is no time to cover it up, neither with skirt, nor body, nor even life itself.

Tree is hidden in the seed.

The birds and beast come out ready-made from Nature's workshop. But human life is in a raw, unformed state. It's for man to put it into shape.

It was only the other day that I came to your earth, naked and nameless, with a wailing cry.

Today my voice is glad, while you, my lord, stand aside to make room that I may fill my life.

Even when I bring you my songs for an offering I have the secret hope that men will come and love me for them.

You love to discover that I love this world where you have brought me.

BITTERNESS

The soreness which may not pass the lips is felt the more keenly within.

BLAME

Let not the sword-blade mock its handle for being blunt.

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite.

BLESSINGS

With blessing everything is possible.

BLINDNESS

My very blindness had conferred on me the power of seeing a world which is beyond all change.

Because he cannot see, he is not afraid.

Because he does not see with his eyes, therefore he sees with his whole body and mind and soul.

The blind have long memories.

The blind have keener perceptions than other people.

BLUNDER

After it had once been committed there was no way back.

BOASTING

Boasting is only a masked shame, it does not truly believe in itself.

BOATMAN

I long to go over there to the farther bank of the river,
Where those boats are tied to the bamboo poles in a line ;

Where men cross over in their boats in the morning with ploughs on their shoulders to till their far-away fields ;

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Where the cowherds make their lowing cattle swim across to the riverside pasture ;

Whence they all come back home in the evening, leaving the jackals to howl in the island overgrown with weeds.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferry when I am grown up.

They say there are strange pools hidden behind that high bank,

Where flocks of wild ducks come when the rains are over, and thick reeds grow round the margins where water-birds lay their eggs ;

Where snipes with their dancing tails stamp their tiny footprints upon the clean soft mud ;

Where in the evening the tall grasses crested with white flowers invite the moonbeam to float upon their waves.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferryboat when I am grown up.

I shall cross and cross back from bank to bank, and all the boys and girls of the village will wonder at me while they are bathing.

When the sun climbs the mid sky and morning wears on to noon, I shall come running to you, saying, "Mother, I am hungry !"

When the day is done and the shadows cower under the trees, I shall come back in the dusk.

I shall never go away from you into the town to work like father.

Mother, if you don't mind, I should like to become the boatman of the ferryboat when I am grown up.

BONDAGE

Alas, that fetters should beguile you, seeming ornaments ; alas, that death should bewitch you, seeming beauty.

BOOKS AND BEAUTY

The evening was lonely for me, and I was reading a book till my heart became dry, and it seemed to me that beauty was a thing fashioned by the traders in words. Tired I shut the book and snuffed the candle. In a moment the room was flooded with moonlight.

Spirit of Beauty, how could you, whose radiance overbrims the sky, stand hidden behind a candle's tiny flame ? How could a few vain words from a book rise like a mist, and veil her whose voice has hushed the heart of earth into ineffable calm ?

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BOYHOOD

In this world of human affairs there is no worse nuisance than a boy at the age of fourteen. He is neither ornamental nor useful. It is impossible to shower affection on him as on a little boy ; and he is always getting in the way. If he talks with a childish lisp he is called a baby, and if he answers in a grown-up way he is called impertinent. In fact any talk at all from him is resented. Then he is at the unattractive, growing age. He grows out of his clothes with indecent haste ; his voice grows hoarse and breaks and quavers ; his face grows suddenly angular and unsightly. It is easy to excuse the short-comings of early childhood, but it is hard to tolerate even unavoidable lapses in a boy of fourteen. The lad himself becomes painfully self-conscious. When he talks with elderly people he is either unduly forward, or else so unduly shy that he appears ashamed of his very existence,

Yet it is at this very age when in his heart of hearts a young lad most craves for recognition and love ; and he becomes the devoted slave of any one who shows him, consideration. But none dare openly love him, for that would be regarded as undue indulgence, and therefore bad for the boy. So, what with scolding and chiding, he becomes very much like a stray dog that has lost his master.

For a boy of fourteen his own home is the only Paradise. To live in a strange house with strange people is little short of torture, while the height of bliss is to receive the kind look of women, and never to be slighted by them.

BRAHMA

God of Creation, more terrible far than the God of Destruction!

BRAHMINS

Foreign critics are too often ready to misread the conservative spirit of India, putting it down as the trade artifice of an interested priestcraft. But they forget that there was no racial difference between Brahmin and Kshatriya. These merely represented two different natural functions of the body politic, which, though from the outside presenting the appearance of antagonism, have as a matter of fact co-operated in the evolution of Indian History. Sowing seed in one's own land and reaping the harvest for distant markets are apparently contradictory. The seed-sowers naturally cling to the soil which they cultivate, while the distributors of the harvest develop a different mentality, being always on the move. The Brahmins were the guardians of the seed of culture in ancient India and the Kshatriyas strove to put into wide use the harvest of wisdom.

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It is significant to note that the lives of great Brahmins of the olden times, like that of Yajnavalkya, have the association of intellectual profoundity and spritual achievement, while those of great Kshatriyas represent ethical magnanimity which has love for its guiding principle. It is also significant that the people of India, though entertaining deep veneration for the Brahmin sages, instinctively ascribe divine inspiration to the Kshatriya heroes who actively realized high moral ideals in their personalities.

This has been the great function of the Brahmins of this land, to keep the lamp lighted when the storm has been raging on all sides. It has been their endeavour gradually to permeate the tremendous mass of obstructive material with some quickening ideal of their own that would transmute it into the life-stuff of a composite civilization ; to discover some ultimate meaning in the inarticulate primitive forms struggling for expression, and to give it a voice. In a word, it was the mission of the Brahmin to comprehend by the light of his own mature understanding the undeveloped minds of the people.

Look at the Brahmins. In spite of our treating them as demi-gods, and untiringly taking the dust of their feet, they are a force going to waste.

There will always be a large class of people, given to grovelling, who can never be made to do anything unless they are bespattered with the dust of somebody's feet, be it on their heads or on their backs ! What a pity if after keeping Brahmins saved up in our armoury for all these ages,—keen and serviceable,—they cannot be utilised to urge on this rabble in the time of our need.

The Brahmin is one who knows not what fear is, who hates greed, who can vanquish sorrow, who takes no account of loss—whose being is united with the Supreme Being. India wants the Brahmin of firm, tranquil and liberated mind. It is not to kings that we bow our heads, nor do we submit our necks to the yoke of oppressors. No, it is through our own fear that our heads are bowed low ; we are caught in the web of our own greed, we are slaves to our own folly. May the true Brahmin by his austere discipline deliver us from that fear, that greed, that folly,—we don't want them to fight for us, or to trade for us or to secure for us any other worldly advantage.

When once I have offered up that gift which is the hardest of all to sacrifice, fully and completely, then I shall become truly poor and sanctified—then I shall be a Brahmin.

Just as the earth looks up to the sky in expectation of rain, so do they look up to the Brahmins.

Scriptures enjoin marriage as the duty of every son of a Brahmin.

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The dust of a Brahmin's feet purifies a man.

A Brahmin's wrath could never be in vain.

BREEZE

God's great power is in the gentle breeze, not in the storm.

BRIBERY

These court officers had to be propitiated with gifts of fish, vegetables, and even money. For this reason I had given a seat of high honour in my heart to the court underlings, even to the bailiffs. These are the gods worshiped in our Bengal,—a modern miniature edition of the 330 millions of deities of the Hindu pantheon. For gaining material success, people have more genuine faith in *them* than in the good Ganesh, the giver of success ; hence the people now offer to these officers everything that was formerly Ganesh's due.

BRIDE AND GUEST

Let your work be, bride. Listen, the guest has come.

Do you hear, he is gently shaking the chain which fastens the door ?

See that your anklets make no loud noise, and that your step is not over-hurried at meeting him.

Let your work be, bride, the guest has come in the evening.

No, it is not the ghostly wind, bride, do not be frightened.

It is the full moon on a night of April ; shadows are pale in the courtyard ; the sky over-head is bright.

Draw your veil over your face if you must, carry the lamp to the door if you fear.

No, it is not the ghostly wind, bride, do not be frightened.

Have no word with him if you are shy ; stand aside by the door when you meet him.

If he asks you questions, and if you wish to, you can lower your eyes in silence.

Do not let your bracelets jingle when, lamp in hand, you lead him in.

Have no word with him if you are shy.

Have you not finished your work yet, bride ? Listen, the guest has come.

Have you not lit the lamp in the cowshed ?

Have you not got ready the offering-basket for the evening service?

Have you not put the red lucky mark at the parting of your hair, and done your toilet for the night?

O bride, do you hear, the guest has come,

Let your work be!

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BRIDE'S VEIL

The sadness of my soul is her bride's veil.
It waits to be lifted in the night.

BRITISH RULE

The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian Empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind. What stark misery ! When the stream of their two centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them ! I had at one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe. But today when I am about to quit the world that faith has gone bankrupt altogether.

BROTHER-IN-LAW

The ancient prescriptive right to be insulted, is the brother-in-law's.

BRUTALITY

They have a big beast inside them, that's why their heads are not lowered by the indignity of man, rather the inner brute's tail swells and wags with pride at man's downfall.

BUDDHA

Sudas, the gardener plucked from his tank the last lotus left by the ravage of winter and went to sell it to the King at the palace gate.

There he met a traveller who said to him, "Ask your price for the last lotus,—I shall offer it to Lord Buddha."

Sudas said, "If you pay one golden *masha* it will be yours."

The traveller paid it.

At that moment the King came out and he wished to buy the flower, for he was on his way to see Lord Buddha, and he thought, "It would be a fine thing to lay at his feet the lotus that bloomed in winter."

When the gardener said he had been offered a golden *masha* the King offered him ten, but the traveller doubled the price.

The gardener, being greedy, imagined a greater gain from him for whose sake they were bidding.

He bowed and said, "I cannot sell this lotus."

In the hushed shade of the mango grove beyond the city wall Sudas stood before Lord Buddha, on whose lips sat the silence of love and whose eyes beamed peace like the morning star of the dew-washed autumn.

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Sudas looked in his face and put the lotus at his feet and bowed his head to the dust.

Buddha smiled and asked, "What is your wish, my son?"

Sudas cried, "The least touch of your feet."

In historical time the Buddha comes first of those who declared salvation to all men, without distinction, as by right man's own. What was the special force which startled men's minds and, almost within the master's lifetime, spread his teachings over India? It was the unique significance of the event, when a man came to men and said to them, "I am here to emancipate you from the miseries of the thraldom of self." This wisdom came, neither in texts of Scripture, nor in symbols of deities, nor in religious practices sanctified by ages, but through the voice of a living man and the love that flowed from a human heart.

BUDDHISM

And I believe this was the first occasion in the history of the world when the idea of the Avatar found its place in religion. Western scholars are never tired of insisting that Buddhism is of the nature of a moral code, coldly leading to the path of extinction. They forget that it was held to be a religion that roused in its devotees an inextinguishable fire of enthusiasm and carried them to lifelong exile across the mountain and desert barriers. To say that a philosophy of suicide can keep kindled in human hearts for centuries such fervour of self-sacrifice is to go against all the laws of sane psychology. The religious enthusiasm which cannot be bound within any daily ritual, but overflows into adventures of love and beneficence, must have in its centre that element of personality which rouses the whole soul. In answer, it may possibly be said that this was due to the personality of Buddha himself. But that also is not quite true. The personality which stirs the human heart to its immense depths, leading it to impossible deeds of heroism, must in that process itself reveal to men the infinite which is in all humanity. And that is what happened in Buddhism, making it a religion in the complete sense of the word.

Like the religion of the Upanishads, Buddhism also generated two divergent currents; the one impersonal, preaching the abnegation of self through discipline, and the other personal, preaching the cultivation of sympathy for all creatures, and devotion to the infinite truth of love; the latter, which is called the Mahayana, had its origin in the positive element contained in Buddha's teachings, which is immeasurable love. It could never, by any logic, find its reality in the emptiness of the truthless abyss. And the object of Buddha's meditations and his teachings was to free humanity from sufferings. But what was the path that he revealed to us? Was it some negative

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way of evading pain and seeking security against it ? On the contrary, his path was the path of sacrifice—the utmost sacrifice of love. The meaning of such sacrifice is to reach some ultimate truth, some positive ideal, which in its greatness can accept suffering and transmute it into the profound peace of self-renunciation. True emancipation from suffering, which is the inalienable condition of the limited life of the self, can never be attained by fleeing from it, but rather by changing its value in the realm of truth—the truth of the higher life of love.

BUILDINGS

Since man has not been provided with wings, why on earth does he build three-storied houses ? The heaven-dwelling gods will not tolerate these land animals trying to creep right upto the skies !

BURDEN OF SWEETNESS

My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.

BUSINESS

Business bends its head before no day, save the day of death.

BUTTERFLY

Bees sip honey from flowers and hum their thanks when they leave.

The gaudy butterfly is sure that the flowers owe thanks to him.

CALCUTTA

It would be exceedingly difficult to unearth any one in a place the size of Calcutta.

A sleepless night in Calcutta flows like a huge, slow river of darkness ; one can count the varied sounds of its passing, lying on one's back in bed. But here the night is like a vast, still lake, placidly reposing, with no sign of movement. And as I tossed from side to side last night I felt enveloped within a dense stagnation.

Calcutta is singularly lacking all the stage-properties that poets provide as the correct environment for young lovers. The groves of blossoming *asok* and *bakul* trees, the canopied foliage of the *madabhi*, and the song of the tawny-throated cuckoo are conspicuous by their absence ; and yet Love the magician does not retire discomfited from the arid unlovely

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modern city. Who can follow the youngest and oldest of the gods on all his courses as he darts in and out with his bow through the thronging traffic, dodging the steel-armoured trams, and evading the eye of the red-turbaned policeman ?

Nor is a Calcutta boy an adept in the art of associating with others. Among strangers he appears either proud or ill at ease.

Calcutta is as ponderously proper as a Government office. Each of its days comes forth, like coin from a mint, clearcut and glittering. Ah ! those dreary, deadly days, so precisely equal in weight, so decently respectable !

This Calcutta of yours, with its offices, its High Court, and its few bubbles of brick and mortar ! Pooh !

Calcutta is an upstart town with no depth of sentiment in her face and in her manners. It may truly be said about her genesis : In the beginning there was the spirit of the Shop, which uttered through its megaphone, "Let there be the Office !" and there was Calcutta. She brought with her no dower of distinction, no majesty of noble or romantic origin ; she never gathered around her any great historical associations, any annals of brave sufferings, or memory of mighty deeds. The only thing which gave her the sacred baptism of beauty was the river.

I was fortunate enough to be born before the smoke-belching iron dragon had devoured the greater part of the life of its banks ; when the landing stairs descending into its waters, caressed by its tides, appeared to me like the loving arms of the villages clinging to it ; when Calcutta, with her up-tilted nose and stony stare, had not completely disowned her foster-mother, rural Bengal, and had not surrendered body and soul to her wealthy paramour, the spirit of the ledger, bound in dead leather.

Maidan—Calcutta's chief open space!

CALL OF THE FLUTE

I am restless. I am athirst for far-away things.

My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance.

O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute !

I forget, I ever forget, that I have no wings to fly, that I am bound in this spot evermore.

I am eager and wakeful, I am a stranger in a strange land.

Thy breath comes to me whispering an impossible hope.

Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own.

O Far-to-seek, O the keen call of thy flute !

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I forget, I ever forget, that I know not the way, that I have not the winged horse.

I am listless, I am a wanderer in my heart.

In the sunny haze of the languid hours, what vast vision of thine takes shape in the blue of the sky !

Many changes come in our lives and we have to give up many things.

O Farthest End, O the keen call of thy flute !

I forget, I ever forget, that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where I dwell alone !

CASTE SYSTEM

Is caste a thing of my own creation that I should not believe in it ? Since I owe allegiance to society, I must respect caste also.

There is no caste in men's hearts—there God brings men together and there He Himself comes to them. Will it ever do to keep Him at a distance and leave the duty of uniting men to creeds and forms ?

Aversion of man for man in our country is dividing and sub-dividing our people. Can we gain any consolation in such circumstances by trying to dwell on some imaginary 'real' thing ?

The caste-idea is a collective idea in India. When we approach an Indian who is under the influence of this collective idea, he is no longer a pure individual with his conscience fully awake to the judging of the value of a human being. He is more or less a passive medium for giving expression to the sentiment of a whole community.

It is evident that the caste-idea is not creative ; it is merely institutional. It adjusts human beings according to some mechanical arrangement. It emphasises the negative side of the individual—his separateness. It hurts the complete truth in man.

Women alone can in a moment overstep the bounds of caste ; when once the curtains of destiny are drawn aside, they all stand revealed in their queenliness.

When you hold a little child to your breast then you feel certain that no one is born into this world with caste.

Impartial vision was an intellectual achievement,—it had nothing to do with the heart. In it there was room for neither love nor hate, it transcended likes and dislikes. But man's heart can never find its rest in an abstraction so empty of the heart's requirements. So in spite of the existence of this philosophical equality in our country, we see that the low caste is not allowed entry even into God's temple. If equality be

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not observed even on God's own ground, what matters it whether its conception is to be found in our philosophy or not ?

There's no harm in a cat sitting by and eating right beside you, but if certain men so much as enter the room, the food has to be thrown away ! How can one not condemn the caste system which has resulted in this contempt and insult of man by man ? If that is not unrighteous, I do not know what is. Those who can despise their fellow-men so terribly can never rise to greatness ; for them, in turn, shall be reserved the contempt of others.

India offered one great solution to the social problem, namely the caste system—that solution is still being worked out before the eyes of all the world. Europe has not yet been able to give anything more satisfactory, for their society is one long struggle and wrangle. Human Society is still waiting for the final success of the solution offered by India.

CAUSE

Men have always been fighting for a cause.

CAUTION

Nothing could be more cowardly than for us to remain unanxious and unwatchful.

CHALLENGE

It does not cost much courage to challenge.

CHANGE

Many changes come in our lives and we have to give up many things.

A few days' change of air is an excellent thing. Whether one goes upcountry or anywhere else—it's only for a few days that one gets any benefit. For the first week or so one's appetite improves and one eats heartily, but after that there's no difference.

Along with the changes of the ages some changes take place also in religion and society.

Why do not men change wholly when they change ?

What is never-changing, for the river, is the desert sand, where it loses its course.

Our life sails on the uncrossed sea whose waves chase each other in an eternal hide-and-seek.

It is the restless sea of change, feeding its foaming flocks to lose them over and over again, beating its hands against the calm of the sky.

CHANTING AND SINGING

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads ! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple

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with doors all shut ? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee !

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil !

Deliverance ? Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation ; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

CHARITY

The canal loves to think that rivers exist solely to supply it with water.

I spill water from my water-jar as I walk on my way.

Very little remains for my home.

The persons who were in actual enjoyment of the concessions and getting fat were a lot of worthless people, and wholly undeserving of charity. Charity encouraged idleness.

People who have something to bestow have to be reminded that they ought not to squander their capital, otherwise they lose the power of giving.

It would never do to offer something with one hand while keeping back something with the other.

CHASTITY

Chastity is a wealth that comes from abundance of love.

CHILD-ANGEL

They clamour and fight, they doubt and despair, they know no end to their wranglings.

Let your life come amongst them like a flame of light, my child, unflickering and pure, and delight them into silence.

They are cruel in their greed and their envy, their words are like hidden knives thirsting for blood.

Go and stand amidst their scowling hearts, my child, and let your gentle eyes fall upon them like the forgiving peace of the evening over the strife of the day.

Let them see your face, my child, and thus know the meaning of all things ; let them love you and thus love each other.

Come and take your seat in the bosom of the limitless, my child. At sunrise open and raise your heart like a blossom-

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ing flower, and at sunset bend your head and in silence complete the worship of the day.

CHILDREN

Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man.

I am a child in the dark.

I stretch my hands through the coverlet of night for thee, Mother.

When I bring you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light, and what delight the summer breeze brings to my body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

A commonplace doll is a far better companion than a genius who writes comic pieces.

The lightness of infant life can skip aside from the greatest of calamities, but with age evasion is not so easy.

Once you show them a whole rupee it's a job to get any of it back.

Children will fall out for a hundred things.

Little life of their darling was of greater importance than the united wisdom of a village.

While the process of looking after may be an occasional treat for the guardians, to the children it is always an unmitigated nuisance.

The empty house, became more and more difficult for the old man to live in. There was no one now to play tricks upon him when he was engaged in his *puja*, no one to snatch away his food and eat it, no one to run away with his inkpot, when he was writing up his accounts. His daily routine of life, now uninterrupted, became an intolerable burden to him. He bethought him that this unworried peace was endurable only in the world to come. When he caught sight of the holes made in his quilt by his grandchild, and the pen-and-ink sketches

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executed by the same artist on his rush-mat, his heart was heavy with grief.

Everything else has its limits, but your childishness is absolutely unbounded.

Do you know the reason ? It is because we are really nothing but children. And everything else has its limitations except the child.

I remember my childhood when the sunrise, like my playfellow, would burst in to my bedside with its daily surprise of morning ; when the faith in the marvellous bloomed like fresh flowers in my heart every day, looking into the face of the world in simple gladness ; when insects, birds and beasts, the common weeds, grass and the clouds had their fullest value of wonder ; when the patter of rain at night brought dreams from the fairyland, and mother's voice in the evening gave meaning to the stars.

And then I think of death, and the rise of the curtain and the new morning and my life awakened in its fresh surprise of love.

The clouds thicken till the morning light seems like a bedraggled fringe to the rainy night.

A little girl stands at her window, still as a rainbow at the gate of a broken-down storm.

She is my neighbour, and has come upon the earth like some god's rebellious laughter. Her mother in anger calls her incorrigible ; her father smiles and calls her mad.

She is like a runaway waterfall leaping over boulders, like the topmost bamboo twig rustling in the restless wind.

She stands at her window looking out into the sky. Her sister comes to say, "Mother calls you." She shakes her head.

Her little brother with his toy boat comes and tries to pull her off to play ; she snatches her hand from his. The boy persists and she gives him a slap on the back.

The first great voice was the voice of wind and water in the beginning of earth's creation.

That ancient cry of nature—her dumb call to unborn life—has reached this child's heart and leads it out alone beyond the fence of our times : so there she stands, possessed by eternity !

In the evening my little daughter heard a call from her companions below the window.

She timidly went down the dark stairs holding a lamp in her hand, shielding it behind her veil.

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I was sitting on my terrace in the star-lit night of March, when at a sudden cry I ran to see.

Her lamp had gone out in the dark spiral staircase. I asked, "Child, why did you cry ?"

From below she answered in distress, "Father, I have lost myself !"

When I came back to the terrace under the star-lit night of March, I looked at the sky, and it seemed that a child was walking there treasuring many lamps behind her veils.

If their light went out, she would suddenly stop and a cry would sound from sky to sky, "Father, I have lost myself !"

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS

Supposing I became a *champa* flower, just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother ?

You would call, "Baby, where are you?" and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should slyly open my petals and watch you at your work.

When after your bath, with wet hair spread on your shoulders, you walked through the shadow of the *champa* tree to the little court where you say your prayers, you would notice the scent of the flower, but not know that it came from me.

When after the midday meal you sat at the window reading *Ramayana*, and the tree's shadow fell over your hair and your lap, I should fling my wee little shadow on to the page of your book, just where you were reading.

But would you guess that it was the tiny shadow of your little child ?

When in the evening you went to the cowshed with the lighted lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again and be your own baby once more, and beg you to tell me a story.

"Where have you been, you naughty child ?"

"I won't tell you, mother." That's what you and I would say then.

CHILDREN ON SEASHORE

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

The infinite sky is motionless over-head and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

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They know not how to swim, they know how they cast nets. Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

CHILD'S FAILINGS

Say of him what you please, but I know my child's failings.

I do not love him because he is good, but because he is my little child.

How should you know how dear he can be when you try to weigh his merits against his faults ?

When I must punish him he becomes all the more a part of my being.

When I cause his tears to come my heart weeps with him.

I alone have a right to blame and punish, for he only may chastise who loves.

CHIVALRY

Both in the Ramayana and Mahabharata, the wedding of the principal heroes is connected with the story of a preliminary trial. This is not a mere chance coincidence. It is the crystallization, in the memory of the race, of a great fact which had an epoch-making character. In both cases, it was the acknowledgement of a difficult ideal which involved the heroic responsibility of upholding it in the teeth of desperate opposition. In both cases the bride was not a mortal woman, but a great mission. The trial described in the Mahabharata is the piercing of a disc in the sky, difficult to discern, fixed in the centre of a revolving wheel, which has to be reached by concentrating one's attention on its shadow reflected in a vessel of water. This trial is obviously of a spiritual nature. The fixed centre of Truth in the heart of the revolving wheel of the World (Samsara) is reflected in the depth of our own being, which can be reached by the one-pointed concentration of Yoga. Is not this the doctrine of the Gita in the language of a picture ?

CHRIST

Christ preached peace when he preached love, when he

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preached the oneness of the Father with the brothers who are many. And this was the truth of peace. Christ never held that peace was the best policy. For policy is not truth.

CIVILIZATION

It is difficult to find a suitable Bengali equivalent for the English word 'civilization'. That phase of civilization with which we were familiar in this country has been called by Manu *Sad-achar* (lit. proper conduct), that is, the conduct prescribed by the tradition of the race. Narrow in themselves these time-honoured social conventions originated and held good in a circumscribed geographical area. In that strip of land, Brahmavarta by name, bound on either side by the rivers Saraswati and Drisadvati. That is how a pharisaic formalism gradually got the upper hand of free thought and the ideal of 'proper conduct' which Manu found established in Brahmavarta steadily degenerated into socialized tyranny.

As I look around I see the crumbling ruins of a proud civilization strewn like a vast heap of futility. And yet I shall not commit the grievous sin of losing faith in Man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in his history after the cataclysm is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice. Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon, from the East where the sun rises. A day will come when unvanquished Man will retrace his path of conquest, despite all barriers, to win back his lost human heritage.

It is the mission of civilization to bring unity among people and establish peace and harmony.

CLERKS

Would that Fate had set me in some groove like that clerk's—narrow but clearly defined ! What harm could come to one in such a life—writing up accounts all day, scolded by one's master when one makes mistakes, and going home at night with a day's work behind one ?

CLOUDS

Clouds come floating into my life from other days no longer to shed rain or usher storm but to give colour to my sunset sky.

Dark clouds become heaven's flowers when kissed by light.

I am the autumn cloud, empty of rain, see my fulness in the field of ripened rice.

The clouds fill the water-cups of the river, hiding themselves in the distant hills.

The cloud colours grow richer after the sun is down.

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If the clouds come, they come ; if they don't, they don't ; if the crops wither, it's no concern of theirs !

CLOUDS AND WAVES

Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me—

"We play from the time we wake till the day ends.
We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."

I ask, "But how am I to get up to you ?"

They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."

"My mother is waiting for me at home," I say. "How can I leave her and come ?"

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both my hands, and our housetop will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

"We sing from morning till night ; on and on we travel and know not where we pass."

I ask, "But how am I to join you ?"

They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves.

I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the evening—how can I leave her and go ?"

Then they smile, dance and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on and on and on and break upon your lap with laughter.

And no one in the world will know where we both are.

COMMUNITIES

When individual communities, who come to dwell in the same neighbourhood, differ from each other in race and culture the first attempts at unity become too obviously mechanical in their classified compartments, Some system of adjustment is needed in all kinds of Society, but in order that a system should be successful it must completely submit itself to the principle of life and become the organ for the vital functions.

COMPANIONSHIP

Let us suppose that the Man from the Moon comes to the earth and listens to some music in a gramaphone. He seeks

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for the origin of the delight produced in his mind. The facts before him are a cabinet made of wood and a revolving disc producing sound ; but the one thing which is neither seen nor can be explained is the truth of the music, which his personality must immediately acknowledge as a personal message. It is neither in the wood, nor in the sound of the notes. If the Man from the Moon *be* a poet, as can reasonably be supposed, he will write about a fairy imprisoned in that box, who sits spinning fabrics of songs expressing her cry for a far away magic casement opening on the foam of some perilous sea, in a fairyland forlorn. It will not be literally, but essentially true. The facts of the gramophone make us aware of the laws of but the music gives us personal companionship.

The bare facts about April are alternate sunshine and showers ; but the subtle blending of shadows and lights, of murmurs and movements, in April, gives us not mere shocks of sensation, but unity of joy as does music. Therefore when a poet sees the vision of a girl in April, even a downright materialist is in sympathy with him. But we know that the same individual would be menacingly angry if the law of heredity or a geometrical problem were described as a girl or a rose—or even as a cat or a camel. For these intellectual abstractions have no magical touch for our lute strings of imagination. They are no dreams, as are the harmony of bird-songs, rain-washed leaves glistening in the sun, and pale clouds floating in the blue.

The ultimate truth of our personality is that we are no mere biologists or geometricians ; "we are the dreamers of dreams, we are the music-makers." This dreaming or music-making is not a function of the lotus-eaters, it is the creative impulse which makes songs not only with words and tunes, lines and colours, but with stones and metals, with ideas and men.

How terribly alone is he, who misses companionship in midst of the multitudinousness of love.

The want of human companionship and love made him feel terribly depressed.

Losels have this advantage, that, though their own folk disapprove of them, they are generally popular with everyone else. Having no work to chain them, they become public property. Just as every town needs an open space where all may breathe, so a village needs two or three gentlemen of leisure, who can give time to all ; so that, if we are lazy and want a companion, one is to hand.

COMPANY

I do not ask thee into the house.

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Come into my infinite loneliness, my Lover.
The best does not come alone.
It comes with the company of the all.

CONCEIT

When Providence wishes to destroy the small, it does so by putting big words into their little mouths.

CONFIDENCE

Is it quite wise to be confident !

CONFLAGRATION

A mighty forest only smokes and smoulders before it bursts into a conflagration.

CONSCIENCE

Obey your own conscience.

If you put the blame on the outside elements they cannot defend themselves, but the real reason is known to the inner conscience.

Only one's own conscience can tell who is advancing and who is backsliding. We often needlessly exercise ourselves, misjudging things from the outside.

Those whom a sudden gust of passion brings down to the dust can rise up again with a new strong impulse of goodness. But those who, day by day, become dried up in the very fibre of their moral being ; those who by some outer parasitic growth choke the inner life by slow degrees,—such men reach one day a deadness which knows no healing.

CONSOLATION

I was not aware of the movement when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight ?

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arm in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me.

And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.

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CONTENTMENT

The wise man is content with half a loaf, or any fraction for that matter, rather than no bread.

When loss and gain are alike to one that is real gain.

CONVENTIONS

When one does unconventional things, even in supposed privacy, that people take notice. Observe the ordinary conventions and no one will waste a glance on you.

So long as one keeps oneself within the limits of convention no occasion for remark arises. Personally, I'm quite content to tread the same path as other people. Once you overstep the boundaries, a crowd collects. Whether it scoffs or prays is immaterial. Life in the middle of a crowd would be insupportable ! Their society is altogether closed, but there are thousands of ways out.

CONVERSIONS

There is a natural law of protection, and he who forsakes that law of nature is naturally forsaken by all. The Hindu Society insults and abandons men, and for that reason nowa days it is becoming increasingly difficult to preserve our self-respect. In these days it is no longer possible to shelter ourselves behind a screen—the roads of the world are open in all directions, and people from all sides are invading our society—it is no longer possible, by raising walls, and building dams with codes of laws and scriptures, to cut ourselves off from all connection with everyone else. If the Hindu Society does not at once arouse all its accumulated forces, and gives free scope to this wasting disease, then this unobstructed connection with the outside world will deal it a deadly blow.

It takes time to realise when a Society is suffering loss. In olden times the back entrances to the Hindu Society were left open, and it used to be considered one of the glories of this country that one of non-Aryan nationality could become a Hindu. Even in the time of the Mohammedans the influence of Hindu rajas and zemindars could be felt everywhere, and for that reason there was no limit to the obstacles and punishments placed in the way of those who wanted to come out of the Hindu Society. Now that the English, by their laws, protect every one there is not the same facility for forcibly closing the outlets of society by artificial means—that is why for some time past Hindus have been on the decrease in India and Mohammedans on the increase. If things go on like this, gradually the Mussalmans will predominate, and it will be wrong to call this country Hindustan,

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The portal of the Mussalman Society stands open for all to enter—the Christian Society also welcomes all. Even in the different branches of Christianity the same rule holds good. If I want to become English that is not absolutely impossible for me—if I live in England long enough and follow their customs, then I can be included in the English Society—it is not even necessary for me to become a Christian. It is easy enough to know how to enter a maze, but it is not so easy to know the way out. Now for a Hindu it is just the opposite.

CONVICTION

We can be staunch in our own convictions, but we have no control over those of others.

COOL SHOWER

The rain has held back for days and days, my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is fiercely naked—not the thinnest cover of a soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant cool shower.

Send thy angry storm, dark with death, if it is thy wish, and with lashes of lightning startle the sky from end to end.

But call back, my lord, call back this pervading silent heat, still and keen and cruel, burning the heart with dire despair.

Let the cloud of grace bend low from above like the tearful look of the mother on the day of the father's wrath.

COURAGE

Boldness had no veil, but was naked as fire. One finds no time to stop it : it is like trying to resist a thunderbolt : the lightning flashes : it laughs at all resistance.

Bravery ceases to be bravery at a certain point, and becomes mere foolhardiness.

Those in this world who have the courage to try and solve in their own lives new problems of life are the ones who raise society to greatness ! Those who merely live according to rule do not advance society, they only carry it along.

Give me the supreme courage of love, this is my prayer —the courage to speak, to do, to suffer at thy will, to leave all things or be left alone. Strengthen me on errands of danger, honour me with pain, and help me climb to that difficult mood which sacrifices daily to thee.

Give me the supreme confidence of love, this is my prayer —the confidence that belongs to life in death, to victory in defeat, to the power hidden in frailest beauty, to that dignity in pain which accepts hurt but disdains to return it.

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COURTESY

How beautiful is humble courtesy !

The disadvantage of politeness is that it is not intelligible to all classes of people.

Civility is beauty of behaviour. It requires for its perfection patience, self-control, and an environment of leisure. For genuine courtesy is a creation like pictures, like music. It is a harmonious blending of voice, gesture and movement, words and action, in which generosity of conduct is expressed. It reveals the man himself and has no ulterior purpose.

COWHERD

I fail to penetrate this mystery of the boy-cowherd's mind. Whenever a cow or a buffalo has selected a spot to its liking and is comfortably grazing there, I cannot divine what purpose is served by worrying it, as he insists on doing, till it shifts somewhere else. I suppose it is man's masterfulness glorying in triumph over the powerful creature it has tamed. Anyhow, I love to see these buffaloes amongst the lush grass.

CREATION

Our own creation often proves our ruin and destruction.

Man despises the broken pot of his own creation more than the withered leaf fallen from the tree.

I am not merely what I want, what I think,—I am also what I do not love, what I do *not* wish to be. My creation had begun before I was born. I had no choice in regard to my surroundings and so must make the best of such material as comes to my hand.

We realise that Creation is the perpetual harmony between the infinite ideal of perfection and the eternal continuity of its realisation ; that so long as there is no absolute separation between the positive ideal and the material obstacle to its attainment, we need not be afraid of suffering and loss. This is the poet's religion.

God never under any conditions binds His creation with fetters ; He awakens it through constant changes to ever new life.

God finds himself by creating.

The mystery of creation is like the darkness of night—it is great. Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

There are rifts in the armour through which something peeps out which is extremely soft and sensitive. The best part of myself was created before I came to this stage of existence,

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God can create new things, but has even He the power to create afresh that which has been destroyed ?

When once we perceive the unity of the scheme of that creation which is going on in us, we realise our relation to the ever unfolding universe. We realise that we are in the process of being created in the same way as are the glowing heavenly orbs which involve in their courses,—our desires, our sufferings, all finding their proper place within the whole.

CREDITORS

The man who knows how to get the money he is out for, even by selling up his debtor's wife, is a better man.

CREED

Creeds and rites have no value in themselves ; that human welfare is the one object towards which religious enthusiasm has to be directed.

CRIME

When men are in need it is in their power to steal and murder, but does that fact make such acts right ?

The happening of an event is not enough to prove the guilt of a particular person.

CRITICS

As acidity is characteristic of the unripe mango so is abuse of the immature critic. When other powers are lacking, the power of pricking seems to be at its sharpest.

CROWD

Man goes into the noisy crowd to drown his own clamour of silence.

The road is lonely in its crowd, for it is not loved.

CROWD PSYCHOLOGY

Crowd psychology is a blind force. Like steam and other physical forces, it can be utilised for creating a tremendous amount of power. And therefore, rulers of men, who, out of greed and fear, are bent upon turning their peoples into machines of power, try to train this crowd psychology for their special purposes. They hold it to be their duty to foster in the popular mind universal panic, unreasoning pride in their own race, and hatred of others. Newspapers, school-books, and even religious services are made use of for this object; and those who have the courage to express their disapprobation of this blind and impious cult are either punished in the law-courts, or are socially ostracized. The individual thinks, even when he feels ; but the same individual, when he feels with the crowd does not reason at all. His moral sense becomes blurred,

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This suppression of higher humanity in crowd minds is productive of enormous strength. For the crowd mind is essentially primitive ; its forces are elemental. Therefore the Nation is for ever watching to take advantage of this enormous power of darkness.

CRUELTY

No cruelty can be uglier in its ferocity than the cruelty of the coward. The people who have sacrificed their souls to the passion of profit-making and the drunkenness of power are constantly pursued by phantoms of panic and suspicion, and therefore they are ruthless even where they are least afraid of mischances. They become morally incapable of allowing freedom to others, and in their eagerness to carry favour with the powerful they not only connive at the injustice done by their own partners in political gambling, but participate in it. A perpetual anxiety for the protection of their gains at any cost strikes at the love of freedom and justice, until at length they are ready to forgo liberty for themselves and for others.

Cruelty is the inherent force of existence,—the cruelty which, with its unrelenting might, keeps the world beautiful.

Kicks only raise dust and not crops from the earth.

CULTURE

Communication of life can only be through a living agency. And culture, which is the life of mind, can only be imparted through man to man. Book learning, or scriptural texts, may merely make us pedants. They are static and quantitative ; they accumulate and are hoarded up under strict guards. Culture grows and moves and multiplies itself in life.

Man's intellect has a natural pride in its own aristocracy, which is the pride of its culture. Culture only acknowledges the excellence whose criticism is in its inner perfection, not in any external success. When this pride succumbs to some compulsion of necessity or lure of material advantage, it brings humiliation to the intellectual man.

CURE

A thorn can only be extracted if you know where it is.

CURSE

When a man fights the power of the gods, does he care for the curses of men ?

Oh, the evil age, when the Brahmin's futile curse recoils upon himself, to sting him into madness !

CURSED SLEEP

He came and sat by my side but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me !

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He came when the night was still ; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost ? Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep ?

CUSTOM

The custom that comes through all ages is not the King's own. Like heaven's air, it belongs to all men.

DANCE OF LIFE

My night has passed on the bed of sorrow, and my eyes are tired. My heavy heart is not yet ready to meet morning with its crowded joys.

Draw a veil over this naked light, beckon aside from me this glaring flash and dance of life.

Let thy mantle of tender darkness cover me in its folds, and cover my pain awhile from the pressure of the world.

DANCING GIRLS

A dancing-girl has to dance, even in heaven itself.

The feet of a dancing-girl to tread the royal shrine—that I cannot bear.

DANGER

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them.

Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain but for the heart to conquer it.

Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield but to my own strength.

Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved but hope for the patience to win my freedom.

Grant me that I may not be a coward, feeling your mercy in my success alone ; but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure.

DARING LOVER

He whispered, "My love, raise your eyes."

I sharply chid him, and said "Go!" But he did not stir.

He stood before me and held both my hands. I said, "Leave me!" But he did not go.

He brought his face near my ear. I glanced at him and said, "What a shame!" But he did not move.

His lips touched my cheek. I trembled and said, "You dare too much." But he had no shame.

He put a flower in my hair. I said, "It is useless!" But he stood unmoved.

He took the garland from my neck and went away. I weep and ask my heart, "Why does he not come back?"

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DARKNESS

Put out the lamp when thou wishest.
I shall know thy darkness and shall love it.

I cast my own shadow upon my path, because I have a lamp that has not been lighted.

In darkness the One appears as uniform; in the light the One appears as manifold.

DAUGHTER

A daughter is no dream—I am beginning to see that she is a very real object—one that you can't easily forget !

The immense burden that an unmarried daughter was in a home showed what a cause of intolerable anxiety she was to her guardians !

DAWN

The night shall wane, the darkness shall vanish,
Have faith, brave heart.
Wake up from sleep, from languor of despair,
Receive the light of new dawn with a song.

Even as the night bears the dawn,—the dawn that is not of the night, but of all the world.

Ah ! She comes, as a surprise of dawn, when the moment before it seemed like a dark night.

DAY AND NIGHT

To watch a scene in the middle of the night makes one feel altogether a different person, and the daylight life an illusion. Then again, this morning, that midnight world faded away into some dreamland, and vanished into thin air. The two are so different, yet both are true for man.

The day-world seems to me like European Music—its concords and discords resolving into each other in a great progression of harmony ; the night-world like Indian Music—pure, unfettered melody, grave and poignant. What if their contrast be so striking—both move us. This principle of opposites is at the very root of creation, which is divided between the rule of the King and the Queen ; Night and Day ; the One and the Varied ; the Eternal and the Evolving.

We Indians are under the rule of Night. We are immersed in the Eternal, the One. Our melodies are to be sung alone, to oneself ; they take us out of the everyday world into a solitude aloof. European Music is for the multitude and takes them along, dancing, through the ups and downs of the joys and sorrows of men.

DEATH

The last freedom !

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Sometimes the imminence of death provokes so desperate a reaction in the body that the life is saved.

Release me, I pray Thee, from these earthly ties !

The immovable world shall sway under our feet, fire shall flash from our eyes, a storm shall roar in our ears, what is or is not in front shall become equally dim. And then with tottering footsteps we shall plunge to our death,—in a moment all fire will be extinguished, the ashes will be scattered, and nothing will remain behind.

Death, beautiful alluring death !

When the funeral pyre has ceased to smoke, the huge complexity of worldly concern loses weight for a time, and the mourner feels relieved—almost like a child when, school over, the door opens.

Who says that the world's ways are difficult ? Anyhow we reach the end,—the end where all laws and rules are no more, where the errors and hurts of life are forgotten, where is rest, eternal rest !

No lack of men to die, if we have men to whip them up.

Possibly there is a beauty, like that of a sunset, in this lingering death in life which seems to fascinate.

In the twinkling of an eye, one is drawn away, irresistibly, from all light, all good, all freedom of the sky, all air that can be breathed,—from lifelong accumulations, from everyday cares —right to the bottom of dissolution.

Dust is no respecter of persons.

We have come to look upon life as a conflict with death—the intruding enemy, not the natural ending—in impotent quarrel with which we spend every stage of it. When the time comes for youth to depart, we would hold it back by main force. When the fervour of desire slackens, we would revive it with fresh fuel of our own devising. When our sense organs weaken, we urge them to keep up their efforts. Even when our grip has relaxed we are reluctant to give up possession. We are not trained to recognize the inevitable as natural, and so cannot give up gracefully that which has to go, but needs must wait till it is snatched from us. The truth comes as conqueror only because we have lost the art of receiving it as guest.

If it is necessary to die in order to live like men, what harm in dying ?

The dense, black, wild, roaring torrent of death.

Alas, the younger generation was unwilling to die according to ancient custom.

The light of a lamp losing itself in eternal darkness, and

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the going out of the light of our little human lives, by day or by night, were much the same thing.

Why should I die to enable others to reap the harvest ?

If it gives you pleasure to say that one must die to live, well, say so by all means; but those who say that others must die that they themselves may live, — it's only they who are actually alive. You may cry out that this shows a lack of humanity, but you forget, in your indignation, that this is what humanity itself happens to be. The tiger does not feed on the tiger, it's only man who fattens on his fellowman.

Death : where the changing mist of doubts will vanish at a breath, and the mountain peaks of eternal truth will appear.

This world is death spread out to eternity.—It dies every moment, yet never comes to the end.—And we, the creatures of this world, live by feeding upon death.

Why do you whisper so faintly in my ears, O Death, my Death?

When the flowers droop in the evening and cattle come back to their stalls, you stealthily come to my side and speak words that I do not understand.

Is this how you must woo and win me, with the opiate of drowsy murmur and cold kisses, O Death, my Death?

Will there be no proud ceremony for our wedding?

Will you not tie up with a wreath your tawny coiled locks ?

Is there none to carry your banner before you, and will not the night be on fire with your red torch-lights, O Death, my Death?

Come with your conch-shells sounding, come in the sleepless night.

Dress me with a crimson mantle, grasp my hand and take me.

Let your chariot be ready at my door with your horses neighing impatiently.

Raise my veil and look at my face proudly, O Death, my Death!

Death, thy servant, is at my door. He has crossed the unknown sea and brought thy call to my home.

The night is dark and my heart is fearful—yet I will take up the lamp, open my gates and bow to him my welcome. It is thy messenger who stands at my door.

I will worship him with folded hands, and with tears. I will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of my heart.

He will go back with his errand done, leaving a dark shadow on my morning ; and in my desolate home only my forlorn self will remain as my last offering to thee.

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I know that the day will come when my sight of this earth shall be lost, and life will take its leave in silence, drawing the last curtain over my eyes.

Yet stars will watch at night, and morning rise as before, and hours heave like sea waves casting up pleasures and pains.

When I think of this end of my moments, the barrier of the moments breaks and I see by the light of death thy world with its careless treasures. Rare is its lowliest seat, rare is its meanest of lives.

Things that I longed for in vain and things that I got—let them pass. Let me but truly possess the things that I ever spurned and overlooked.

On the day when death will knock at thy door what wilt thou offer to him ?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life—I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

We shall know some day that death can never rob us of that which our soul has gained, for her gains are one with herself.

Let me live truly, my Lord, so that death to me become true.

I have suffered and despaired and known death and I am glad that I am in this great world.

The world does not leak because death is not a crack.

The burning log bursts in flame and cries,—"This is my flower, my death."

The fountain of death makes the still water of life play.

Death's stamp gives value to the coin of life; making it possible to buy with life what is truly precious.

Gaps are left in life through which comes the sad music of death.

DEBT

When people have big debts, they can't pay them off merely by rushing about.

DEEPEST WORDS

I long to speak the deepest words I have to say to you; but I dare not, for fear you should laugh.

That is why I laugh at myself and shatter my secret in jest.

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I make light of my pain, afraid you should do so.

I long to tell you the truest words I have to say to you; but I dare not, being afraid that you would not believe them.

That is why I disguise them in untruth, saying the contrary of what I mean.

I make my pain appear absurd, afraid that you should do so.

I long to use the most precious words I have for you; but I dare not, fearing I should not be paid with like value.

That is why I give you hard names and boast of my callous strength.

I hurt you, for fear you should never know any pain.

I long to sit silent by you; but I dare not lest my heart come out at my lips.

That is why I prattle and chatter lightly and hide my heart behind words.

I rudely handle my pain, for fear you should do so.

I long to go away from your side; but I dare not, for fear my cowardice should become known to you.

That is why I hold my head high and carelessly come into your presence.

Constant thrusts from your eyes keep my pain fresh for ever.

DEFEAT

I came nearest to you, though I did not know it,—
when I came to hurt you.

I owned you at last as my master when I fought against you to be defeated.

I merely made my debt to you burdensome when I robbed you in secret.

I struggled in my pride against your current only to feel all your force in my breast.

Rebelliously I put out the light in my house, and your sky surprised me with its stars.

You have set me among those who are defeated.

I know it is not for me to win, nor to leave the game.

I shall plunge into the pool although but to sink to the bottom.

I shall play the game of my undoing.

I shall stake all I have and when I lose my last penny I shall stake myself, and then I think I shall have won through my utter defeat.

I can stand everything, but not defeat. My share must always be the lion's share. This has been my constant quarrel with Providence. I will defeat the Dispenser of my fate, but not take defeat at his hands

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To go away, and leave everything in the hands of the enemy, would be nothing short of owning defeat.

My Master has bid me, while I stand at the roadside, to sing the song of Defeat, for that is the bride whom He woos in secret.

She has put on the dark veil, hiding her face from the crowd, but the jewel glows on her breast in the dark.

She is forsaken of the day, and God's night is waiting for her with its lamps lighted and flowers wet with dew.

She is silent with her eyes downcast ; she has left her home behind her, from her home has come that wailing in the wind.

But the stars are singing the love-song of the eternal to a face sweet with shame and suffering.

The door has been opened in the lonely chamber, the call has sounded, and the heart of the darkness throbs with awe because of the coming tryst.

DEFECTS

If there be deformity then try and cure it from within, but see it with your own eyes, understand it, think over it, turn your face towards it, become one with it. You will never understand if you stand opposed and, imbued to the bone with Christian ideas, view it from outside. Then you will only try to wound and never be of any service.

DEFENCE

Why when a man is struck does he defend himself ? Because he has life. A stone can bear all sorts of blows quietly.

When the enemy attacks a fortress from all sides it shows no lack of a liberal mind to guard with your very life every road, lane, door, window, and even cracks leading into the fortress.

DEHUMANISING

Take away man from his natural surroundings, from the fulness of his communal life, with all its living associations of beauty and love and social obligations, and you will be able to turn him into so many fragments of a machine for the production of wealth on a gigantic scale. Turn a tree into a log and it will burn for you, but it will never bear living flowers and fruit.

DEITY

Deity of the ruined temple ! The broken strings of *Vina* sing no more your praise. The bells in the evening proclaim not your time of worship. The air is still and silent about you.

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In your desolate dwelling comes the vagrant spring breeze. It brings the tidings of flowers—the flowers that for your worship are offered no more.

Your worshipper of old wanders ever longing for favour still refused. In the eventide, when fires and shadows mingle with the gloom of dust, he wearily comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in his heart.

Many a festival day comes to you in silence, deity of the ruined temple. Many a night of worship goes away with lamp unlit.

Many new images are built by masters of cunning art and carried to the holy stream of oblivion when their time is come.

Only the deity of the ruined temple remains unworshipped in deathless neglect.

DEJECTION

There is a poem which confesses by its title its origin in a mood of dejection. Nobody can say that to a lucid mind the feeling of despondency has anything pleasantly memorable. Yet these verses are not allowed to be forgotten, because directly a poem is fashioned, it is eternally freed from its genesis, it minimizes its history and emphasizes its independence. The sorrow which was solely personal in an emperor was liberated directly it took the form of verses in stone, it becomes a triumph of lament, an overflow of delight, hiding the black boulder of its suffering source. The same thing is true of all creation. A dewdrop is a perfect integrity that has no filial memory of its parentage.

DELAYS

Sweet are the fruits of delay !

DELUSIONS

Cannibalism is the best means of promoting true communion between man and man. But those who deal in delusion end by deluding themselves.

When the thirsty heart despairs of finding water it's easy enough for it to be deluded by a mirage, and driven in barren quest from desert to desert.

The silly stone,—deaf, dumb, blind,—the whole sorrowing world weeping at her door,—the noblest hearts wrecking themselves at her stony feet ! Give me back my Jaising ! Oh, it is all in vain. Our bitterest cries wander in emptiness,—the emptiness that we vainly try to fill with these stony images of delusion.

Our modern mind, a hasty tourist, in its rush over the miscellaneous, ransacks cheap markets of curios which mostly

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are delusions. This happens because its natural sensibility for simple aspects of existence is dulled by constant pre-occupations that divert it. The literature that it produces seems always to be poking her nose into out-of-the-way places for things and effects that are out of the common. She racks her resources in order to be striking. She elaborates inconstant changes in style, as in modern millinery ; and the product suggests more the polish of steel than the bloom of life.

When I thought I would mould you, an image from my life for men to worship, I brought my dust and desires and all my coloured delusions and dreams.

When I asked you to mould with my life an image from your heart for you to love, you brought your fire and force, and truth, loveliness and peace.

Be not concerned about her heart, my heart : leave it in the dark.

What if her beauty be of the figure and her smile merely of the face ? Let me take without question the simple meaning of her glances and be happy.

I care not if it be a web of delusion that her arms wind about me, for the web itself is rich and rare, and the deceit can be smiled at and forgotten.

Be not concerned about her heart, my heart : be content if the music is true, though the words are not to be believed ; enjoy the grace that dances like a lily on the rippling, deceiving surface, whatever may lie beneath.

DEMOCRACY

In the political life of the modern age the idea of democracy has given mankind faith in the individual. It gives each man trust in his own possibilities, and pride in his humanity.

DESERT

The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

DESIRES

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy songs, my Master.

Let me but listen.

Will he not mingle his longings with mine, as the Ganges mingles with the black waters of the Jumna ?

The facts of the repression of a desire are numerously common ; but the particular expression is singularly uncommon. The listener's mind is touched not because it is a

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psychological fact, but because it is an individual poem, representing a personal reality, belonging to all time and place in the human world.

"I want!" this was the primal word at the root of all creation. It had no maxim to guide it, but it became fire and wrought itself into suns and stars. Its partiality is terrible. Because it had a desire for man, it ruthlessly sacrificed millions of beasts for millions of years to achieve that desire. That terrible word 'I want' has taken flesh in women, and therefore men, who are cowards, try with all their might to keep back this primeval flood with their earthen dykes. They are afraid lest laughing and dancing as it goes, it should wash away all the hedges and props of their pumpkin field. Men, in every age flatter themselves that they have secured this force within the bounds of their convenience, but it gathers and grows. Now it is calm and deep like a lake, but gradually its pressure will increase, the dykes will give way, and the force which has so long been dumb will rush forward with the roar: **'I want'.**

To begin by wanting the whole world is to get nothing. When desire is concentrated, with the whole strength of one's being upon any one object whatsoever it might be, then does the gateway to the Infinite become visible.

I suspect that the old desires and longings of my servant-ridden childhood—when in the solitary imprisonment of my room I pored over the *Arabian Nights*, and shared with Sinbad the Sailor his adventures in many a strange land—are not yet dead within me, but are roused at the sight of any empty boat tied to a sand-bank.

A fancy comes to me—that desire can never attain its object—it need never attain it.

Our desires are bonds, fettering us as well as others.

It is only when we get to the point of letting the bird out of its cage that we can realise how free the bird has set us. Whatever we cage, shackles us with desire whose bonds are stronger than those of iron chains. This is just what the world has failed to understand. They all seek to reform something outside themselves. Reform is wanted only in one's own desires, nowhere else, nowhere else!

We are our own masters when we get in our hands the object of our desires—but we are really our own masters only when we are able to cast out our desires from our minds.

When we put all this into words it sounds like some bald-headed injunction, but when we realise even a little of it we find it to be *amrita*,—which the gods have drunk and

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become immortal. We cannot see Beauty till we let go our hold of it. It was Buddha who conquered the world, not Alexander, this is untrue when stated in dry prose,—oh when shall we be able to sing it ? When shall all these most intimate truths of the universe overflow the pages of printed books and leap out in a sacred stream like the Ganges from the Gangotrie ?

Of the cardinal sins of man, Desire is for men who are men—but delusion, which is only for cowards, hampers them. Because delusion keeps them wrapped up in past and future, but is the very deuce for comfounding their footsteps in the present.

O man of desire ! Curb your greed, and practise your hand on the harp of illusion till you can bring out all the delicate nuances of suggestion.

The pain of desire for the near belongs to the animal, the sorrow of aspiration for the far belongs to man.

Glimpses of the world received from wayside windows bring new desires, or rather, make old desires take on new forms.

I feel that your brief days of love have not been left behind in those scanty years of your life.

I seek to know in what place, away from the slow-thieving dust, you keep them now. I find in my solitude some song of your evening that died, yet left a deathless echo ; and the sighs of your unsatisfied hours I find nestled in the warm quiet of the autumn noon.

Your desires come from the hive of the past to haunt my heart and I sit still to listen to their wings.

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals ; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts that thou gavest to me unasked—this sky and the light, this body and the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

There are times when I languidly linger and times when I awaken and hurry in search of my goal ; but cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

DESTINATION

It is He who has summoned you to take this difficult path,

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and He it is who will take you to your destination.

DESTINY

How was it possible that so dreadful a destiny could be masked by such loveliness ?

Changing my name won't change my luck.

What happens does not happen of itself.

DESTRUCTION

No one wants to reduce to ruins a fine building in order to get more light and air, when it would do just as well to enlarge its doors and windows !

The goddess revelling in destruction holds out her blood-cup crying : Give me drink. I am thirsty.

The god of destruction does not always travel by the highway. The cracks that await him are seen by no human eye.

What one cannot construct one has no title to destroy.

DETERMINATION

I respect a man who can make up his mind to start though he doesn't know where he's bound for.

DEVOTION

Let's be quick in accepting what comes from the hand, for that will fade: as for the heart's offering, the longer it waits the more precious it grows.

May he ever remain hard and relentless like rock—may my tears and prayers never move him ! Let my sorrows be ever mine only—and may his glory and victory be for ever.

God speaks to me. not only with His mouth, but with His whole body.

Many holy women have left the world to devote themselves to God.

I have dedicated myself to the feet of Him, who has received all my sin into the depths of his own pain.

Truly have I realised how a goddess feels when she looks upon the radiant face of her devotee.

All the devotions are lost in fathomless emptiness.

It takes more than mere offerings to please God.

The feeling of devotion was not necessary for a Brahmin. Devotion was a particular quality of the common people, and the bridge which united the devotee with his faith was a bridge of knowledge, and just as this united both together so also it placed a limit between the two. If there were no gulf or undiluted wisdom between the devotee and his deity then everything would be distorted. Therefore the confusion caused by devotion was not a thing to be enjoyed by Brahmins—it was for them to sit apart on the pinnacle of wisdom, and by their

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austerities preserve the mystery of the faith pure and undefiled for the enjoyment of the common crowds just as in the world there can be no rest for Brahmins, so in the worship of the gods there is for them no room for the enjoyment of devotion. This is the Brahmin's glory. In the world, restraint and obedience to rules was for Brahmins, and in their practice of religion, knowledge.

Rhetorical figures do not fill the heart with devotion, and worship cannot be performed by metaphysical exposition.

I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands. That is why it is so late and why I have been guilty of such omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast ; but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless ; I doubt not they are right in their blame.

The market day is over and work is all done for the busy. Those who came to call me in vain have gone back in anger. I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

DEW

The dew that hangs on the tip of a *kinsuka* petal has neither name nor destination. It offers no answer to any question. She whom you love is like that perfect bead of dew.

"You are the big drop of dew under the lotus leaf, I am the smaller one on its upper side," said the dewdrop to the lake.

The cobweb pretends to catch dewdrops and catches flies.

DIAGNOSIS

One has to diagnose the case before one can prescribe the medicine that the patient needs.

DIFFERENCES

If love is unable to acknowledge differences, then why are there differences anywhere in this world ?

DIPLOMACY

One thorn drives out another.

DISCRETION

Wrong is wrong only when you are at liberty to choose.

DISCUSSION

Like a rudderless boat, the discussion kept turning round and round the same point.

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It is a simple matter to warm up to a grim battle, but not to an easy, inconsequent talk.

Power of justifying any particular side in a discussion was no uncommon gift.

DISMAL DREAM

Age after age, hast Thou, O Lord, sent Thy messengers into this pitiless world, who have left their word: "Forgive all. Love all. Cleanse your hearts from the blood-red stains of hatred."

Adorable are they, ever to be remembered; yet from the outer door have I turned them away today—this evil day—with unmeaning salutation.

Have I not seen secret malignance strike down the helpless under the cover of hypocritical night?

Have I not heard the silenced voice of Justice weeping in solitude at might's defiant outrages?

Have I not seen in what agony reckless youth, running mad, has vainly shattered its life against insensitive rocks?

Choked is my voice, mute are my songs today, and darkly my world lies imprisoned in a dismal dream; and I ask Thee, O Lord, in tears: "Hast Thou Thyself forgiven, hast even Thou loved those who are poisoning Thy air, and blotting out Thy light?"

DISTANCE

The thing which seems so glorious when viewed from the heights of the country's cause, looks so muddy when seen from the bottom. One begins by getting angry, and then feels disgusted.

In heart's perspective the distance looms large.

DIVINE TOUCH

You have made me great with your love, though I am but one among the many, drifting in the common tide, rocking in the fluctuant favour of the world.

You have given me a seat where poets of all time bring their tribute, and lovers with deathless names greet one another across the ages.

Men hastily pass me in the market,—never noting how my body has grown precious with your caress, how I carry your kiss within, as the sun carries in its orb the fire of the divine touch and shines for ever.

DIVINITY

Do you imagine that divinity of the heart is a mere divinity of stone?

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Deity belongs to all, Hindu, Mussulman, Christian, and Brahmo alike—the doors to whose temple are never closed to any person of any caste whatever.

DOCILITY

It is the docile who achieve the most impossible things in this world.

DOCTRINES

Hope of heaven is false. Vainly have I wandered in the wilderness of doctrines,—I never found peace.

DOCUMENTS

A deed or document is not finished with when it has merely been written.

DOMESTIC WORK

Housework displays feminine beauty in its most varied and alluring forms.

DOMINATION

It is a sign of laziness and impotency to accept conditions imposed upon us by others who have other ideals than ours.

DOUBT

If you once begin to be afraid of "but," you will hardly find a place in this world safe enough for you.

A hesitating perhaps!

Doubt is only the result of trying to see great things in too much detail,—to regard the broken branches and withered leaves as the ultimate nature of a tree is simply the result of intellectual impatience.

DREAMS

The cricket's chirp and the patter of rain come to me through the dark, like the rustle of dreams from my past youth.

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

Her wistful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.

The day of work is done. Hide my face in your arms, mother.

Let me dream.

I dream of a star, an island of light, where I shall be born and in the depth of its quickening leisure my life will ripen its works like the rice-field in the autumn sun.

Asks the Possible of the Impossible, "Where is your dwelling-place?"

"In the dreams of the impotent," comes the answer.

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This is a dream in which things are all loose and they oppress. I shall find them gathered in thee when I awake and shall be free.

Then finish the last song and let us leave.

Forget this night when the night is no more.

Whom do I try to clasp in my arms? Dreams can never be made captive.

My eager hands press emptiness to my heart and it bruises my breast.

I dreamt that she sat by my head, tenderly ruffling my hair with her fingers, playing the melody of her touch. I looked at her face and struggled with my tears, till the agony of unspoken words burst my sleep like a bubble.

I sat up and saw the glow of the Milky Way above my window, like a world of silence on fire, and I wondered if at this moment she had a dream that rhymed with mine.

Dreamland ties are made, and dreamland ties are broken, but I am here for ever,—the everlasting lamp of the bridal night.

Some build high walls of their houses on the bog of the sands of gold.

Things throng and laugh loud in the sky; the sands and dust dance and whirl like children. Man's mind is aroused by their shouts; his thoughts long to be the playmates of things.

Our dreams, drifting in the stream of the vague, stretch their arms to clutch the earth,—their efforts stiffen into bricks and stones, and thus the city of man is built.

Voices come swarming from the past,—seeking answers from the living moments. Beats of their wings fill the air with tremulous shadows, and sleepless thoughts in our minds leave their nests to take flight across the desert of dimness, in the passionate thirst for forms. They are lampless pilgrims, seeking the shore of light, to find themselves in things. They will be lured into poets' rhymes, they will be housed in the towers of the town not yet planned, they have their call to arms from the battlefields of the future, they are bidden to join hands in the strifes of peace yet to come.

DRINKING

Alcohol taken once has to be taken again to drown the regret.

Must you drink just because it's a holiday?

Cup in hand, we forget that we are chained to our limits.

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God in his mercy has everywhere provided a liberal allowance of drink. We men with our arms supply the output of our muscles, you women with yours supply the wine of embraces. In this world there is hunger to force us to work; but there's also the green of the woods, the gold of the sunshine to make us drunk with their holiday-call.

There's always an end to things of need, no doubt; so we stop when we've had enough to eat. But we don't need drunkenness, therefore there's no end to it.

Does not drunkenness, up to a point, give strength ?

Take my wine in my own cup, friend.

It loses its wreath of foam when poured into that of others.

DUMBNESS

They who from birth have had no other speech than the trembling of their lips learn a language of the eyes, endless in expression, deep as the sea, clear as the heavens, wherein play dawn and sunset, light and shadow. The dumb have a lonely grandeur like Nature's own.

If she lacked speech, she did not lack a pair of large dark eyes, shaded with long lashes; and her lips trembled like a leaf in response to any thought that rose in her mind.

Nature fulfilled her want of speech, and spoke for her. The murmur of the brook, the voice of the village folk, the songs of the boatmen, the crying of the birds and rustle of trees mingled, and were one with the trembling of her heart. They became one vast wave of sound, which beat upon her restless soul. This murmur and movement of Nature were the dumb girl's language; that speech of the dark eyes, which the long lashes shaded, was the language of the world about her. From the trees, where the cicalas chirped, to the quiet stars there was nothing but signs and gestures, weeping and sighing. And in the deep mid-noon, when the boatmen and fisherfolk had gone to their dinner, when the villagers slept, and birds were still, when the ferryboats were idle, when the great busy world paused in its toil, and became suddenly a lonely, awful giant, then beneath the vast impressive heavens there were only dumb Nature and a dumb girl, sitting very silent—one under the spreading sunlight, the other where a small tree cast its shadow.

DUSK OF TEARS

I have met thee where the night touches the edge of the day; where the light startles the darkness into dawn, and the waves carry the kiss of the one shore to the other.

From the heart of the fathomless blue comes one golden

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call, and across the dusk of tears I try to gaze at thy face and know not for certain if thou art seen.

DUTY

Everything in this world is fleeting, and he only lives who does his duty and achieves fame.

It's no use saying that it is one's duty to be doing something; often enough one's chief duty is not to do anything at all.

DWELLER IN DREAMS

You are the evening cloud floating in the sky of my dreams.

I paint you and fashion you ever with my love longings.

You are my own, my own, Dweller in my endless dreams !

Your feet are rosy-red with the glow of my heart's desire, Gleaner of my sunset songs!

Your lips are bitter-sweet with the taste of my wine of pain.

You are my own, my own, Dweller in my lonesome dreams!

With the shadow of my passion have I darkened your eyes, Haunter of the depth of my gaze!

I have caught you and wrapt you, my love, in the net of my music.

You are my own, my own, Dweller in my deathless dreams!

EARTH

Ah, the dear earth ! The beautiful earth ! She wants all that we have—the touch of our hands, the song of our hearts.

She wants to draw out from us all that is within, hidden even from ourselves.

This is her sorrow, that she finds out some things only to know that she has not found all. She loses before she attains.

Ah, the dear earth ! We shall never deceive you.

The earth's mantle of dust is filled with ripe corn !

The living heart of the earth gives itself up in love and life and beauty, but when you rend its bosom and disturb the dead, you bring up with your booty the curse of its dark demon, blind and hard, cruel and envious.

Underground there are blocks of stone, iron, gold,—there you have the image of strength. On the surface grows the grass, the flower blossoms,—there you have the play of magic.

The one delight of this Earth is to fulfil the claims of those who are men. She has been made fertile and beautiful and

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complete through her endless sacrifices to them. But for this, she would be lost in the wilderness, not knowing herself, the doors of her heart shut, her diamonds and pearls never seeing the light.

You dig tunnels in the underworld and come out with dead wealth that the earth has kept buried for ages past.

The earth is not a dead thing like the moon. She breathes. Her rivers and oceans send up vapours in which she is clothed. She is covered with a mantle of her own dust which flies about the air. The onlooker, gazing upon the earth from the outside, can see only the light reflected from this vapour and this dust. The tracks of the mighty continents are not distinctly visible.

The man, who is alive as this earth is, is likewise always enveloped in the mist of the ideas which he is breathing out. His real land and water remain hidden, and he appears to be made of only lights and shadows.

The bird flies in the sky, not to fly away into the emptiness, but to come back again to this great earth.

Unspoken pervading grief of Mother Earth.

How small is this earth and confined, watched and followed by the persistent horizons !

Endless are the beauties of the earth.

I came to your shore as a stranger, I lived in your house as a guest, I leave your door as a friend, my earth.

The grass-blade is worthy of the great world where it grows.

Tiny grass, your steps are small, but you possess the earth under your tread.

The dust receives insult and in return offers her flowers.

The great earth makes herself hospitable with the help of the grass.

EARTH AND SKY

The grass seeks her crowd in the earth.

The tree seeks his solitude of the sky.

The sun goes to cross the Western sea, leaving its last salutation to the East.

EAST

Looking towards the East, there is endless blue above, endless white beneath. Sky empty, earth empty too—the emptiness below hard and barren, that overhead arched and ethereal—one could hardly find elsewhere such a picture of stark desolation.

EAST AND WEST

The meeting of the East and the West has remained incomplete, because the occasions of it have not been disinterest-

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ed. The political and commercial adventures carried on by Western races—very often by force and against the interest and wishes of the countries they have dealt with—have created a moral alienation, which is deeply injurious to both parties. The perils threatened by this unnatural relationship have long been contemptuously ignored by the West. But the blind confidence of the strong in their apparent invincibility has often led them, from their dream of security, into terrible surprises of history.

It is not the fear of danger or loss to one people or another, however, which is most important. The demoralising influence of the constant estrangement between the two hemispheres, which affects the baser passions of man,—pride, greed and hypocrisy on the one hand ; fear, suspiciousness and flattery on the other,—has been developing, and threatens us with a world-wide spiritual disaster.

I refuse to think that the twin spirits of the East and the West, the Mary and Martha, can never meet to make perfect the realization of truth. And in spite of our material poverty in the East and the antagonism of time I wait patiently for this meeting.

When a stranger from the West travels in the Eastern world he takes the facts that displeases him and readily makes use of them for his rigid conclusions, fixed upon the unchallengeable authority of his personal experience. It is like a man who has his own boat for crossing his village stream, but, on being compelled to wade across some strange watercourse, draws angry comparisons as he goes from every patch of mud and every pebble which his feet encounter.

The fact still remains that the Western mind, after centuries of contact of the East, has not evolved the enthusiasm of a chivalrous ideal which can bring this age to its fulfilment. It is everywhere raising thorny hedges of exclusion and offering human sacrifices to national self-seeking. It has intensified the mutual feelings of envy among Western races themselves, as they fight over their spoils and display a carnivorous pride in their snarling rows of teeth.

We must guard our minds from any encroaching distrust of the individuals of a nation. The active love of humanity and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth which I have met with in the Western countries have been a great lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt in my mind that the West owes its true greatness, not so much to its marvellous training of intellect, as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of Western civilisation. It is a passion, not an ideal.

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The more success it has brought to Europe, the more costly it will prove to her at last, when the accounts have to be rendered. And the signs are unmistakable, that the accounts have been called for. The time has come when Europe must know that the forcible parasitism which she has been practising upon the two large Continents of the World—the two most unwieldy whales of humanity—must be causing to her moral nature a gradual atrophy and degeneration.

Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realise and sing to you with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and the West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet not merely in the fulness of physical strength, but in fulness of truth ; that the right hand, which wields the sword, has the need of the left, which holds the shield of safety.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains and fertilised by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigour and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he has sat face to face with the Infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is.

The East did once meet the West profoundly in the growth of her life. Such union became possible, because the East came to the West with the ideal that is creative, and not with the passion that destroys mortal bonds. The mystic consciousness of the Infinite, which she brought with her, was greatly needed by the man of the West to give him his balance.

On the other hand, the East must find her own balance in Science—the magnificent gift that the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in laws of construction ; and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never-ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But has she then to be told that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet ?

The most significant fact of modern days is this, that the West has met the East. Such a momentous meeting of huma-

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nity, in order to be fruitful, must have in its heart some great emotional idea, generous and creative. There can be no doubt that God's choice has fallen upon the knights-errant of the West for the service of the present age ; arms and armour have been given to them ; but have they yet realised in their hearts the single-minded loyalty to their cause which can resist all temptations of bribery from the devil ? The world today is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science ; but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal.

ECHO

The lantern which I carry in my hand makes enemy of the darkness of the farther road.

And this wayside becomes a terror to me, where even the flowering tree frowns like a spectre of scowling menace ; and the sound of my own steps comes back to me in the echo of muffled suspicion.

Therefore I pray for thy own morning light, when the far and the near will kiss each other and death and life will be one in love.

The echo mocks her origin to prove she is the original.

ECSTASY

When we rejoice in our fullness, then we can part with our fruits with joy.

EDUCATION

No one has been able to give us a complete definition of life, because, at every moment, it transcends its parts and is mysteriously more than what we get from its analysis. What it gives out is far greater, in quality and value, than the materials it consumes. It is not a mere sum total of the carbon, nitrogen, and other ingredients which it takes in with its food. Our mind, also, in the fulness of its life, is infinitely greater than the information it appropriates, the training it acquires. That education is true, which acknowledges the mind to be a living thing, and therefore stimulates it to give out more in quality and quantity than is imparted to it from outside. And we are to judge our education by this standard.

To make the paraphernalia of our education so expensive that education itself becomes difficult of attainment would be like squandering all one's money in buying money-bags.

We require openings in the walls more than the walls themselves. Light and air have more to do with our wearing apparel than the weavers' loom. The sun makes for us the heat producing factors which elsewhere are required from food-

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stuffs. All these natural advantages have moulded our life to a particular shape, which I cannot believe it will be profitable to ignore in the case of our education.

We are always afraid lest we should lose some petty advantage in our attempts to aquire true learning, lest our preparedness for clerical work should be delayed, lest the English of our petition-writing lose its correct grammatical whine. Our education to us is like the carriage to a horse ; a bondage, the dragging of which merely serves to provide it with food and shelter in the stable of its master ; the horse has not the same freedom of relationship with the carriage as its owner, and therefore the carriage ever remains for it an imposition of beggarly necessity.

Concentration of intellectual forces of the country is the most important mission of a University; for it is like the nucleus of a living cell the centre of the creative life of the national mind.

It is as if some tribe which had the primitive habit of decorating its tribal members with birds' plumage were some day to hold these very birds guilty of the crime of being extinct. There are belated attempts on the part of our governors to read us pious homilies about disinterested love of learning, while the old machinery goes on working, whose product is not education but certificates. It is good to remind the fettered bird that its wings are for soaring; but it is better to cut the chain which is holding it to its perch. The most pathetic feature of the tragedy is that the bird itself has learnt to use its chain for its ornament, simply because the chain jingles in fairly respectable English.

The great use of education is not merely to collect facts, but to know man and to make oneself known to man. It is the duty of every human being to master, at least to some extent, not only the language of intellect, but also that personality which is the language of Art. It is a great world of reality for man,—vast and profound,—this growing world of his own creative nature. This is the world of Art.

On each race is the duty laid to keep alight its own lamp of mind as its part in the illumination of the world. To break the lamp of any people is to deprive it of its rightful place in the world festival. He who has no light is unfortunate enough, but utterly miserable is he who, having it, has been deprived of it, or has forgotten all about it.

India has proved that it has its own mind, which has deeply thought and felt and tried to solve according to its light the problems of existence. The education of India is to enable this *mind* of India to find out truth, to make this truth its own

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wherever found and to give expression to it in such a manner as only it can do.

In order to carry this out, first of all the mind of India has to be concentrated and made concious of itself and then only can it accept education from its teachers in a right spirit, judge it by its own standard and make use of it by its own creative power. The fingers must be joined together to take as well as to give. So when we can bring the scattered minds of India into co-ordinated activity, they will then become receptive as well as creative—and the waters of life will cease to slip through the gaps, to make sodden the ground beneath.

In education, the most important factor must be the inspiring atmosphere of creative activity. And therefore the primary function of our University should be the constructive work of knowledge. Men should be brought together and full scope given to them for their work of intellectual exploration and creation ; and the teaching should be like the overflow water of this spring of culture, spontaneous and inevitable. Education can only become natural and wholesome when it is the direct fruit of a living and growing knowledge.

The last point is that our education should be in full touch with our complete life, economical, intellectual, aesthetic, social and spiritual ; and our educational institutions should be in the very heart of our society, connected with it by the living bonds of varied co-operations. For true education is to realize at every step how our training and knowledge have organic connection with our surroundings.

I had been blessed with that sense of wonder which gives a child his right of entry into the treasure-house of mystery which is in the heart of existence. I neglected my studies because they rudely summoned me away from the world around me, which was my friend and my companion, and when I was thirteen I freed myself from the clutch of an educational system that tried to keep me imprisoned within the stone-walls of lessons.

The best function of education is to enable us to realise that to live as a man is great, requiring profound philosophy for its ideal, poetry for its expression, and heroism in its conduct. Owing to this vital method of culture the common people of India, though technically illiterate, have been made concious of the sanctity of social relationships, entailing constant sacrifice and self-control, urged and supported by ideals collectively expressed in one word, *Dharma*.

EFFORT

To get fire from a tree you have to burn it.
Without the churning, how can the well be cleansed?

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The birds remain gloomily confined to their nests, but the sons of men fare forth, for in spite of the weather the world's work must go on.

The journey itself is the business.

ELEPHANTS

Sometimes the whim takes them to draw up the dust into their trunks, and then with a snort they squirt it all over their bodies; this is their elephantine toilet.

I love to look on these overgrown beasts, with their vast bodies, their immense strength, their ungainly proportions, their docile harmlessness. Their very size and clumsiness make me feel a kind of tenderness for them—their unwieldy bulk has something infantile about it. Moreover, they have large hearts. When they get wild they are furious, but when they calm down they are peace itself.

The uncouthness which goes with bigness does not repel, it rather attracts.

ELOQUENCE

There's nothing like eloquence to attract women.

EMOTION

Why blame as unreasonable these women, whose very life is emotion, for the curious courses into which their hearts lead them? If the foundation of love be right, the leadership of the heart becomes so simple and sweet that reason has to hide its head in shame, but if there be any defect in this foundation, then the intellect is powerless to correct it, and it becomes futile to ask for any explanation, whether it be of attraction or repulsion, laughter or tears.

It mattered little that the words were unintelligible for when emotions are at a high pitch the merest hint suffices.

ENDS AND MEANS

When the fruit is so near the hand, it is cowardly and foolish to go away without plucking it.

Once the end is attained, it is futile to burden oneself with the means.

ENEMY

I admire a straightforward enemy.

ENGAGEMENT RING

The price of the ring is no measure of my value; it's my worth that lends value to the ring.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

The best and noblest gifts of humanity cannot be the monopoly of a particular race or country; its scope may not

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be limited nor may it be regarded as the miser's hoard buried underground. That is why English literature which nourished our minds in the past, does even now convey its deep resonance to the recesses of our heart.

It was mainly through their mighty literature that we formed our ideas with regard to these newcomers to our Indian shores. In those days the type of learning that was served out to us was neither plentiful nor diverse, nor was the spirit of scientific enquiry very much in evidence. Thus their scope being strictly limited, the educated of those days had recourse to the English language and literature. Their days and nights were eloquent with the stately declamations of Burke, with Macaulay's long-rolling sentences; discussions centred upon Shakespeare's drama and Byron's poetry and above all upon the large-hearted liberalism of nineteenth-century English politics.

ENGLISHMEN

I was impressed by the evidence of liberal humanity in the character of the English and thus I was led to set them on the pedestal of my highest respect. This generosity in their national character had not yet been vitiated by imperialist pride.

I have a deep love and a great respect for the British race as human beings. It has produced great-hearted men, thinkers of great thoughts, doers of great deeds. It has given rise to a great literature. I know that these people love justice and freedom, and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendship; in their behaviour they are honest and reliable. The personal experience which I have had of their literary men has roused my admiration not merely for their power of thought or expression but for their chivalrous humanity. We have felt the greatness of this people as we feel the sun; but as for the Nation, it is for us a thick mist of a stifling nature covering the sun itself.

My good fortune has often brought me into close contact with really large-hearted Englishmen. Without the slightest hesitation I may say that the nobility of their character was without parallel—in no country or community have I come across such greatness of soul.

EQUALITY

You have no caste, you make no distinctions, and have no hatred—you are only the image of our welfare! It is you who are India.

What's the harm in honest work? You people with an English education prate about equality. If you regard sweep-

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ing as degrading work why do you allow a servant to do it? I haven't your education, but if you ask me my opinion it's this: when I see a virtuous woman handling a broom every fibre of it sparkles in my eyes like a sunbeam !

May it be my greatest desire never to keep apart from the rest, even by becoming superior ! When at last we are really one, then which of our orthodox practices shall remain and which be abolished, the country, and He who is the God of our country, shall decide.

God sends some men into the world with heavy burdens ready made, while others are let off delightfully light—if you yoke these two kinds of creatures together, one has to be loaded up to pull evenly with the other.

ERRORS

If you shut your door to all errors truth will be shut out.

ESSENCE

To extract the essential from the diluted, is what scholars aim at.

ETERNAL FUGITIVE

Darkly you sweep on, Eternal Fugitive, round whose bodiless rush stagnant space frets into eddying bubbles of light.

Is your heart lost to the Lover calling you across his immeasurable loneliness?

Is the aching urgency of your haste the sole reason why your tangled tresses break into stormy riot and pearls of fire roll along your path as from a broken necklace ?

Your fleeting steps kiss the dust of this world into sweetness, sweeping aside all waste; the storm centred with your dancing limbs shakes the sacred shower of death over life and freshens her growth.

Should you in sudden weariness stop for a moment, the world would rumble into a heap, an encumbrance, barring its own progress, and even the least speck of dust would pierce the sky throughout its infinity with an unbearable pressure.

My thoughts are quickened by this rhythm of unseen feet round which the anklets of light are shaken.

They echo in the pulse of my heart, and through my blood surges the psalm of the ancient sea.

I hear the thundering flood tumbling my life from world to world and form to form, scattering my being in an endless spray of gifts, in sorrowings and songs.

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The tide runs high, the wind blows, the boat dances like thine own desire, my heart!

Leave the hoard on the shore and sail over the unfathomed dark towards limitless light.

ETERNAL HARMONY

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup my life.

My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy joy is adding music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.

ETERNAL SILENCE

"What language is thine, O sea?"

"The language of eternal question."

"What language is thy answer, O sky ?"

"The language of eternal silence."

ETERNAL STRANGER

I have looked on this picture in many a month of March when the mustard is in bloom—this lazy line of the water and the grey of the sand beyond, the rough path along the river-bank carrying the comradeship of the field into the heart of the village.

I have tried to capture in rhyme the idle whistle of the wind, the beat of the oar-strokes from a passing boat.

I have wondered in my mind how simply it stands before me, this great world : with what fond and familiar ease it fills my heart. this encounter with the Eternal Stranger.

Alas, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the Eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road.

The sound of his footfall knocks at my breast ; it pains me !

The wind is up, the sea is moaning.

I leave all my cares and doubts to follow the homeless tide, for the Stranger calls me, he is going along the road.

ETERNITY

A message came from my youth of vanished days, saying, "I wait for you among the quiverings of unborn May, where smiles ripen for tears and hours ache with songs unsung"

It says, "Come to me across the worn-out track of age, through the gates of death. For dreams fade, hopes fail, the

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gathered fruits of the year decay, but I am the eternal truth, and you shall meet me again and again in your voyage of life from shore to shore."

EUROPE

All the great nations of Europe have their victims in other parts of the world. This not only deadens their moral sympathy but also their intellectual sympathy, which is so necessary for the understanding of races which are different from one's own.

We have to remember that in Europe, where peoples had their racial unity from the beginning, and where natural resources were insufficient for the inhabitants, the civilization has naturally taken the character of political and commercial aggressiveness. For on the one hand they had no internal complications, and on the other they had to deal with neighbours who were strong and rapacious. To have perfect combination among themselves and a watchful attitude of animosity against others was taken as the solution of their problems. In former days they organized and plundered, in the present age the same spirit continues—and they organize and exploit the whole world.

I have great faith in human nature, and I think the West will find its true mission. I speak bitterly of Western civilization when I am conscious that it is betraying its trust and thwarting its own purpose. The West must not make herself a curse to the world by using her power for her own selfish needs, but by teaching the ignorant and helping the weak, she should save herself from the worst danger that the strong is liable to incur by making the feeble acquire power enough to resist her intrusion. And also she must not make her materialism to be the final thing, but must realize that she is doing a service in freeing the spiritual being from the tyranny of matter.

The West could never have risen to the eminence she has reached if her strength were merely the strength of the brute or of the machine. The divine in her heart is suffering from the injuries inflicted by her hands upon the world,—and from this pain of her higher nature flows the secret balm which will bring healing to those injuries. Time after time she has fought against herself and has undone the chains which with her own hands she had fastened round helpless limbs ; and though she forced poison down the throat of a great nation at the point of the sword for gain of money, she herself woke up to withdraw from it, to wash her hands clean again. This shows hidden springs of humanity in spots which look dead and barren. It proves that the deeper truth in her nature, which can survive such a career of cruel cowardliness, is not greed, but reverence for unselfish ideals. It would be altogether unjust, both to us and to Europe,

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to say that she has fascinated the modern Eastern mind by the mere exhibition of her power. Through the smoke of cannons and dust of markets the light of her moral nature has shone bright, and she has brought to us the ideal of ethical freedom whose foundation lies deeper than social conventions and whose province of activity is world-wide.

EUROPEAN CULTURE

The perennial centre of European culture is sure to be in Europe. And therefore, if we must accept it as the only source of light for our mind, then it would be like depending upon some star for our daybreak, which is the sun of a far distant alien sphere. The star may give us light, but not the day; it may give us direction in our voyage of exploration, but it can never open the full view of truth before our eyes. In fact, we can never use this starlight for stirring sap in our invisible depths and giving colour and bloom to our life.

I have no distrust of any culture because of its foreign character. On the contrary, I believe that the shock of such forces is necessary for the vitality of our intellectual nature.

The European culture has come to us not only with its knowledge but with its velocity. Though our assimilation of it is imperfect and the consequent aberrations numerous, still it is rousing our intellectual life from its inertia of formal habits into glowing consciousness by the very contradiction it offers to our own mental traditions.

What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which this foreign education tends to occupy all the space of our national mind and thus kills, or hampers, the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought power by a new combination of truths. It is this which makes me urge that all the elements in our own culture have to be strengthened, not to resist the Western culture, but truly to accept and assimilate it, and use it for our food and not as our burden ; to get mastery over this culture, and not to live at its outskirts as the hewers of texts and drawers of book-learning.

EVENING

The gold of the evening is melting in the heart of the blue sea. The forest, on the hillside, is drinking the last cup of the daylight. On the left, the village huts are seen through the trees with their evening lamps lighted, like a veiled mother watching by her sleeping children. Nature, thou art my slave. Thou hast spread thy many-coloured carpet in the great hall where I sit alone, like a king, and watch thee dance with thy starry necklace twinkling on thy breast.

The evening sky to me is like a window, and a lighted lamp, and a waiting behind it,

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My evening came among the alien trees and spoke in a language which my morning stars did not know.

EVENTS

The majority of events in life were not accidental.

EVERLASTING YOUTH

When I lingered among my hoarded treasure I felt like a worm that feeds in the dark upon the fruit where it was born.

I leave this prison of decay.

I care not to haunt the mouldy stillness, for I go in search of everlasting youth; I throw away all that is not one with my life nor as light as my laughter.

I run through time and, O my heart, in your chariot dances the poet who sings while he wanders.

EVIL

Evils are, like meteors, stray fragments of life, which need the attraction of some great ideal in order to be assimilated with the wholesomeness of creation. The evil forces are literally outlaws; they only need the control and cadence of spiritual laws to change them into good. The true goodness is not the negation of badness, it is in the mastery of it. Goodness is the miracle which turns the tumult of chaos into a dance of beauty.

Do you believe that evil can be permanently kept in check by competition with evil, and that conference of prudence can keep the devil chained in its makeshift cage of mutual agreement?

There are some evils which are best left alone.
May all evil turn to good.
Rend all veils for ever.

Man is at times attacked with evil as with the plague. Some germ finds its way in from somewhere, and then in the space of one night Death stalks in. Why cannot the stricken one be kept far away from the rest of the world? I, at least, have realised how terrible is the contagion,—like a fiery torch which burns that it may set the world on fire.

One puts a premium on evil by suffering it without protest. The proper remedy for evil is to fight against it.

EVIL AND GOOD

It is one of the most difficult things to make bad and good harmonise—and yet in this world they are found together—and in that union sorrow and happiness are found—it is not always evil that is seen but also good. And if that

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is possible then I fail to understand why it should be difficult for two people whose opinions differ to unite happily. Is true union between two human being merely a matter of opinion ?

EXAMINATIONS

Mind, when long deprived of its natural food of truth and freedom of growth, develops an unnatural craving for success; and our students have fallen victims to the mania for success in examinations. Success consists in obtaining the largest number of marks with the strictest economy of knowledge. It is a deliberate cultivation of disloyalty to truth, of intellectual dishonesty, of a foolish imposition by which the mind is encouraged to rob itself. But as we are by means of it made to forget the existence of mind, we are supremely happy at the result. We pass examinations and shrivel up into clerks, lawyers and police inspectors, and we die young.

EXAMPLE

Man is so great that he can despise not only the success, but also the example. Possibly example is lacking, just as there is no example of the flower in the seed. But there is the urgence of the flower in the seed all the same.

EXCESS

To increase that which we already possess there is no need for any sort of exertion, but we await what should make it more manifest in radiance and loveliness.

A river flowing within banks is truly our own, and it can contain its due tributaries; but our relations with a flood can only prove disastrous.

The gods can stand excesses, but man is frail.

EXCITEMENT

In the face of excitement a blind pride obscures our minds, but when one by one the fruits of our actions begin to ripen the strength to bear the consequences of our acts vanishes.

EXISTENCE

Merely to exist is not enough.

In joy and in sorrow, in work and in rest, in life and in death, in victory and in defeat, in this world and in the next, all hail to the "I exist."

That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.

EXPERIENCE

I have not had time in this life to apply the lessons I have learnt. But they will keep for my next birth.

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When one has reached my time of life, it is beyond any one's power to mislead me.

Let those who have made the mistake learn their error by knocking against the world.

EXPRESSION

The sin is not in the thing expressed, but in the failure to express it.

Through creation man expresses his truth; through that expression he gains back his truth in its fulness. Human society is for the best expression of man, and that expression, according to its perfection, leads him to the full realisation of the divine in humanity. When that expression is obscure, then his faith in the Infinite that is within him becomes weak; then his aspiration cannot go beyond the idea of success. His faith in the Infinite is creative; his desire for success is constructive; one is his home, and the other is his office.

EXTRAVAGANCE

Like a lamp with too many wicks burning, the oil flared away quickly, and the light went out.

Extravagance lands us in poverty.

EYES

The third eye of divine wisdom!

Those lustrous black eyes!

Your eyes melt my heart as the kiss of the morning sun melts the snow on a mountain-top.

The eye does its work untaught, and he knows how well, who is struck in the heart.

You needn't be ashamed of possessing a pair of eyes; that's a crime of which we are all guilty !

The eyes are not proud of their sight but of their eye-glasses.

FAIRIES

When the sky-nymphs send hail on the *shiuli* flowers, they are not angry. That is their way of caressing them.

FAITH

What is difficult is to see things in their completeness with the vision of faith.

If only you have faith, you will find joy in the austerity of your devotion.

I had to keep my faith, even at the cost of my love.

God's will be done ! What are we but His instruments ?

When men differ in their virtues, natures, or beauty there is no obstacle in the way of their unity, so why should there be obstacles when it is a question of opinions or faith ?

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To let falsehood and truth live side by side in amity, the infinite world is not wide enough. That the corn ripening for the food of man should make room for thorny weeds, love is not so hatefully all-loving. That one should be allowed to sap the sure ground of friendship with betrayal of trust, could tolerance be so traitorously wide as that? That one should die like a thief to defend his faith and the other live in honour and wealth who betrayed it—no, no, the world is not so stony-hard as to bear without pain such hideous contradictions in its bosom.

Because there was a hollow space in your mind you had to use plenty of mortar to fill it up. So much would not have been so necessary if your faith had been simple.

Is it only truth that we gain through faith? By faith we also sometimes misjudge things and get hold of what is false.

Is not this world wide enough to hold men whose natures are widely different? Those countless stars of the sky, do they fight for the mastery of the One? Cannot faiths hold their separate lights in peace for the separate worlds of minds that need them?

Faith in God, this faith in the reality of the ideal of perfection, has built up all that is great in the human world. To keep indefinitely walking on, along a zigzag course of change, is negative and barren. A mere procession of notes does not make music, it is only when we have in the heart of the march of sounds some musical idea that it creates song. Our faith in the infinite reality of Perfection is that musical idea, and there is that one great creative force in our civilisation. When it wakens not, then our faith in money, in material power, takes its place; it fights and destroys, and in a brilliant fireworks of starmimicry suddenly exhausts itself and dies in ashes and smoke.

Men of great faith have always called us to wake up to great expectations, and the prudent have always laughed at them and said that these did not belong to reality. But the poet in man knows that reality is a creation, and human reality has to be called forth from its obscure depth by man's faith which is creative. There was a day when the human reality was the brutal reality. That was the only capital we had with which to begin our career. But age after age there has come to us the call of faith.

My faith has come to me perfected in the form of that woman. Your sacred books were dumb to me. I have read, by the help of the light of those eyes, the ancient book of creation, and I have known that true faith is there, where there is man, where there is love. It comes from the mother in her

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devotion. and it goes back to her from her child. It descends in the gift of a giver and it appears in the heart of him who takes it. I accepted the bond of this faith which reveals the infinite in man when I set my eyes upon that face full of light and love and peace of hidden wisdom.

FAITH AND LOGIC

Faith is the spectator in us which finds the meaning of the drama from the unity of the performance ; but logic lures us into the greenroom where there is stagecraft but no drama at all ; and then this logic nods its head and wearily talks about disillusionment. But the greenroom, dealing with its fragments, looks foolish when questioned, or wears the sneering smile of Mephistopheles ; for it does not have the secret of unity, which is somewhere else. It is for faith to answer, "Unity comes to us from the One, and the One in ourselves opens the door and receives it with joy."

FALSE DESIRES

That I want thee, only thee—let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me, day and night, are false and empty to the core.

As the night keeps hidden in its gloom the petition for light, even thus in the depth of my unconsciousness rings the cry—"I want thee, only thee."

As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might, even thus my rebellion strikes against thy love and still its cry is—"I want thee, only thee".

FALSEHOOD

Kill the falsehood that sucks the life-blood of man.

Where untruth truly exists, there it is indeed the truth.

For those of little understanding untruth is the truth.

These are the ghosts of lies around you, who hold their market of illusions.

Oh ! what lies we women have to tell ! When we are mothers, we tell lies to pacify our children ; and when we are wives, we tell lies to pacify the fathers of our children. We are never free from this necessity.

You cannot keep up a dead lie for ever.

Those who would rule do not dread untruths ; the shackles of truth are reserved for those who will fall under their sway. Have you not read history ? Do you not know that in the immense cauldrons, where vast political developments are simmering, untruths are the main ingredients ?

Falsehood is a sin, false censure is a still greater sin, but there are few sins to compare with the false revilement of one's own people.

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The false can never grow into truth by growing in power.

FAME

How vain is fame, the pride of prowess! Everything seems to me a dream.

What can be more damaging than to suppress the name of a man, whose name is his best asset?

Does the river take any heed of its foam? Fame is that foam on life's stream.

I have scaled the peak and found no shelter in fame's bleak and barren height. Lead me, my Guide, before the light fades, into the valley of quiet where life's harvest mellows into golden wisdom.

Let the dead have the immortality of fame, but the living the immortality of love.

Blessed is he whose fame does not outshine his truth.

FAMILIARITY

The familiarity which one gets in the home with women at their household work, does not make for true knowledge.

FAREWELL

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door—and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

FATE

Fortune as fickle as lotus-flower,
Closes her favours when comes the hour,
Oh, foolish man, how can you trust her,
Who comes of a sudden, and goes in a fluster?

The Goddess of Fortune deserts him who gives way to melancholy.

In this world nothing happens in the way we want it to—events seem first of all to go about silently, prowling like tigers hunting for their prey, and then, suddenly, without any warning, they have pounced on one's neck. News too seems at first to remain smothered like a fire, and then suddenly it bursts out into a blaze and there is no putting it out.

Fate is working on her own lines and she is taking her time.

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Man may propose ; but there is Another who disposes, and I leave the matter in His hands.

Had my fate been merely unjust, it could be forgiven,—but its bad taste is unpardonable.

Fate involved me in such an inextricable web of falsehood that I could see no remedy except to draw everything into its meshes.

We often choose our own fate thus, without knowing it !

Indeed, it does not need much intelligence to anticipate. What must happen does happen, and no more need happen. Nor is it necessary to imagine that in the game of life Fortune will necessarily keep back her cards.

I fear none except Fate, before which courage or heroism is as futile as it is absurd.

Let happen what will.

Fortune has granted me a boon far above my deserts.

"Who drives me forward like fate ?"

"The Myself striding on my back."

Everything will come right in good time.

FAULTS

Let him only see the thorns who has eyes to see the rose.

FAVOURS

God is ashamed when the prosperous boasts of his special favour.

FEAR

Everything looks inauspicious to the eye of fear.

There are fears the want of which is cowardice.

Our atmosphere breeds fear just as it breeds malaria.

Never be afraid of the moments—thus sings the voïce of the everlasting.

FEAST

If a certain fair hand were to serve you the food of an outcast, that might make it a feast fit for the gods.

FEATURES

We can trust features that are plain enough to understand.

FEELINGS

In her silent heart there sounded an endless, voiceless weeping, which only the Searcher of Hearts could hear.

Because she did not speak, therefore she did not feel.

When the heart is full it is impossible to restrain one's feelings.

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The emptiness of the human heart could never be filled except by an unlimited feeling.

My eyes feel the deep peace of this sky, and there stirs through me what a tree feels when it holds out its leaves like cups to be filled with sunshine.

A thought rises in my mind, like the warm breath from grass in the sun; it mingles with the gurgle of lapping water and the sigh of weary wind in village lanes,—the thought that I have lived along with the whole life of this world and have given to it my own love and sorrows.

FELLOW TRAVELLER

Comrade of the road,
Here are my traveller's greetings to thee.
O Lord of my broken heart, of leave-taking and loss, of the grey silence of the dayfall,
My greetings of the ruined house to thee!
O Light of the new-born morning,
Sun of the everlasting day,
My greetings of the undying hope to thee !
My guide,
I am a wayfarer of an endless road,
My greetings of a wanderer to thee !

To move is to meet you every moment,
Fellow-traveller !
It is to sing to the falling of your feet.
He whom your breath touches does not glide by the shelter of the bank.
He spreads a reckless sail to the wind and rides the turbulent water.
He who throws his doors open and steps onward receives your greeting.

He does not stay to count his gain or to mourn his loss; his heart beats the drum for his march, for that is to march with you every step,
Fellow-traveller!

FETTERS OF LOVE

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all.

Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee in everything, and offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may never hide thee.

Let only that little of my fetters be left whereby I am bound with thy will, and thy purpose is carried out in my life—and that is the fetter of thy love.

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FIRE

O Fire, my brother, I sing victory to you.

You are the bright red image of fearful freedom.

You swing your arms in the sky, you sweep your impetuous fingers across the harp-string, your dance music is beautiful.

When my days are ended and the gates are opened you will burn to ashes this cordage of hands and feet.

My body will be one with you, my heart will be caught in the whirls of your frenzy, and the burning heat that was my life will flash up and mingle itself in your flame.

The flaming fire warms me off by its own glow.

Save me from the dying embers hidden under ashes.

Smoke boasts to the sky, and Ashes to the earth, that they are brothers to the fire.

FIRE OF DESIRE

Light, oh, where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!

There is the lamp but never a flicker of a flame,—is such thy fate, my heart? Ah, death were better by far for thee.

Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy lord is wakeful, and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know not what this is that stirs in me,—I know not its meaning.

A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of the night calls me.

Light, oh, where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

FISHING

When one is catching fish, a silent companion is best of all.

FITFUL GLADNESS

Thou hast given me thy love, filling the world with thy gifts.

They are showered upon me when I do not know them, for my heart is asleep and dark is the night.

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Yet though lost in the cavern of my dreams I have been thrilled with fitful gladness ;

And I know that in return for the treasure of thy great worlds thou wilt receive from me one little flower of love in the morning when my heart awakes.

FLAME OF DESIRE

Let thy love play upon my voice and rest on my silence.

Let it pass through my heart into all my movements.

Let thy love like stars shine in the darkness of my sleep and dawn in my awakening.

Let it burn in the flame of my desires.

And flow in all currents of my own love.

Let me carry thy love in my life as a harp does its music, and give it back to thee at last with my life.

FLEETING MOMENTS

The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee; and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my king, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life.

And today when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they have lain scattered in the dust mixed with the memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten.

Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from star to star.

FLICKER OF FEAR

You did not know yourself when you dwelt alone, and there was no crying of an errand when the wind ran from the hither to the farther shore.

I came and you woke, and the skies blossomed with lights.

You made me open in many flowers ; rocked me in the cradles of many forms ; hid me in death and found me again in life.

I came and your heart heaved ; pain came to you and joy.

You touched me and tingled into love.

But in my eyes there is a film of shame and in my breast a flicker of fear ; my face is veiled and I weep when I cannot see you.

Yet I know the endless thirst in your heart for sight of me, the thirst that cries at my door in the repeated knockings of sunrise.

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FLIRTATION

God has given you women a plentiful supply of coquetry to start with, and on the top of that you have the milliner and the jeweller to help you.

FLOODS

The water has penetrated every possible place. I have never before seen such a complete defeat of the land. A little more and the water will be right inside the cottages, and their occupants will have to put up *machans* to live on. The cows will die if they have to remain standing like this in water up to their knees. All the snakes have been flooded out of their holes, and they, with sundry other homeless reptiles and insects, will have to chum with man and take refuge on the thatch of his roof.

The vegetation rotting in the water, refuse of all kinds floating about, naked children with shrivelled limbs and enlarged spleens splashing everywhere, the long-suffering, patient housewives exposed in their wet clothes to wind and rain, wading through their daily tasks with tucked-up skirts, and over all a thick pall of mosquitoes hovering in the noxious atmosphere —the sight is hardly pleasing !

Colds and fevers and rheumatism in every home, the malaria-stricken infants constantly crying,—nothing can save them. How is it possible for men to live in such unlovely, unhealthy, squalid, neglected surroundings ? The fact is we are so used to bear everything, hands down,—the ravages of Nature; the oppression of rulers, the pressure of our *shastras* to which we have not a word to say, while they keep eternally grinding us down.

FLOWERS

I plucked your flower, O world !
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked.
When the day waned and it darkened, I found that the flower had faded, but the pain remained.
More flowers will come to you with perfume and pride, O world !
But my time for flower-gathering is over, and through the dark night I have not my rose, only the pain remains.

My shadow dances in your waves, overflowing river,
I, the blossoming champak, stand unmoved on the bank,
with my flower-vigils,
My movement dwells in the stillness of my depth,
In the delicious birth of new leaves,
In flood of flowers,
In unseen urge of new life towards the light.

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Its stirring thrills the sky, and the silence of the dawn
is moved.

Oh, who are you ?
I am the flower *vakul.*
And who are you ?
I am the flower *parul.*
And who are these ?
We are mango blossoms landed on the shore of light.
We laugh and take leave when the time beckons us.
We rush into the arms of the ever-returning.
But who are you ?
I am the flower *shimul.*
And who are you ?
I am the *kamini* bunch.
And who are these ?
We are the jostling crowd of new leaves.

The fire of April leaps from forest to forest,
Flashing up in leaves and flowers
from all nooks and corners.
The sky is thriftless with colours.
The air delirious with songs.
The wind-tost branches of the woodland
Spread their unrest in our blood.
The air is filled with bewilderment of mirth ;
And the breeze rushes from flower to flower, asking
their names.
Blessed am I, says the flower, who belong to the earth,
For I serve you my God in this my lowly home.
Make me forget that I am born of dust.
For my spirit is free from it.
When you bend your eyes upon me my petals tremble
in joy !
Give me a touch of your feet and make me heavenly,
For the earth must offer its worship through me.

There was assuredly a deeper object in them than their botanical interest.

The withered branch cannot hope to blossom with borrowed flowers.

They cut the root of the creeper and then they ask for flowers.

I felt like a flower, which has but a few fleeting hours to listen to all the humming flatteries and whispered murmurs of the woodlands and then must lower its eyes from the sky, bend its head and at a breath give itself up to the dust without a cry, thus ending the short story of a perfect moment that has neither past nor future.

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Leave the little wild flower where it was born ; leave it beautifully to die at the day's end among all fading blossoms and decaying leaves. Do not take it to your palace hall to fling it on the stony floor which knows no pity for things that fade and are forgotten.

It is Heaven's blessing that has made the flower's term of life short. Could this body of mine have drooped and died with the flowers of last spring it surely would have died with honour.

Let there be only flowers, the beautiful flowers for thy offerings,—no more blood.

This necklace is but made of jewels, hard stones—its hardness will give you pain—I have got nothing like the garlands of flowers you have on.

Their beauty remains unsullied even in the hands of a man of the world. This is what gives me faith in the power of virtue, and hope for the sinner's redemption,

The blossoms belong to the God of Love, the friend of Spring.

The tree spreads its root-fingers and does its grabbing underground, but there it does not bring forth its flowers. Flowers bloom on the branches which reach towards the light.

The weary hours pass by,
The flowers that blossom in the light
Fade and drop in the shadow.
I thought I would weave a garland
In the cool of the morning for my love.
But the morning wears on,
The flowers are not gathered,
And my love is lost.

A bud is lovelier on the bough than in a golden vase.

Pluck this little flower and take it. Delay not ! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

It may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day end before I am aware, and the time of offering go by.

Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this flower in thy service and pluck it while there is time.

The night's flower was late when the morning kissed her, she shivered and sighed and dropped to the ground.

Wayside grass, love the star, then your dreams will come out in flowers.

"We, the rustling leaves, have a voice that answers the storms, but who are you, so silent?"

"I am a mere flower."

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God expects answers for the flower he sends us, not for the sun and the earth.

The little flower lies in the dust.

It sought the path of the butterfly.

The infant flower opens its bud and cries, "Dear World, please do not fade."

My flower of the day dropped its petals forgotten.

In the evening it ripens into a golden fruit of memory.

God grows weary of great kingdoms, but never of little flowers.

The leaf becomes flower when it loves.

The flower becomes fruit when it worships.

The sunflower blushed to own the nameless flower as her kin.

The sun rose and smiled on it, saying, "Are you well, my darling ?"

"How far are you from me, O Fruit?"

"I am hidden in your heart, O Flower."

Do not linger to gather flowers to keep them, but walk on, for flowers will keep themselves blooming all your way.

"I have lost my dewdrop," cries the flower to the morning sky that has lost all its stars.

By plucking her petals you do not gather the beauty of the flower.

The same lotus of our clime blooms here in the alien water with the same sweetness, under another name.

God waits to win back his own flowers as gifts from man's hands.

Ah, these jasmines, these white jasmines!

I seem to remember the first day when I filled my hands with these jasmines, these white jasmines.

I have loved the sunlight, the sky and the green earth;

I have heard the liquid murmur of the river through the darkness of midnight;

Autumn sunsets have come to me at the bend of a road in the lonely waste, like a bride raising her veil to accept her lover.

Yet my memory is still sweet with the first white jasmines that I held in my hands when I was a child.

Many a glad day has come in my life, and I have laughed with merrymakers on festival nights.

On grey mornings of rain I have crooned many an idle song.

I have worn round my neck the evening wreath of *bakulas* woven by the hand of love.

Yet my heart is sweet with the memory of the first fresh jasmines that filled my hands when I was a child.

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FLOWERS AND STARS

When storm-clouds rumble in the sky and June showers come down.

The moist east wind comes marching over the heath to blow its bagpipes among the bamboos.

Then crowds of flowers come out of a sudden, from nobody knows where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play before it is time, their master makes them stand in a corner.

When the rains come they have their holidays.

Branches clash together in the forest, and the leaves rustle in the wild wind, the thunder-clouds clap their giant hands and the flower children rush out in dresses of pink and yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky, where the stars are.

Haven't you seen how eager they are to get there ? Don't you know why they are in such a hurry ?

Of course, I can guess to whom they raise their arms: they have their mother as I have my own.

FLOWERS AND THORNS

"What comes from your willing hands I take. I beg for nothing more."

"Yes, yes, I know you, modest mendicant, you ask for all that one has."

"If there be a stray flower for me I will wear it in my heart."

"But if there be thorns?"

"I will endure them."

"Yes, yes, I know you, modest mendicant, you ask for all that one has."

"If but once you should raise your loving eyes to my face it would make my life sweet beyond death."

"But if there be only cruel glances?"

"I will keep them piercing my heart."

"Yes, yes, I know you, modest mendicant, you ask for all that one has."

FLUTTERING VEIL

You walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip.

Why did you swiftly turn your face and peep at me through your fluttering veil ?

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That gleaming look from the dark came upon me like a breeze that sends a shiver through the rippling water and sweeps away to the shadowy shore.

It came to me like the bird of the evening that hurriedly flies across the lampless room from the one open window to the other, and disappears in the night.

You are hidden as a star behind the hills, and I am a passer-by upon the road.

But why did you stop for a moment and glance at my face through your veil while you walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip ?

FORBEARANCE

Sorrow, which it is unbearable even to imagine, can be borne by man.

FORCE

It's no good trying to force people against their inclination.

A goaded elephant gets no time to forget its driver.

Force is not destroyed, but is merely converted to another form, and applied to another point.

Only the pressure of gross muscle can move our governors.

That which has come to my share is mine. And the weak man assents. That is really mine which I can snatch away. My country does not become mine simply because it is the country of my birth. It becomes mine on the day when I am able to win it by force.

In order to get, you must snatch.

FOREIGNERS

The strong fellow from across the sea does not bow his head in shame when you catch him in the act of house-breaking. On the contrary he raises his crowbar on you with all the assurance of innocence itself.

If we rub shoulders with them they get too familiar. One's own folk may be won by affection ; outsiders must be held by fear.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Every people in the world, in order to attain its greatness, must solve some great problem for itself, or accept defeat and degradation. All true civilisations have been built upon the bedrock of difficulties. Those who have rivers for their water supply are to be envied, but those who have not must dig wells

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and find water from the difficult depth of their own soil. But let us never imagine that dust can be made to do the duty of the water simply because it is more easily available. We must bravely accept the inconvenient fact of the diversity of our languages, and at the same time know that a foreign language, like foreign soil, may be good for pot culture, but not for that cultivation which is widely and permanently necessary for the maintenance of life.

When the great European countries found their individual languages, then only the true federation of cultures became possible in the West and the very differences of the channels made the commerce of ideas in Europe so richly copious and so variedly active. In fact, when natural differences find their harmony, then it is true unity ; but artificial uniformity leads to lifelessness. We can well imagine what the loss to European civilization would be, if France, Italy, Germany, England, through their separate agencies, did not contribute to the common coffers their individual earnings. And we know why, when the German culture tried to assert its sole dominance, it was hailed as a calamity by all Europe.

The use of English inevitably tends to turn our mind for its source of inspiration towards the west, with which we can never be in close touch of life ; and therefore our education will mostly remain sterile, or produce incongruities. The diversity of our languages should not be allowed to frighten us ; but we should be warned of the futility of borrowing the language of our culture from a far away land, making stagnant and shallow that which is fluid near its source.

For the perfect irrigation of learning a foreign language cannot be a true medium. This is a truism, whose utterance would bore men to sleep, or to something worse, in any other part of world ; but in our country truisms appear as dangerous heresies, rousing our phlegmatic souls into active hostility. Therefore, for us, all truisms are a tonic, though we relish platitudes far better. And this makes me bold to reiterate that when we are compelled to learn through the medium of English, the knocking at the gate and turning of the key take away the best part of our life. The feast may be waiting for us inside the room, but the difficulty and delay of admission spoil our appetite and the long privation permanently injures our stomach. The ideas are very late in coming to us, and the tediously long trial of our teeth over the grinding of the grammar, and a system of spelling, which is devoid of all conscience, takes away our relish for the food when it does come at last.

If you want to grow a tree on the sandy soil of a rainless desert, then you not only have to borrow your seed from some

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distant land, but also the soil itself and the water. Yet, after the immense trouble you have taken, the tree grows up miserably stunted ; and even if it does bear fruit, the seeds do not mature. The education which we receive from our universities takes it for granted that it is for cultivating a hopeless desert, and that not only the mental outlook and the knowledge, but also the whole language must bodily be imported from across the sea. And this makes our education so nebuloulsly distant and unreal, so detatched from all our associations of life, so terribly costly to us in time, health and means, and yet so meagre of results.

English cannot be mastered by a large majority of Indian boys. First of all, to accommodate this language in their minds whose ingrained habit has been to think in an Eastern tongue, is as much a feat as fitting an English sword into the scabbard of a scimitar. Then again, very few boys have the means of getting anything like a proper grounding in English at the hands of a competent teacher—the sons of the poor certainly have not.

Like the Hanuman of our ancient Epic, who, not knowing which herb might be wanted, had to carry away the whole mountain top, these boys, unable to use the language intelligently, have to carry in their heads the whole of the book by rote. Those who have extraordinary memories may thus manage to carry on to the end, but this cannot be expected of the poor fellows with only average brain power.

The point is—is the crime committed by this large number of boys, who, owing to congenital or accidental causes, have been unable to become proficient in the English language, so heinous that they must be sentenced to perpetual exile by the University? In England at one time thieves used to get hanged. But this penal code is even harsher, because the extreme penalty is imposed for *not* being able to cheat! For if it be cheating to take a book into the examination hall hidden in one's clothes, why not when the whole of its contents is smuggled in within the head?

However, I do not wish to lay any charge against those fortunate crammers who manage to get across. But those who are left behind, to whom the Hooghly Bridge is closed, may they not have some kind of ferry, if not a steam launch, at least a country boat? What a terrible waste of national material to cut off all higher educational facilities from the thousands of pupils who have no gift for acquiring a foreign tongue, but who possess the intellect and desire to learn.

FOREIGN RULE

When we walk barefooted upon ground strewn with

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gravel, our feet come gradually to adjust themselves to the caprices of the inhospitable earth; while if the tiniest particle of gravel finds its lodgment inside our shoes we can never forget and forgive its intrusion. And these shoes are the government by the Nation,—it is tight, it regulates our steps with a closed-up system, within which our feet have only the slightest liberty to make their own adjustments.

Here, in this land of India, amid the mocking laughter of Satan piercing the sky, may the feeling for this truth become real ! What a terrible epidemic of sin has been brought into our country from foreign lands.

If we threw over all the live people, we should have only dead bodies from the burning-grounds to carry on the work with! These live men, know what they want and how to get it,—they are born rulers. Those who do not know how to desire for themselves, must live in accordance with, or die by virtue of, the desires of such as these.

Is there any country where submission to Government is not due to fear?

The freedom that exists in any country may be measured by the extent of this reign of fear.

FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

When we see a foreign University, we see only its smaller body—its buildings, its furniture, its regulations, its syllabus; its larger body is not present to us. But as the kernel of the cocoanut is in the whole cocoanut, so the University, in the case of Europeans, is in their society, in their parliament, in their literature, in the numerous activities of their corporate life. They have their thoughts published in their books, as well as the living men who think those thoughts and criticize, compare and disseminate them. One common medium of mind connects their teachers and students in an educational relationship which is living and luminous. In short, their, education has its permanent vessel which is their own mind; its permanent supply which is their own living spring of culture; its permanent field for irrigation which is their own social life. This organic unity of their mind and life and culture has enabled them to seek truth from all lands and all times, and to make it vitally one with their own culture which is the basis of their civilization.

On the other hand, those who, like our present Indian students, have to rely upon books, not truly for their mental sustenance, but for some external advantage, are sure to become anaemic in their intellects, like babies solely fed with artificial food. They never have intellectual courage, because they never see the process and the environment of those thoughts

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which they are compelled to learn—and thus they lose the historical sense of all ideas, never knowing the perspective of their growth. They are hypnotized by the sharp black and white of the printed words, formed and fixed, which hide their human genesis. They not only borrow a foreign culture, but also a foreign standard of judgement; and thus, not only is the money not theirs, but not even the pocket. Their education is a chariot that does not carry them in it, but drags them behind it. The sight is pitiful and very often comic. The modern European culture, whose truth and strength lie in its fluid mobility, comes to us rigidly fixed almost like our own *Sastras*, about which our minds have to remain passively uncritical because of their supposed divine origin.

The students of the European Universities not only have their human environment of culture in their society, they also acquire their learning direct from their teachers. They have their sun to give them light; it is the sun of the human relationship between the teachers and the students. We have our hard flints, which give us disconnected sparks after toilsome blows; and the noise is a great deal more than the light. These flints are the abstractions of learning; they are solid methods, inflexible and cold.

To our misfortune we have, in our own country all the furniture of the European University—except the human teacher. We have, instead, merely purveyors of book-lore, in whom the paper god of the bookshop seems to have made himself vocal. And, as a natural result, we find our students to be 'untouchable,' even to our Indian professors. These teachers distribute their doles of mental food, gingerly and from a dignified distance, raising walls of notebooks between themselves and their students. This kind of food is neither relished, nor does it give nourishment. It is a famine ration strictly regulated, to save us, not from emaciation, but only from absolute death. It holds out no hope of that culture which is far in excess of man's mere necessity; it is certainly less than enough, and far less than a feast.

The mischief is that as soon as the idea of a University enters our mind, the idea of a Cambridge University, Oxford University, and a host of other European Universities, rushes in at the same time and fills the whole space. We then imagine that our salvation lies in a selection of the best points of each patched together in an eclectic perfection. We forget that the European Universities are living organic parts of the life of Europe, where each found its natural birth. Patching up noses and other small missing fractions of our features, with skins from foreign limbs is allowed in modern surgery; but to build up a whole man by piecing together foreign fragments is beyond

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the resources of science, not only for the present time, but let us fervently hope, for all time to come.

The European University comes before our vision, full-grown. That is why we cannot think of a University except as a fully developed institution. The sight of my neighbour, with a sturdy son to help and support him, may naturally provoke in my mind an envious wish to have a son myself. But if my wish be to have a full-grown son all at once, then, in my hurry, I may stumble upon somebody who is fully grown up, but who is no son to me at all. An impatient craving for results and an unfortunate weakness for imitation have led us to cherish just such an unnatural desire for a National University, full-fledged from its very birth. So that most of our endeavours become fruitless, or else the only fruit they produce is of the class of lacquer-ware fruit which may rival the real thing in size and shape and colouring, but which one has to beware of biting, much more of taking into the stomach. These solidly complete Universities, over which our country is brooding, are like hard-boiled eggs from which you cannot expect chickens to come out.

FORGETFULNESS

Thy nature is to forget thyself ;
but we remember thee.
Thou shinest in self-concealment revealed by our love.
Thou lendest light from thine own soul to those that are obscure.
Thou seekest neither love nor fame;
Love discovers thee.

FORGIVENESS

The time is past when I could repay her for all that I received.

Her night has found its morning and thou hast taken her to thy arms: and to thee I bring my gratitude and my gifts that were for her.

For all hurts and offences to her I come to thee for forgiveness.

I offer to thy service those flowers of my love that remained in bud when she waited for them to open.

Thy power to forgive is greater far than my power to offend.

FORGOTTEN SIGHTS

There is a looker-on who sits behind my eyes. It seems he has seen things in ages and worlds beyond memory's shore, and those forgotten sights glisten on the grass and shiver on the leaves. He has seen under new veils the face of the one

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beloved, in twilight hours of many a nameless star. Therefore his sky seems to ache with the pain of countless meetings and partings, and a longing pervades this spring breeze,—the longing that is full of the whisper of ages without beginning.

FORM

Can form be belittled merely by reviling it ?

If the formless had been the real perfection, then form would have found no place in the universe at all.

Nothing can become manifest unless it has limits. The Infinite has taken the help of form in order to manifest Himself, otherwise how could He be revealed ? That which is unrevealed cannot attain perfection. The formless is fulfilled in forms just as thought is perfected in words.

FORTITUDE

Face bravely whatever fate may have in store for you. Go forward rejoicing, ready with all your strength to choose the Good from whatever may come before you. Surrender yourself fully to God, accepting Him as your only help, and then, even in the midst of loss and error, you will be able to follow the path of the Best. But if you remain divided, offering part of yourself to God and part elsewhere, then everything will become difficult.

Obstacles there will be, but let us fight them through, and not be down-hearted.

If the obstacles become insurmountable then I shall take the path which God will point out to me.

It is in order to nerve us to effort that difficulties are placed in our way.

FOUNTAIN

Where is the fountain that throws up these flowers in a ceaseless outbreak of ecstasy?

FREEDOM

Freedom from fear is the freedom I claim for you, my Motherland!—fear, the phantom demon, shaped by your own distorted dreams;

Freedom from the burden of ages, bending your head, breaking your back, blinding your eyes to the beckoning call of the future;

Freedom from shackles of slumber wherewith you fasten yourself to night's stillness, mistrusting the star that speaks of truth's adventurous path;

Freedom from the anarchy of a destiny, whose sails are weakly yielded to blind uncertain winds, and the helm to a hand ever rigid and cold as Death;

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Freedom from the insult of dwelling in a puppet's world, where movements are started through brainless wires, repeated through mindless habits; where figures wait with patient obedience for a master of show to be stirred into a moment's mimicry of life.

I have said in a poem of mine that when the child is detached from its mother's womb it finds its mother in a real relationship whose truth is in freedom. Man in his detachment has realized himself in a wider and deeper relationship with the universe. In his moral life he has the sense of his obligation and his freedom at the same time, and this is goodness. In his spiritual life his sense of the union and the will which is free has its culmination in love. The freedom of opportunity he wins for himself in Nature's region by uniting his power with Nature's forces. The freedom of social relationship he attains through owning responsibility to his community, thus gaining its collective power for his own welfare. In the freedom of consciousness he realizes the sense of his unity with his larger being, finding fulfilment in the dedicated life of an ever-progressive truth and ever-active love.

The first detachment achieved by Man is physical. It represents his freedom from the necessity of developing the power of his senses and limbs in the limited area of his own physiology, having for itself an unbounded background with an immense result in consequence. Nature's original intention was that Man should have the allowance of his sight-power ample enough for his surroundings and a little over.

Freedom could only be found by plunging down to the bottom of danger.

Those of us in India who have come under the delusion that mere political freedom will make us free have accepted their lessons from the West as the gospel truth and lost their faith in humanity We must remember whatever weakness we cherish in our society will become the source of danger in politics. The same inertia which leads us to our idolatry of dead forms in social institutions will create in our politics prison-houses with immovable walls. The narrowness of sympathy which makes it possible for us to impose upon a considerable portion of humanity the galling yoke of inferiority will assert itself in our politics in creating the tyranny of injustice.

Is the mere name of freedom so valuable that we should be willing to sacrifice for its sake our moral freedom ?

Our food is creative, it builds our body; but not so

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wine, which stimulates. Our social ideals create the human world but when our mind is diverted from them to greed of power then in that state of intoxication we live in a world of abnormality where our strength is not health and our liberty is not freedom. Therefore political freedom does not give us freedom when our mind is not free. An automobile does not create freedom of movement, because it is a mere machine. When I myself am free I can use the automobile for the purpose of my freedom.

My river of life must run free.

Liberty for me means freedom from the slavery of falsehood, and from the attacks of meanness.

Never would I be free until I could set free. If happiness may not be mine, let it go; if grief needs must be my lot, let it come ; but let me not be kept in bondage. To clutch hold of that which is untrue as though it were true, is only to throttle oneself. May I be saved from such self-destruction.

Freedom is the biggest thing for man. Nothing can be compared to it—nothing at all !

Unless we have true faith in freedom, knowing it to be creative, manfully taking all its risks, not only do we lose the right to claim freedom in politics, but we also lack the power to maintain it with all our strength. For that would be like assigning the service of God to a confirmed atheist. And men, who contemptuously treat their own brothers and sisters as eternal babies, never to be trusted in the most trivial details of their personal life,—coercing them at every step by the cruel threat of persecution into following a blind lane leading to nowhere, driving a number of them into hypocrisy and into moral inertia,—will fail over and over again to rise to the height of their true and severe responsibility. They will be incapable of holding a just freedom in politics, and of fighting in freedom's cause.

The victor would of his own grace pave the path of freedom for the vanquished.

Fling away all burdens and cares, brother,
Do not be doubtful of your path,
For the path wakes up of itself
Under the dancing steps of freedom.

When freedom is not an inner idea which imparts strength to our activities and breadth to our creations, when it is merely a thing of external circumstance, it is like an open space to one who is blindfolded.

Real freedom is of the mind and spirit; it can never come to us from outside. He only has freedom who ideally loves

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freedom himself and is glad to extend it to others. He who cares to have slaves must chain himself to them; he who builds walls to create exclusion for others builds walls across his own freedom; he who distrusts freedom in others loses his moral right to it. Sooner or later he is lured into the meshes of physical and moral servility.

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

The bow whispers to the arrow before it speeds forth—
"Your freedom is mine."

Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them.

Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel ashamed.

I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room.

The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love.

My debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.

FRIENDSHIP

Depth of friendship does not depend upon length of acquaintance.

What a priceless thing true friendship is.

It so happens now and then that one meets a fellow-creature with whom one becomes intimate at first sight.

The friendships of boyhood's days always remain part of our flesh and blood.

A friend has an advantage over relations, for he does not have to bear the opposition of the community.

Those who have large hearts are disinterested friends.

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Our friendship must perish for the sake of the greater love, that can't be helped; but if it can survive, then it will be fulfilled indeed.

FRUIT

The fruit hangs on the branch by the stem, but that is no reason why the claim of the stem should be eternal. Ripe fruit cannot for ever swear by its slackening stemhold. All its sweetness has been accumulated for me; to surrender itself to my hand is the reason of its existence, its very nature, its true morality. So I must pluck it, for it becomes me not to make it futile.

The sugar-cane filling itself with juice
Is chewed and sucked dry by all beggars:
O foolish men, take your lesson from this;
Those trees are saved, which are fruitful.

FULFILMENT

Thou crossest desert lands of barren years to reach the moment of fulfilment.

FUTURE

Five or six centuries hence, the world will be moved by psychic forces.

GALLANTRY

My bonds are cut, my debts are paid, my door has been opened, I go everywhere.

They crouch in their corner and weave their web of pale hours, they count their coins sitting in the dust and call me back.

But my sword is forged, my armour is put on, my horse is eager to run.

I shall win my kingdom.

GAME

The game cannot evidently go on if all the chessmen propose moving like kings !

GANGES

The memory of my last visit to Banaras comes to my mind. What impressed me most deeply, while I was there, was the mother call of the river Ganges, ever filling the atmosphere with an "unheard melody" attracting the whole population to its bosom every hour of the day. I am proud of the fact that India has felt a most profound love for this river, which nourishes civilization on its banks, guiding its course from the silence of the hills to the sea with its myriad voices of solitude. The love of this river, which has become one with the love of the best in man, has given rise to this town as an

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expression of reverence. This is to show that there are sentiments in us which are creative, which do not clamour for gain, but overflow in gifts, in spontaneous generosity of self-sacrifice.

One must die sooner or later, and it is just as well to be on the bank of the holy Ganges before it is too late.

There's only one recipe for immortality and that is to bathe in the Ganges every morning.

GARLANDS

When the garlands are ready, the necks will not be wanting.

GAZING STARS

The night was dark when she went away, and they slept.

The night is dark now, and I call for her, "Come back, my darling; the world is asleep; and no one would know, if you came for a moment while stars are gazing at stars."

She went away when the trees were in bud and the spring was young.

Now the flowers are in high bloom and I call, "Come back, my darling. The children gather and scatter flowers in reckless sport. And if you come and take one little blossom no one will miss it."

Those that used to play are playing still, so spend-thrift is life.

I listen to their chatter and call, "Come back, my darling for mother's heart is full to the brim with love, and if you come to snatch only one little kiss from her no one will grudge it."

GENEROSITY

The generous recognise a poor man when they see him.

GENIUS

Genius does not argue, it creates.

GIFTS

O fool to try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders !

O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door !

Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy—take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

The rain fell fast. The river rushed and hissed. It licked up and swallowed the island, while I waited alone on the lessening bank with my sheaves of corn in a heap.

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From the shadows of the opposite shore the boat crosses with a woman at the helm.

I cry to her, "Come to my island coiled round with hungry water, and take away my year's harvest."

She comes, and takes all that I have to the last grain ; I ask her to take me.

But she says, "No"—the boat is laden with my gift and no room is left for me.

One morning in the flower garden a blind girl came to offer me a flower-chain in the cover of a lotus leaf.

I put it round my neck, and tears came to my eyes.

I kissed her and said. "You are blind even as the flowers are.

"You yourself know not how beautiful is your gift."

No hand can really give the greatest of gifts.

People who take back gifts become ghosts when they die.

A tip is always more jolly than the usual wages.

It is the little things that I have behind for my loved ones, —great things are for everyone.

Imagine, mother, that you are to stay at home and I am to travel into strange lands.

Imagine that my boat is ready at the landing fully laden.

Now think well, mother, before you say what I shall bring for you when I come back.

Mother, do you want heaps and heaps of gold ?

There, by the banks of golden streams, fields are full of golden harvest.

And in the shade of the forest path the golden *champa* flowers drop on the ground.

I will gather them all for you in many hundred baskets.

Mother, do you want pearls big as the raindrops of autumn?

I shall cross to the pearl island shore.

There in the early morning light pearls tremble on the meadow flowers, pearls drop on the grass, and pearls are scattered on the sand in spray by the wild sea-waves.

My brother shall have a pair of horses with wings to fly among the clouds.

For father I shall bring a magic pen that, without his knowing, will write of itself.

For you, mother, I must have the casket and jewel that cost seven kings their kingdoms.

GIFTS FOR BELOVED

In the morning I cast my net into the sea.

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I dragged up from the dark abyss things of strange aspect and strange beauty – some shone like a smile, some glistened like tears, and some were flushed like the cheeks of a bride.

When with the day's burden I went home, my love was sitting in the garden idly tearing the leaves of a flower.

I hesitated for a moment, and then placed at her feet all that I had dragged up, and stood silent.

She glanced at them and said, "What strange things are these? I know not of what use they are!"

I bowed my head in shame and thought, "I have not fought for these, I did not buy them in the market ; they are not fit gifts for her."

Then the whole night through I flung them one by one into the street.

In the morning travellers came; they picked them up and carried them into far countries.

GIFTS FOR CHILDREN

I want to give you something, my child, for we are drifting in the stream of the world.

Our lives will be carried apart, and our love forgotten.

But I am not so foolish as to hope that I could buy your heart with my gifts.

Young is your life, your path long, and you drink the love we bring you at one draught and turn and run away from us.

You have your play and your playmates. What harm is there if you have no time or thought for us!

We, indeed, have leisure enough in old age to count the days that are past, to cherish in our hearts what our hands have lost for ever.

The river runs swift with a song, breaking through all barriers. But the mountain stays and remembers, and follows her with his love.

GIRLS

I remember the scene on the barren heath—a girl sat alone on the grass before the gipsy camp, braiding her hair in the afternoon shade.

Her little dog jumped and barked at her busy hands, as though her employment had no importance.

In vain did she rebuke it, calling it "a pest," saying she was tired of its perpetual silliness.

She struck it on the nose with her reproving forefinger, which only seemed to delight it the more.

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She looked menacingly grave for a few moments, to warn it of impending doom ; and then, letting her hair fall, quickly snatched it up in her arms, laughed, and pressed it to her heart.

The girls of these days are not harmed by the cold.

It is a delight to hear their careless, merry laughter.

Those who can attack mere girls are no better than cowards, no matter how great they may think themselves to be.

The girls of Hindu homes are not *mem-sahibs.*

The girl proceeded with her task like an automaton, her mind in the clouds.

Unless girls give their whole mind to housework they are wanting in their loyalty to their duty.

Girl is not so easy to understand. She's very different inwardly from what she makes herself out to be !

Girls ought to mix with people of all shades of opinion, otherwise they will simply remain narrow-minded.

Because we have been born girls, are we to wear our hearts out within the four walls of our home? Are we never to be of any use to the world ?

When a girl is going to be married her guardians have duties.

The salvation of village girls gives me no anxiety, princess. There neither dust nor ornaments hide Heaven's handiwork, so Heaven knows them for its own.

The tongues of palace girls are sharper than they are sweet.

According to the Hindu ideals a grown-up girl ought to get married without delay.

The girl's beauty had a rare freshness—as if she had just come from Vishwakarma's workshop.

In all countries girls have a perverse degree of application to their studies.

The girl was deaf and dumb, the companion of all the animals and birds of the locality.

Her half-boyish, half-girlish manner is singularly attractive —a novel blend of masculine nonchalance and feminine charm. I had no idea there were such types among our village women in Bengal.

GIVE AND TAKE

Where is there space enough, lying fallow on this earth, for men who merely live and do not produce ? How can they

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build an infirmary as big as the country itself ? The hard fact must be laid to heart that we shall never get anything even if it be given to us. For it is only the lake, and not the desert, which can accept and retain a contribution from the heaven's cloud because, in its depth, the receiving and the giving have become one. Only to him who hath is given, otherwise the gift is insulted and he, also, who receives it.

GLADNESS

I paced alone on the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the cocoanut and the dark green jack-fruit trees.

I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world.

GLANCE OF FAREWELL

While stepping into the carriage she turned her head and threw me a swift glance of farewell.

This was her last gift to me. But where can I keep it safe from the trampling hours ?

Must evening sweep this gleam of anguish away, as it will the last flicker of fire from the sunset ?

Ought it to be washed off by the rain, as treasured pollen is from heart-broken flowers ?

Leave kingly glory and the wealth of the rich to death. But may not tears keep ever fresh the memory of a glance flung through a passionate moment ?

"Give it to me to keep," said my song ; "I never touch kings' glory or the wealth of the rich, but these small things are mine for ever."

GLEAMING VISION

I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of the forest mad with his own perfume,

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The night is the night of mid-May, the breeze is the breeze of the south.

I lose my way and I wander, I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek.

From my heart comes out and dances the image of my own desire.

The gleaming vision flits on.
I try to clasp it firmly, it eludes me and leads me astray.
I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek.

GLORY

Let me not shame thee, Father, who displayest thy glory in thy children.

A limitless life of glory can bloom and spend itself in a morning.

Glory there may be in austerity, but the grace of life has its value too.

The foolish achieve success, the worthy glory.

Man is made that way ; he responds to the call of glory. One may despise wealth only when it barely and meagerly suffices; but the moment its summit is raised high, men flock to admire it. Not that they are any the better for it, but because they delight in watching the splendour of eminence.

GOAL

The hurricane seeks the shortest road by the no-road, and suddenly ends its search in the Nowhere.

GOD

God comes to me in the dusk of my evening with the flowers from my past kept fresh in his basket.

Those who have everything but thee, my God, laugh at those who have nothing but thyself.

God's right hand is gentle, but terrible is his left hand.

The God who belongs to the multitude and the God of the books are not my own God. These never answered my questions and never consoled me. But, at last, I have found the divine breathing and alive in the living world of men.

That there is a god ! that there is a god ! you will some day understand !

If we go to Him so lightly, we shall go in vain. Do we really see Him if we merely look at Him ? Do we really hear Him, when His words fall on our outward ears alone ?

God's words are ever ringing in the world, and he who is wilfully deaf cannot hear them,

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We can't foresee God's purposes.

How God's punishment invisibly grows from a tiny seed to a giant life !

What's the difference. We call on Him as Hari, they as Allah, that's all.

In His presence, to present oneself is to present an offering.

When all seems lost, then His time is at hand.

This is something that cannot be written in words. He only knows it who sits in the bosom of the world and receives all its pangs in His own heart. The sky is dumb, the stars are mute the night, is still, and in the midst of it all that one sleepless cry !

God must be all sacrifice, pouring out his life in all creation.

Men cheat the merciful god with empty words, to the vindictive god they give costly offerings.

GOD AND KINGS

The day came for the image from the temple to be drawn round the holy town in its chariot,

The Queen said to the King, "Let us go and attend the festival."

Only one man out of the whole household did not join in the pilgrimage. His work was to collect stalks of spear-grass to make brooms for the King's house.

The chief of the servants said in pity to him, "You may come with us."

He bowed his head, saying, "It cannot be."

The man dwelt by the road along which the King's followers had to pass. And when the Minister's elephant reached this spot, he called to him and said, "Come with us and see the God ride in his chariot !"

"I dare not seek God after the King's fashion," said the man.

"How should you ever have such luck again as to see the God in his chariot ?" asked the Minister.

"When God himself comes to my door," answered the man.

The Minister laughed loud and said, "Fool ! 'When God comes to your door !' yet a King must travel to see him !"

"Who except God visits the poor ?" said the man.

GODDESS OF LEARNING

In India our goddess of learning is *Saraswati.* My audience in the West, I am sure, will be glad to know that her complex-

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ion is white. But the signal fact is that she is living and she is a woman, and her seat is on a lotus-flower. The symbolic meaning of this is, that she dwells in the centre of life and the heart of all existence, which opens itself in beauty to the light of heaven.

The Western education which we have chanced to know is impersonal. Its complexion is also white, but it is the whiteness of the whitewashed class-room walls. It dwells in the cold storage compartments of lessons and the ice-packed minds of the schoolmasters. The effect which it had on my mind when, as a boy, I was compelled to go to school, I have described elsewhere. My feeling was very much the same as a tree might have, which was not allowed to live its full life, but was cut down to be made into packing-cases.

GODS

The gods have all eternity for their worship, they're not pressed for time. But the sorrows of men cannot wait to reach other men, they have so very little time.

Have only men and demons combined to usurp gods' dominions in this world, and is Heaven powerless to defend its honour ?

A man loses his humanity when it concerns his gods.

Who says that the gods do not show themselves to mortal men ?

The gods are invisible only in their heaven,—on earth they show themselves to mortal men.

Evolution is at work amongst the gods as well. The grandson has to remodel the gods created by the grandfather to suit his own taste, or else he is left an atheist. It is my mission to modernise the ancient deities. I am born the saviour of the gods, to emancipate them from the thraldom of the past.

Is there any need of gods in this little world of ours ? Let us be fearlessly godless and come closer to each other. They want our blood. And for this they have come down to the dust of our earth, leaving their magnificence of heaven. For in their heaven there are no men, no creatures, who can suffer.

GOD'S MERCY

When God bestows his favours. He is not miserly about it.

GOLD

But can blocks of gold ever answer to the swinging rhythm of your arms in the same way as fields of corn ?

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A human being is classed as 'Perishable Goods,' and gold lasts much longer.

GOLDSMITH

Consult the goldsmith as to the best way to increase the weight of gold without increasing its cost.

GOODNESS

He who is too busy doing good finds no time to be good.

GOSSIP

There are gossip-mongers everywhere.

GRACE

Skill and grace, the twin brother and sister, are dancing playfully on your finger-tips. I am watching and thinking.

GRATITUDE

Do you think that every debt can be paid off with money ?

GREATNESS

These supermen are best worshipped from afar.

These big men are big babies. They must have plenty of play. When they get tired of one game, if you don't supply them with another, they'll break their toys.

Small ones are consumed to ash, that the great ones may leap up in flame. This is the principle underlying all rise to greatness.

You sit alone upon your peak of greatness, where I do not reach you.

The Great is a born child ; when he dies he gives his great childhood to the world.

The Great walks with the Small without fear.

The Middling keeps aloof.

GREED

Women have a weakness for greedy men ; for it is this greed of ours which gives them the upper hand.

In our greed we try to cheapen that which is the greatest thing on earth. That which is eternal within the moment only becomes shallow if spread out in time.

Every man has a natural right to possess, and therefore greed is natural.

When a man has greed in his heart, he is always on the verge of being beaten. The greed itself supplies his enemies with poison.

Our merciful God beats us with His own hand, and drives

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away all the poison. He who endures God's beating to the end is saved.

The more he gets, the more he wants. His dry tongue grows longer and longer, like a flame fed with ghee.

He who gives all, keeps all ; greed brings you only stolen goods, and they won't last. What you seize by violence can never be yours. What you set free is yours for ever. Clutch at it, and it is gone.

Is there a greater force than greed ? It is the steed of the great ones of the earth, as is the elephant, Airauat, the steed of Indra.

That's the fate of greedy people ! They lose the future by yielding to the temptation of the present.

GREEDY AFFECTION

Why are those tears in your eyes, my child ?

How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing !

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty ?

O, fie ! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink ?

For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are ready to find fault for nothing.

You tore your clothes while playing—is that why they call you untidy ?

O, fie ! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds ?

Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.

They make a long list of your misdeeds.

Everybody knows how you love sweet things—is that why they call you greedy ?

O, fie ! What then would they call us who love you ?

GREY HAIR

"Ah, poet, the evening draws near ; your hair is turning grey.

"Do you in your lonely musing hear the message of the hereafter ?"

"It is evening," the poet said, "and I am listening because some one may call from the village, late though it be.

"I watch if young straying hearts meet together, and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to break their silence and speak for them.

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"Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I sit on the shore of life and contemplate death and the beyond ?

"The early evening star disappears.

"The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.

"Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon.

"If some wanderer, leaving home, come here to watch the night and with bowed head listen to the murmur of the darkness, who is there to whisper the secrets of life into his ears if I, shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds ?

"It is a trifle that my hair is turning grey.

"I am ever as young or as old as the youngest and the oldest of this village.

"Some have smiles, sweet and simple, and some a sly twinkle in their eyes.

"Some have tears that well up in the daylight, and others tears that are hidden in the gloom.

"They all have need for me, and I have no time to brood over the after-life.

"I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey ?"

GROWN-UP CHILD

"I am small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is.

My teacher will come and say, "It is late, bring your slate and your books."

I shall tell him, "Do you not know I am as big as father ? And I must not have lessons any more."

My master will wonder and say, "He can leave his books if he likes, for he is grown up."

I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick.

My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, "You will get lost, my boy ; let me carry you."

I shall answer, "Can't you see, uncle, I am as big as father ? I must go to the fair alone."

Uncle will say, "Yes, he can go wherever he likes, for he is grown up."

Mother will come from her bath when I am giving money to my nurse, for I shall know how to open the box with my key.

Mother will say, "What are you about, naughty child ?"

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I shall tell her, "Mother, don't you know, I am as big as father, and I must give silver to my nurse."

Mother will say to herself, "He can give money to whom he likes, for he is grown up."

In the holiday time in October father will come home and, thinking that I am still a baby, will bring for me from the town little shoes and small silken frocks.

I shall say, "Father, give them to my dada, for I am as big as you are."

Father will think and say, "He can buy his own clothes if he likes, for he is grown up."

GROWTH

Growth is the movement of a whole towards a yet fuller wholeness. Living things start with this wholeness from the beginning of their career. A child has its own perfection as a child ; it would be ugly if it appeared as an unfinished man.

GURU

The influence of an absent guru is often much greater than that of one who is constantly present, for then the mind itself becomes filled from within when it feels the lack of the guru's presence.

GYPSIES

Their life is lived in the open, and they only creep under shelters at night, to sleep huddled together. That is always the gypsies' way : no home anywhere, no landlord to pay rent to, wandering about as it pleases them with their children, their pigs, and a dog or two ; and on them the police keep a vigilant eye.

These are truly children of the soil, born on it somewhere, bred by the wayside, here, there, and everywhere, dying anywhere. Night and day under the open sky, in the open air, on the bare ground, they lead a unique kind of life ; and yet work, love, children, and household duties—everything is there. They are not idle for a moment, but always doing something.

HABITS

Our mind has faculties which are universal, but its habits are insular. There are men who become impatient and angry at the least discomfort when their habits are incommoded. In their idea of the next world they probably conjure up the ghosts of their slippers and dressing-gowns, and expect the latchkey that opens their lodging-house door on earth to fit their front door in the other world. As travellers they are a failure; for they have grown too accustomed to their mental easy-chairs, and in their intellectual nature love home comforts

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which are of local make, more than the realities of life, which, like earth itself, are full of ups and downs, yet are one in their rounded completeness.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is like those stars. They don't cover all the darkness; there are gaps between. We make mistakes in life and we misunderstand, and yet there remain gaps through which truth shines.

You'll get with interest all the happiness that is due to you.

HEALING

It always turned out that the healing forces at bottom proved more powerful than the wounds on the surface.

HEALTH

Saintly life must conduce to bodily fitness.

Most of our greatest men die young. They do a dis-service to their country in neglecting their own health.

We have no right to neglect our bodies; we didn't create them ourselves.

HEART

I feel thy gaze upon my heart this moment like the sunny silence of the morning upon the lonely field whose harvest is over.

Some unseen fingers, like an idle breeze, are playing upon my heart the music of the ripples.

Listen, my heart, to the whispers of the world with which it makes love to you.

Light in my heart the evening star of rest and then let the night whisper to me of love.

My heart, with its lapping waves of song, longs to caress this green world of the sunny day.

My heart beats her waves at the shore of the world and writes upon it her signature in tears with the words, "I love thee."

My heart is homesick today for the one sweet hour across the sea of time.

I cannot tell why this heart languishes in silence.

It is for small needs it never asks, or knows or remembers.

"My heart is like the golden casket of thy kiss," said the sunset cloud to the sun.

Sit still, my heart, do not raise your dust.

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Let the world find its way to you.

I have dipped the vessel of my heart into this silent hour; it has filled with love.

My friend, your great heart shone with the sunrise of the East like the snowy summit of a lonely hill in the dawn.

My heart has spread its sails to the idle winds for the shadowy island of Anywhere.

HEART'S DESIRE

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up ?" the baby asked its mother.

She answered, half crying, half laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast,—

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshipped you.

In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother you have lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals, you hovered as a fragrance about it.

Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.

Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you who belong to all have become mine.

For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine ?"

HEART'S KINGDOM

Your questioning eyes are sad. They seek to know my meaning as the moon would fathom the sea.

I have bared my life before your eyes from end to end, with nothing hidden or held back. That is why you know me not.

If it were only a gem, I could break it into a hundred pieces and string them into a chain to put on your neck.

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If it were only a flower, round and small and sweet, I could pluck it from its stem to set it in your hair.

But it is a heart, my beloved. Where are its shores and its bottom?

You know not the limits of this kingdom, still you are its queen.

If it were only a moment of pleasure it would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment.

If it were merely a pain it would melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word.

But it is love, my beloved.

Its pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth.

It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it.

HEART'S SECRETS

Do not keep to yourself the secret of your heart, my friend!

Say it to me, only to me, in secret.

You who smile so gently, softly whisper, my heart will hear it, not my ears.

The night is deep, the house is silent, the birds' nests are shrouded with sleep.

Speak to me through hesitating tears, through faltering smiles, through sweet shame and pain, the secret of your heart!

HEART'S WHISPER

When she passed by me with quick steps, the end of her skirt touched me.

From the unknown island of a heart came a sudden warm breath of spring.

A flutter of a flitting touch brushed me and vanished in a moment, like a torn flower-petal blown in the breeze.

It fell upon my heart like a sigh of her body and whisper of her heart.

HEAVEN

Where is heaven? you ask me, my child,—the sages tell us it is beyond the limits of birth and death, unswayed by the rhythm of day and night; it is not of this earth.

But your poet knows that its eternal hunger is for time and space, and it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful dust.

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Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child, in your palpitating heart.

The sea is beating its drums in joy, the flowers are a-tiptoe to kiss you. For heaven is born in you, in the arms of the mother-dust.

HELP

Help must come from man when it is denied from gods.

When we see a person being carried off by the current, are we not to try and draw him back to the bank?

HELPMATE

Would it please your heroic soul if the playmate of the night aspired to be the helpmeet of the day, if the left arm learnt to share the burden of the proud right arm?

HEROES

This earth is meant for heroes.

Mother, let us imagine we are travelling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country.

You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren.

You are frightened and thinking—"I know not where we have come to."

I say to you, "Mother, do not be afraid."

The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and through it runs a narrow broken path.

There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field; they have gone to their village stalls.

It grows dark and dim on the land and sky, and we cannot tell where we are going.

Suddenly you call me and ask me in a whisper, "What light is that near the bank ?"

Just then there bursts out a fearful yell, and figures come running towards us.

You sit crouched in your palanquin and repeat the names of the gods in prayer.

The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the thorny bush.

I shout to you, "Don't be afraid, mother. I am here."

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Withlong sticks in their hands and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer.

I shout, "Have a care, you villains ! One step more and you are dead men."

They give another terible yell and rush forward.

You clutch my hand and say, "Dear boy, for heaven's sake, keep away from them."

I say, "Mother, just you watch me."

Then I spur my horse for a wild gallop, and my sword and buckler clash against each other.

The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it would give you a cold shudder could you see it from your palanquin.

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces.

I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

But I come to you all stained with blood, and say, "Mother, the fight is over now."

You come out and kiss me, pressing me to your heart, and you say to yourself,

"I don't know what I should do if I hadn't my boy to escort me."

A thousand useless things happen day after day, and why could't such a thing come true by chance ?

It would be like a story in a book.

My brother would say, "Is it possible ? I always thought he was so delicate !"

Our village people would all say in amezement, "Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother ?"

HIDDEN FOUNTAIN

Your speech is simple, my Master. but not theirs who talk of you.

I understand the voice of your stars and the silence of your trees.

I know that my heart would open like a flower; that my life has filled itself at a hidden fountain.

Your songs, like birds from the lonely land of snow, are winging to build their nests in my heart against the warmth of its April, and I am content to wait for the merry season.

HILLS

The hills are like shouts of children who raise their arms, trying to catch stars.

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HIMALAYAS

In the youth of the world, Himalaya, you sprang from the rent breast of the earth, and hurled your burning challenges to the sun, hill after hill. Then came the mellow time when you said to yourself, "No more, no further!" and your fiery heart, that raged for the freedom of clouds, found its limits, and stood still to salute the limitless. After this check on your passion, beauty was free to play upon your breast, and trust surrounded you with the joy of flowers and birds.

You sit in your solitude like a great reader, on whose lap lies open some ancient book with its countless pages of stone. What story is written there, I wonder ?—is it the eternal wedding of the divine ascetic, Shiva, with Bhavani, the divine love ?—the drama of the Terrible wooing the power of the Frail ?

HINDUISM

With its Hindu civilization, India attained the gift of being able to realize in the commonplaceness of life, the infinity of the Universal. But on the other hand, by reason of the mixed strain in its blood, whenever Hinduism has failed to take its stand on the reconciliation of opposites which is of its essence, it has fallen a prey to incongruous folly and blind superstition. This is the predicament in which Hindu India has been placed by its birthright. Where the harmony between the component differences has been organically effected, there beauty has blossomed ; so long as it remains wanting, there is no end to deformities. Moreover, we must remember that not only the Dravidian civilization, but things appertaining to primitive non-Aryan tribes also, found entrance into the Aryan polity ; and the torment of these unassimilable intrusions has been a darkly cruel legacy left to the succeeding Hindu society.

Hinduism consisting of prohibitions with regard to touching, and prohibitions with regard to eating, and a lot of other meaningless rules and regulations !

The Hindus are a nation, and such a vast nation that their nationality cannot be limited within the scope of any single definition. Just as the ocean is not the same as its waves, so Hindus are not the same as sects.

Hindu society has always given shelter to new sects, and it can be the society of all religious communities.

Hinduism is a very profound subject. It is not easy for any and every person to sound the depths of the religion established by the Rishis. It is just as well not to meddle with it without a full understanding.

Simply to call oneself a Hindu is not to become one. It

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is easy to become a Mohammedan, easier still to become a Christian—but a Hindu ! Good Lord, that's a different matter !

There is no way of obtaining entrance into the Hindu Society. At any rate there is no royal high road, though there may be some back-doors. That society is not one for all mankind—it is only for those whose destiny it is to be born Hindus.

HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY

You must understand that the Hindu religion takes in its lap, like a mother, people of different ideas and opinions ; in other words, the Hindu religion looks upon man only as man, and does not count him as belonging to a particular party. It honours not only the wise but the foolish also, and it shows respect not merely to one form of wisdom but to wisdom in all its aspects. Christians do not want to acknowledge diversity ; they say that on one side is the Christian religion and on the other eternal destruction, and between these two there is no middle path. And because we have studied under these Christians we have become ashamed of the variety there is in Hinduism. We fail to see that through this diversity Hinduism is coming to realise the oneness of all. Until we can free ourselves from this whirlpool of Christian teaching we shall not become fit for the glorious truths of our own Hindu religion !

HISTORY

There is no age of history which may be called old. It is always an eternal extension of the present.

There is only one history—the history of man. All national histories are merely chapters in the larger one.

Neither the colourless vagueness of cosmopolitanism, nor the fierce self-idolatry of nation worship is the goal of human history.

Man's history is being shaped according to the difficulties it encounters. These have offered us problems and claimed their solutions from us, the penalty of non-fulfilment being death or degradation.

Man's history has to be built by the united effort of all the races in the world, and therefore this selling of conscience for political reasons,—this making a fetish of one's country, won't do.

Things which are so simple to ordinary folk get so twisted in the minds of our B.A.'s and M.A.'s, the only purpose of whose historical quibbles seems to be to torture the truth.

Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.

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HOBBIES

Men will have some absurd hobby or other, which is sure to be expensive. It is no use trying to check their extravagance; one is glad enough if they stop short of ruin.

Adult babies have their hobbies, which they forget in a day but which, if resisted, lead only to friction.

HOLIDAYS

Every face bright with anticipation of the coming holidays.

Take your holiday, my boy ; there are the blue sky and the bare field, the barn and the ruined temple under the ancient tamarind.

Take your holiday, my boy ; there are the blue sky and the bare field, the barn and the ruined temple under the ancient tamarind.

My holiday must be taken through yours, finding light in the dance of your eyes, music in your noisy shouts.

To you autumn brings the true holiday freedom : to me it brings the impossibility of work ; for lo ! you burst into my room.

Yes, my holiday is an endless freedom for love to disturb me.

HOLLOWNESS

An empty vessel sounds most.

HOME

How many women in these days have broken the homes they once built up !

Our homes are like moulds for fashioning human beings of clay, which is why the foreign juggler has succeeded so long in keeping thirty-three crores of puppets dancing to his tune.

The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, but in an eternal moral idea. It represents the truth of human relationship ; it reveals loyalty and love for the personality of man.

HOME AND HOTELS

The arid zone in the social life is spreading fast. The simple comforts of home, made precious by the touch of love, are giving away to luxuries that can only have their full extension in the isolation of self-centred life. Hotels are being erected on the ruins of homes ; productions are growing more stupendous than creations ; and most men have, for the materials of their happiness and recreation, their dogs and horses, their pipes, guns, and gambling clubs,

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HONOUR

Don't hoard up honour for yourselves. Lay it at the feet of the One who dwells within. No insult or dishonour can enter there.

HOPE

Teeth fall out, hair grows grey.
Yet man clings to hope that plays him false.

Perhaps because the whole of our life is not vividly present at each moment, some imaginary hope may lure, some glowing picture of a future, untrammelled with everyday burdens, may tempt us ; but these are illusory.

Abandoned hope comes back to you again and again like a shameless woman.

Let each separate moment of beauty come to me like a bird of mystery from its unseen nest in the dark bearing a message of music. Let me for ever sit with my hope on the brink of its realization, and thus end my days.

That fetters are binding, all are aware ;
But fetters of hope are strange, I declare.
Hope's Captive is tossed in the whirlpool's wake,
And only grows still when the fetters break.

HOSPITALITY

The very sight of you is indeed the highest hospitality.

HOUSEHOLD WORK

The housewife's throne is not embowered in roses.

HUMAN HEART

Ah, foolish heart, whither fled thy presumption ? Could I but exchange my youth with all its aspirations for the clod of earth under his feet, I should deem it a most precious grace. I know not in what whirlpool of thought I was lost, when suddenly I saw him vanish through the trees.

The human heart-beat tells its tale.

In the heart of the white dwell all the colours of the rainbow.

Words are not everything and there is a reality known as the heart of man.

Alas for the foolish human heart !

The heart is a good thing, but it is not the best of all.

In the scientific idea of the world there is no gap in the universal law of causality. Whatever happens could never have happened otherwise. This is a generalization which has been

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made possible by a quality of logic which is possessed by the human mind. But this very mind of Man has its immediate consciousness of will within him which is aware of its freedom and ever struggles for it. Every day in most of our behaviour we acknowledge its truth ; to fact, our conduct finds its best value in its relation to its truth.

Your days will be full of cares, if you must give me your heart. My house by the cross-roads has its doors open and my mind is absent,—for I sing.

I shall never be made to answer for it, if you must give me your heart. If I pledge my word to you in tunes now, and am too much in earnest to keep it when music is silent, you must forgive me ; for the law laid down in May is best broken in December.

Do not always keep remembering it, if you must give me your heart, When your eyes sing with love, and your voice ripples with laughter, my answers to your questions will be wild, and not miserly accurate in facts,—they are to be believed for ever and then forgotten for good.

This all-pervading joy of a first outflow, however, has the effect of leading us to an acquaintance with the particular. The lake in its fulness seeks an outlet as a river. In this sense the permanent later love is narrower than first love. It is more definite in the direction of its activities, desires to realise the whole in each of its parts, and is thus impelled on towards the infinite. What it finally reaches is no longer the former indefinite extension of the heart's own inner joy, but a merging in the infinite reality which was outside itself, and thereby the attainment of the complete truth of its own longings.

When the heart is first awakened it puts forth its arms and would grasp the whole world, like the teething infant which thinks everything meant for its mouth. Gradually it comes to understand what it really wants and what it does not. Then do its nebulous emanations shrink upon themselves, get heated, and heat in their turn.

HUMANITY

How great is humanity and how nobly precious is man's life. When the actualities of everyday things get the better of the man, then is Truth lost sight of and freedom missed.

Humanity, where it is living, is guided by inner ideals ; but where it is a dead organisation it becomes impervious to them. Its building process is only an external process, and in its response to the moral guidance it has to pass through obstacles that are gross and non-plastic.

Humanity is a necessary factor in the perfecting of the

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divine truth. The Infinite, for its self-expression, comes down into the man foldness of the Finite ; and the Finite, for its self-realisation, must rise into the unity of the Infiuite. Then only is the Cycle of Truth complete.

HUMAN LIFE

As the earth consisted of land and water. So human life was made up of eatings and beatings, and that the beatings largely predominated.

Man's life was not meant to be cast in a mould. And if we try to shape the good, as so much mere material, it takes a terrible revenge by losing its life.

The course of human life is like that of a great river which, by the force of its own swiftness, takes quite new and unforseen channels where before there was no current—such varied currents and unpremeditated changes are part of God's purpose for our lives. Life is not an artificial canal to be confined within prescribed channels. When once this is clearly seen in our own lives then we shall not be able to be misled by any mere fabrications.

Life's fulfilment finds constant contradictions in its path ; but those are necessary for the sake of its advance. The stream is saved from the sluggishness of its current by the perpetual opposition of the soil through which it must cut its way. It is this soil which forms its banks. The spirit of fight belongs to the genius of life.

Life's shoreless sea !

One of the characteristics of the living is the power to heal the irreparable, to forget the irreplaceable. And in early life this power is strongest, so that no blow penetrates too deeply, no scar is left permanently.

There is a duality in man. Of the inner person, behind the outward current of thoughts, feelings and events, but little is known or recked ; but for all that, he cannot be got rid of as a factor in life's progress. When the outward life fails to harmonise with the inner, the dweller within is hurt, and his pain manifests itself in the outer consciousness in a manner to which it is difficult to give a name, or even, to describe, and of which the cry is more akin to an inarticulate wail than to words with more precise meaning.

Life has its inequalities, but they are natural and are in harmony with our vital functions. The head keeps its place apart from the feet, not through some external arrangement or any conspiracy of coercion. If the body is compelled to turn somersaults for an indefinite period, the head never exchanges its relative function for that of the feet.

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Those who have never put life to the test, in all possible ways, these keep on crying out :

Life is fleeting, Life is waning,
Life is like a dew-drop on a lotus leaf.

But isn't life inconstant ?

Only because its movement is unceasing. The moment you stop this movement, that moment you begin to play the drama of Death.

The weary, difficult road !

Life has its sleep, its periods of inactivity, when it loses its movements, takes no new food, living upon its past storage. Then it grows helpless, its muscles relaxed, and it easily lends itself to be jeered at for its stupor. In the rhythm of life, pauses there must be for the renewal of life. Life in its activity is ever spending itself, burning all its fuel. This extravagance cannot go on indefinitely, but is always followed by a passive stage, when all expenditure is stopped and all adventures abandoned in favour of rest and slow recuperation.

Things that are living are so easily hurt ; therefore they require protection. In nature, life protects itself within its coverings, which are built with life's own material. Therefore they are in harmony with life's growth, or else when the time comes they easily give way and are forgotten. The living man has his true protection in his spiritual ideals, which have their vital connection with his life and grow with his growth.

The lion comes to beg his chains ! Is life so precious ?

All that is inert and inanimate is limited to the bare fact of existence. Life is perpetually creative because it contains in itself that surplus which ever overflows the boundaries of the immediate time and space, restlessly pursuing its adventure of expression in the varied forms of self-realization. Our living body has its vital organs that are important in maintaining its efficiency, but this body is not a mere convenient sac for the purpose of holding stomach, heart, lungs and brains ; it is an image—its highest value is in the fact that it communicates its personality. It has colour, shape and movement, most of which belong to the superfluous, that are needed only for self-expression and not for self-preservation.

Give your life to none, I say, save to him who gave it.

Life's days are mere tinsel, most trifling of God's gifts.

Life is not confined within the bonds of family or sect.

World is a joyless place and life a burden.

Who could have thought that so much would happen in this one life ? I feel as if I have passed through a whole series

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of births, time has been flying so fast, I did not feel it move at all.

The difficulty is, that one's life is not solely one's own. He who would create it must do so with the help of his surroundings, or he will fail.

Life is indefinite,—a bundle of contradictions. We men, with our ideas, strive to give it a particular shape by melting it into a particular mould,—into the definiteness of success. All the world-conquerors, from Alexander down to the American millionaires, mould themselves into a sword or a mint, and thus find that distinct image of themselves which is the source of their success.

It is in real life that the most extraordinary things happen.

Life is so perplexing! We are baffled in our hopes, cheated of our loves.

Mind has to treat with mind, will to come to terms with will, through many tortuous obstructions, before giving and taking can come about. The fountain of life, as it dashes into these obstacles, splashes and foams over in laughter and tears, and dances and whirls through eddies from which one cannot get a definite idea of its course.

Life's attraction, like the tidal wave, tears away mind from its anchorage of books.

The life that is unlimited gives no provocation to fight for its distribution.

No line of care scored the face of the heavens, no restless activity ruffled the serenity of the moonlight; the stillness of the night was unbroken, and the whole universe with its countless stars in everlasting motion was none the less steeped in everlasting repose; only in man's restless strife is there no pause. Alike in prosperity and in adversity human life is an unceasing struggle against odds.

HUMAN NATURE

It takes time to understand people.

Who could tell beforehand what kind of person could be of help and which could do an injury?

Human nature is not what it seems, but what it is in truth; Which is in its infinite possibilities. And when we in our blindness insult humanity for its ragged appearance it sheds its disguise to disclose to us that we have insulted our God. The degradation which we cast upon others in our pride or self-interest degrades our own humanity—and this is the punishment which is most terrible, because we do not detect it till it is too late.

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Our greed for eating is in itself ugly and selfish, it has no sense of decorum ; but when brought under the ideal of social fellowship, it is regulated and made ornamental ; it is changed into a daily festivity of life. In human nature sexual passion is fiercely individual and destructive, but dominated by the ideal of love, it has been made to flower into a perfection of beauty, becoming in its best expression symbolical of the spiritual truth in man which is his kinship of love with the Infinite. Thus we find it is the One which expresses itself in creation ; and the Many, by giving up opposition, make the revelation of unity perfect.

HUMILIATION

Don't humiliate yourself, self-humiliation is a sin, worse than self-murder.

HUMILITY

We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.

The real relationship of man with truth is the relationship of a devotee—for in that spirit a man's nature becomes humble. When a man is proud and overbearing, he shows only too clearly his own comparative smallness.

HUMOUR

Humorists have a knack of making themselves felt, even in the dark.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

The queen of my heart, the mistress of my house !

To quarrel with a father for the sake of a wife was possible only in these degenerate days.

The loving wife is a wife who makes it difficult for her husband to forget her, and the fatigue of perpetual remembrance wears out life's bloom. It is only when a man has lumbago that he becomes conscious of his waist. And lumbago in domestic affairs is to be made conscious, by the constant imposition of love, that you have such a thing as a wife. Excessive devotion to her husband may be a merit for the wife but not comfortable for the husband,—that is my candid opinion.

I would cautiously and silently get up and take the dust of my husband's feet without waking him, how at such moments I could feel the vermilion mark upon my forehead shining out like the morning star.

The two instruments were tuned differently and it was not easy to play them in unison.

The husband was all-in-all, the husband was the dearest object of love, the husband was divine.

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Poor creatures, they don't realise that a husband who can listen is infinitely preferable to one who can talk.

It is a curious thing that the more virtuous a wife is, the worse treatment she receives.

How easy my husband found it to tell me that he set me free ! But can freedom—empty freedom—be given and taken so easily as all that ? It is like setting a fish free in the sky,—for how can I move or live outside the atmosphere of loving care which has always sustained me ?

When I came to my room today, I saw only furniture—only the bedstead, only the looking-glass, only the clothes-rack —not the all-pervading heart which used to be there, over all. Instead of it there was freedom, only freedom, mere emptiness ! A dried-up watercourse with all its rocks and pebbles laid bare. No feeling, only furniture !

As a general rule in this world, the wife knows the husband far better than the husband ever knows the wife ; but extremely modern men in their subtlety of nature are altogether beyond the range of those unsophisticated instincts which womankind has acquired through ages. These men are a new race, and have become as mysterious as women themselves. Ordinary men can be divided roughly into three main classes ; some of them are barbarians, some are fools, and some are blind ; but these modern men do not fit into any of them.

The very psychology of men and women about their mutual relation is changing and becoming the psychology of the primitive fighting elements, rather than of humanity seeking its completeness through the union based upon mutual self-surrender. For the elements which have lost their living bond of reality have lost the meaning of their existence. Like gaseous particles forced into a too narrow space, they come in continual conflict with each other till they burst the very arrangement which holds them in bondage.

The small talk that suits men is not suitable for women. You can hold a philosophical discourse in monologue, ignoring your inattentive audience altogether, but small talk requires the co-operation of at least two. The bagpipes can be played singly, but there must be a pair of cymbals.

The ordinary female is fond of sour green mangoes, hot chillies, and a stern husband. A man need not necessarily be ugly or poor to be cheated of his wife's love ; but he is sure to lose it if he is too gentle.

If you ask me why this is so, I have much to say on this subject, for I have thought a good deal about it. A deer chooses a hardwood tree on which to sharpen its horns, and would get

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no pleasure in rubbing its horns against the soft stem of a plantain tree. From the very moment that man and woman became separate sexes, woman has been exercising all her faculties in trying by various devices to fascinate and bring man under her control. The wife of a man who is, of his own accord, submissive is altogether out of employment. All those weapons which she has inherited from her grandmothers of untold centuries are useless in her hands : the force of her tears, the fire of her anger, and the snare of her glances lie idle.

Under the spell of modern civilisation man has lost the God-given power of his barbaric nature, and this has loosened the conjugal ties.

Men possessed with one idea, are indeed at one with those who can manage to agree with us ; but those who do not, can only get on with us by cheating us. It is our unyielding obstinancy, which drives even the simplest to tortuous ways. In trying to manufacture a helpmate, we spoil a wife.

Could I not go back to the beginning ? Then, indeed, I should follow the path of the simple. I should not try to fetter my life's companion with my ideas, but play the joyous pipes of my love and say : Do you love me ? Then may you grow true to yourself in the light of your love. Let my suggestions be suppressed, let God's design which is in you, triumph, and my ideas retire abashed.

Can even Nature's nursing heal the open wound, into which our accumulated differences have broken out ? The covering veil, beneath the privacy of which Nature's silent forces alone can work, has been torn asunder. Wounds must be bandaged,—can we not bandage our wound with our love, so that the day may come when its scar will no longer be visible ? Is it not too late ? So much time has been lost in misunderstanding ; it has taken right up to now to come to an understanding ; how much more time will it take for the correcting ? What if the wound does eventually heal ?—can the devastation it has wrought ever be made good ?

Dream is a wife who must talk,
Sleep is a husband who silently suffers.

HYPOCRISY

A hypocrite can't produce a genuine article.

These over-righteous folk are really terrible fellows when one penetrates their secrets !

IDEALS

All great human movements in the world are related to some great ideal. Some of you may say that such a doctrine

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What you call abusively an idol is something that you cannot comprehend merely by seeing it with your eyes. Those who regard it with a tranquil mind, whose hearts find satisfaction in it, and whose natures find a refuge in it, they are the ones who know whether this idol is mortal or immortal, limited or limitless. I assure you that no worshipper in our country ever offers his devotion to what is limited—the joy of their worship is to lose the limits within the limited.

You think that to worship a limited object as a god is an error. But have limits to be ascertained from the point of view of time and space ? Remember this, that when you call to mind some text of scripture you feel a great devotion in your heart, but, because that text is written on a page, are you going to decide its greatness by measuring the width of the page and counting the number of letters of which the text is composed ? The unlimited character of the idea is a far greater thing than that of its extent in space.

IGNORANCE

They knew the way and went to seek you along the narrow lane, but I wandered abroad into the night, for I was ignorant.

I was not schooled enough to be afraid of you in the dark, therefore I came upon your doorstep unaware.

The wise rebuked me and bade me be gone, for I had not come by the lane.

I turned away in doubt, but you held me fast, and their scolding became louder every day.

Brass pot is as unconscious of itself as those blossoms are; but this thing protests its purpose so loudly, it is only fit for artificial flowers.

There are worse beasts than ignorant people.

What they don't understand appeals to them most.

ILLUSIONS

The reaction of disillusionment is just as unreal as the first shock of illusion.

Illusion is the first appearance of Truth. She advances towards her lover in disguise. But a time comes when she throws off her ornaments and veils and stands clothed in naked dignity. I grope for that ultimate you, that bare simplicity of truth.

Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion.

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We must not seek the help of illusions for what we believe to be the true cause.

Illusions are necessary for lesser minds, and to this class the greater portion of the world belongs. That is why divinities are set up in every country to keep up the illusions of the people, for men are only too well aware of their weakness.

God is necessary to clear away our illusions. The divinities which keep them alive are false gods.

Even false gods must be invoked, rather than let the work suffer. Unfortunately for us, our illusions are alive enough, but we do not know how to make them serve our purpose.

Illusion alone is real,—it is the flute itself; while truth is but its empty hollow.

They have been brought up in illusions, and they must have illusions to console them.

IMAGINATION

We know people only in dotted outline, that is to say, with gaps in our knowledge which we have to fill in ourselves as best we can. Thus, even those we know well are largely made up of our imagination. Sometimes the lines are so broken, with even the guiding dots missing, that a portion of the picture remains darkly confused and uncertain. If, then, our best friends are only pieces of broken outline strung on a thread of imagination, do we really know anybody at all, or does anybody know us except in the same disjointed fashion? But perhaps it is these very loopholes, allowing entrance to each other's imagination, which make for intimacy ; otherwise each one, secure in his inviolate individuality, would have been unapproachable to all but the Dweller within.

Our own self, too, we know only in bits, and with these scraps of material we have to shape the hero of our life-story —likewise with the help of our imagination. Providence has doubtless, deliberately omitted portions so that we may assist in our own creation.

Truth is silent, and it is imagination only which waxes eloquent. Reality represses the flow of feeling like a rock ; imagination cuts out a path for itself.

When my inner world is flooded with a light, as of an unclouded autumn morning, I feel I am sitting at the window of some magic palace, gazing entranced on a scene of distant reminiscence, soothed with soft breezes laden with the faint perfume of all the Past.

Before an operation there is no limit to a patient's fears, but when the knife begins to cut, the sick man sees that even

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with the pain there is relief also, and what in imagination seems so serious a matter is not so in reality.

A painter enthrones in his heart the perfect picture, and a poet, the perfect poem, of his imagination, and then lavishes all his devotion on it.

One may dream of delights of swimming when looking on the picture of a lake.

Don't give so much rein to your imagination—it does no good and only wastes your time.

IMITATION

Has God given us intelligence to expound other people's ideas, and a mouth simply to repeat other people's phrases, however wonderfully well ?

When you borrow things that do not belong to your life, they only serve to crush your life.

We cannot imitate life, we cannot stimulate strength for long, nay, what is more, a mere imitation is a source of weakness, For it hampers our true nature, it is always in our way. It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal feud's between the skin and the bones at every movement.

By mere imitation we shall eventually be neither one thing nor the other.

IMMORTALITY

My love, once upon a time your poet launched a great epic in his mind.

Alas, I was not careful, and it struck your ringing anklets and came to grief.

It broke up into scraps of songs and lay scattered at your feet.

All my cargo of the stories of old wars was tossed by the laughing waves and soaked in tears and sank.

You must make this loss good to me, my love.

If my claims to immortal fame after death are shattered, make me immortal while I live.

And I will not mourn for my loss nor blame you.

IMPRUDENCE

Those who begin a task without thinking things out at the start, who sit still doing nothing till they have got themselves and others into a scrape, when they find that there is no way of escape then say : "Sit down and think !"

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INCLINATION

When we have a strong inclination towards something then we do not give ourselves sufficient leisure for considering what we believe and what we do not believe. You know human nature.

INCONSTANCY

To be constantly changing one's plans isn't decision at all, it's indecision !

INDIA

Take it in whatever spirit you like, here is India, of about fifty centuries at least, who tried to live peacefully and think deeply, the India devoid of all politics, the India of no nations, whose one ambition has been to know this world as of soul, to live here every moment of her life in the meek spirit of adoration, in the glad conciousness of an eternal and personal relationship with it. It was upon this remote portion of humanity, childlike in its manner, with the wisdom of the old, that the Nation of the West burst in.

Through all the fights and intrigues and deceptions of her earlier history India had remained aloof. Because her homes, her fields, her temples of worship, her schools, where her teachers and students lived together in the atmosphere of simplicity and devotion and learning, her village self-government with its simple laws aud peaceful administration—all these truly belonged to her. But her thrones were not her concern. They passed over her head like clouds, now tinged with purple gorgeousness, now black with the threat of thunder. Often they brought devastations in their wake, but they were like catastrophes of nature whose traces are soon forgotten.

In India the misfortune of being governed by a foreign race is daily brought home to us not only in the callous neglect of such minimum necessities of life as adequate provision for food, clothing, educational and medical facilities for the people, but in an even unhappier form in the way the people have been divided among themselves. The pity of it is that the blame is laid at the door of our own society. So frightful a culmination of the history of our people would never have been possible but for the encouragement it has received from secret influences emanating from high places.

India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. It is many countries packed in one geographical receptacle. It is just the opposite of what Europe truly is, namely, one country made into many. Thus Europe in its culture and growth has had the advantage of the strength of the many as well as the strength of the one. India, on the contrary, being naturally

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many, yet adventitiously one, has all along suffered from the looseness of its diversity and the feebleness of its unity. A true unity is like a round globe, it rolls on, carrying its burden easily ; but diversity is a many-cornered thing which has to be dragged and pushed with all force. Be it said to the credit of India that this diversity was not her own creation ; she has had to accept it as a fact from the beginning of her history.

God has created men differing from each other in ideas and in actions with a variety of beliefs and of customs, but fundamentally one in their humanity. There is something in all of them which is mine, which belongs to India as a whole, which, if only we can see it in its truth, will pierce through all littleness and incompleteness and reveal a vast and wonderful being through which the secret of the worship of centuries will be made clear. We shall see that the flame of sacrifice of past ages still burns through the ashes, and without doubt a day will come when, transcending the limits of time and place, that flame will kindle a fire throughout the world. Even to say in imagination that all the great deeds and words of India's manhood in past ages are false is to show dishonour to truth ; it is nothing but atheism!

This is a wonderful country. How many thousands and thousands of years has God's purpose been working to make it surpass all other countries in the world? How many people from other lands have come to make this purpose complete ? How many great men have taken birth in our land ? How many great wars have had their scenes laid here ? What great truths have found utterance here ? What great austerities have been performed ? From what a variety of standpoints has religion been studied ? And how many solutions to the mystery of life have been found in this land ? This is our India.

There are other peoples in the world who have to overcome obstacles in their physical surroundings, or the menace of their powerful neighbours. They have organised their power till they are not only reasonably free from the tyranny of Nature and human neighbours, but have a surplus of it left in their hands to employ against others. But in India, our difficulties being internal, our history has been the history of continual social adjustment and not that of organised power for defence and aggression.

I love India, not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born in her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great sons.

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What India truly seeks is not a peace which is in negation or in some mechanical adjustment, but that which is in *Sivam*, in goodness, which is in *Advaitam*, in the truth of perfect union; that India does not enjoin her children to cease from *karma*, but to perform their *karma* in the presence of the Eternal, with the pure knowledge of the spiritual meaning of existence.

Our real problem in India is not political. It is social.

In fact, our history has not been of the rise and fall of kingdoms, of fights for political supremacy. In our country records of these days have been despised and forgotten, for they in no way represent the true history of our people. Our history is that of our social life and attainment of spiritual ideals.

Full of wealth, full of knowledge, full of righteousness.

INDIAN CULTURE

The main river of Indian culture has flowed in four streams —the Vedic, the Puranic, the Buddhist, and the Jain. It had its source in the heights of the Indian consciousness.

But a river belonging to a country is not fed by its own waters alone. The Tibetan Bramhaputra is a tributary to the Indian Ganges. Contributions have similarly found their way to India's original culture. The Muhammadan, for example, has repeatedly come into India from outside, laden with his own stores of knowledge and feeling and his wonderful religious democracy, bringing freshet after freshet to swell the current. In our music, our architecture, our pictorial art, our literature, the Muhammadans have made their permanent and precious contribution. Those who have studied the lives and writings of our medieval saints, and all the great religious movements that sprang up in the time of the Muhammadan rule, know how deep is our debt to this foreign current that has so intimately mingled with our life.

And then has descended upon us the later flood of Western culture, which bids fair to break through all banks and bounds, merging all the other streams in its impetuous rush. If we can but make a separate course, through which this last may flow, we shall be saved from an irruption, whose cost may one day prove out of all proportion to its contribution, however large.

So, in our centre of Indian learning, we must provide for the co-ordinated study of all these different cultures—the Vedic, the Puranic, the Buddhist, the Jain, the Islamic, the Sikh, and the Zoroastrian. And side by side with them the European—for only then shall we be able to assimilate the last. A river flowing within banks is truly our own, but our relations with a flood are disastrously the opposite.

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The great ages of renaissance in history were those when men suddenly discovered the seeds of thought in the granary of the past. The unfortunate people, who have lost the harvest of their past, have lost their present age. They have missed their seeds for cultivation, and go a-begging for their bare livelihood. We must not imagine that we are one of these disinherited peoples of the world. The time has come for us to break open the treasure trove of our ancestors and use it for our commerce of life. Let us, with its help, make our future our own—never continue our existence as the eternal rag-picker at other people's dustbins.

Our notion of modern culture is limited within the boundary lines of grammar and the laboratory. We almost completely ignore the aesthetic life of man, leaving it uncultivated, allowing weeds to grow there.

Our material poverty, likewise, can only be removed by the co-ordination of our material resources through the co-operation of our individual powers. And the basis of our institution should be laid upon this economic co-operation. It must not only instruct, but live ; not only think, but produce. Our *tapovanas*, which were our natural Universities, were not abstracted from life. There the masters and students lived their full life ; they gathered their fruit and fuel ; they took their cattle to graze ; and the spiritual education, which the students had, was part of the spiritual life itself which comprehended all life. Our centre of culture should not only be the centre of the intellectual life of India, but the centre of her economic life also. It must cultivate land, breed cattle, to feed itself and its students ; it must produce all necessaries, devising the best means and using the best materials, calling science to its aid. Its very existence should depend upon the success of its industrial ventures carried out on the co-operative principle, which will unite the teachers and students in a living and active bond of necessity. This will give us also a practical industrial training, whose motive force is not the greed of profit.

So we must prepare the grand field for the co-ordination of the cultures of the world, where each will give to and take from the other ; where each will have to be studied through the growth of its stages in history. This adjustment of knowledge through comparative study, this progress in intellectual co-operation, is to be the key-note of the coming age. We may hug our holy aloofness from some imagined security of a corner, but the world will prove stronger than our corner, and it is our corner which will have to give way, receding and pressing against its walls till they burst on all sides.

But before we are in a position to stand a comparison

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with the other cultures of the world, or truly to co-operate with them, we must base our own structure on a synthesis of all the different cultures we have. When, taking our stand at such a centre, we turn towards the West, our gaze shall no longer be timid and dazed ; our heads shall remain erect, safe from insult. For then we shall be able to take our own views of Truth, from the standpoint of our own vantage ground, thus opening out a new vista of thought before the grateful world.

Benaras has been and still continues to be the centre of our Sanskrit culture. But Sanskrit learning does not exhaust all the elements of culture that exist in the present-day India.

What must be the religious ideal that is to rule our centre of Indian culture ? The one abiding ideal in the religious life of India has been *Mukti*, the deliverance of man's soul from the grip of self, its communion with the Infinite Soul through its union in *ananda* with the universe. This religion of spiritual harmony is not a theological doctrine to be taught, as a subject in the class, for half an hour each day. It is the spiritual truth and beauty of our attitude towards our surroundings, our conscious relationship with the Infinite, and the lasting power of the Eternal in the passing moments of our life. Such a religious ideal can only be made possible by making provision for students to live in intimate touch with nature, daily to grow in an atmosphere of service offered to all creatures, tending trees, feeding birds and animals, learning to feel the immense mystery of the soil and water and air.

If we begin to attach too much importance to the applause of Englishmen, we shall have to be rid of much in us that is good, and to accept from them much that is bad.

We shall grow ashamed of going about without socks, and cease to feel shame at the sight of their ball dresses. We shall have no compunction in throwing overboard our ancient manners, nor any in emulating their lack of courtesy.

We shall leave off wearing our *achgans* because they are susceptible of improvement, but think nothing of surrendering our heads to their hats, though no headgear could well be uglier.

Though India had been plundered of all else, her soul was still lying hidden in the restraint of these inflexible regulations, and no oppressive rulers had the power to touch her body. So long as we are subject to some foreign nation we must observe strictly our own laws, and leave the question of their goodness or badness till later. A drowning man, clutching at a straw or any other object with which he can save his life, does not deliberate as to whether it is ugly or beautiful.

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Any special truth, or special culture, which is wholly dissociated from the universal, is not true at all. Only the prisoner condemned to a solitary cell is separate from the world. He who declares that India has been condemned by Providence to intellectual solitary confinement does not help to glorify her.

It can be easily pointed out that our culture has its superstitions and its shortcomings. They show themselves too prominently only because its movement has stopped. European culture also has its superstitions. Its politics and its science are full of them. These do not become fatally unhealthy because they move and they change—just like their caste distinctions, which are not desperately oppressive because they are constantly moving.

INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

In the beginning of the history of political agitation in India there was not the conflict between parties which there is today. At that time there was a party known as the Indian Congress ; it had no real programme. They had a few grievances for redress by the authorities. They wanted larger representation in the Council House, and more freedom in Municipal government. They wanted scraps of things, but they had no constructive ideal. Therefore I was lacking in enthusiasm for their methods. It was my conviction that what India most needed was constructive work coming from within herself. In this work we must take all risks and go on doing the duties which by right are ours, though in the teeth of persecution ; winning moral victory at every step, by our failure and suffering. We must show those who are over us that we have in ourselves the strength of moral power, the power to suffer for truth. Where we have nothing to show, we have only to beg. It would be mischievous if the gifts we wish for were granted to us at once, and I have told my countrymen, time and again, to combine for the work of creating opportunities to give vent to our spirit of self-sacrifice, and not for the purpose of begging.

INDIAN POLICE

A person charged with crime once placed in a policeman's hands would, as sure as the wretch caught in a crocodile's serrated grip, go under and be seen no more.

INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

Universities should never be made into mechanical organisations for collecting and distributing knowledge. Through them the people should offer their intellectual hospitality, their wealth of mind to others, and earn their proud right in return to receive gifts from the rest of the world. But in the whole

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length and breadth of India there is not a single University established in the modern time where a foreign or an Indian student can properly be acquainted with the best products of the Indian mind. For that we have to cross the sea, and knock at the doors of France and Germany. Educational institutions in our country are India's alms-bowl of knowledge ; they lower our intellectual self-respect ; they encourage us to make a foolish display of decorations composed of borrowed feathers.

INDIAN VILLAGES

Amongst the village people the social bondage was far greater than it was amongst the educated community. Night and day without ceasing every act of eating, drinking, social ceremony, and touching, in every home, was under the vigilant eyes of society. Every person had an absolutely simple faith in social custom—it never even occurred to them to question such matters. But this implicit faith in tradition and the bondage of society did not give them the least bit of strength for the tasks of their daily life. It is in fact doubtful whether in the whole world could be found a species of animal so impotent to judge what was for their own good, so helpless, and so cowardly. Apart from observing traditional customs their minds were completely unconscious of what was for their welfare, and even if it was explained to them they would not understand. They regarded prohibitions, by the threat of penalties and in the spirit of sectarianism, as greater than anything else in the world—it seemed as if their whole natures had become entangled from head to foot in a network of various penalties for transgressing against rules forbidding them to do this or that at every step—but this net was one woven by debt, and the bondage was one of creditors and of money-lenders, not the bondage of a king. In it there was no such unity as could make them stand firmly shoulder to shoulder in times of misfortune or prosperity. By this weapon of tradition and custom man was sucking the blood of man and was reducing him to poverty in a merciless fashion.

How divided, how narrow, how weak was this vast expanse of rural India,—how supinely unconscious of its own power, how ignorant and different as to its own welfare ! What gulfs of social separation yawned between villages only a few miles apart. What a host of self-imposed imaginary obstacles prevented them from taking their place in the grand commerce of the world.

At the time of some social function, no one had the least pity for any one else. The father of one poor fellow had been suffering for a long time from some disease, and nearly all the

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man's means had been expended on giving him medicines, special treatment and diet, and yet he had received not one particle of help from any one—on the contrary the people of his village insisted that his father's chronic illness must be the penalty for some unknown sin he had committed and that he must therefore spend more money in a ceremony of penance. The unfortunate man's poverty and helplessness were known to every one, but there was no pity for him. The same sort of thing happened in every kind of social function. Just as a police inquiry into a dacoity is a greater misfortune to a village than the dacoity itself, so the obsequies that have to be performed at the funeral of a parent are the cause of a more serious misfortune than the death itself of a father or mother. No one will accept the excuse of poverty or any other form of inability—no matter how it is accomplished society's heartless claim has to be satisfied to the very last farthing. On the occasion of a marriage the bridegroom's party adopt all sorts of tactics to make the burden of the girl's father as intolerable as possible, and show no trace of pity for the unfortunate man.

The slightest impact sets the shallows of a small country-place tossing with excitement.

The flow of village life is not too rapid, neither is it stagnant. Work and rest go together, hand in hand.

The monotonous blows of wood-cutter's axe or carpenter's mallet, the splashing of oars, the merry voices of the naked little children at play, the plaintive tune of the ryot's song, the more dominant creaking of the turning oil-mill, all these sounds of activity do not seem out of harmony with murmuring leaves and singing birds, and all combine like moving strains of some grand dream-orchestra, rendering a composition of immense though restrained pathos.

When I come to the country I cease to view man as separate from the rest. As the river runs through many a clime, so does the stream of men babble on, winding through woods and villages and towns. It is not a true contrast that *men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.* Humanity with all its confluent streams, big and small, flows on and on, just as does the river, from its source in birth to its sea of death ; two dark mysteries at either end, and between them various play and work and chatter unceasing.

The young shoots of rice are waving in the breeze, and the ducks are in turn thrusting their heads beneath the water and preening their feathers. There is no sound save the faint, mournful creaking of the gangway against the boat, as she imperceptibly swings to and fro in the current.

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It is market-day in the village on the other bank; that is why the ferry is so busy. Some carry bundles of hay, some baskets, some sacks ; some are going to the market, others coming from it. Thus in this silent noonday, the stream of human activity slowly flows across the river between two villages.

I feel a great tenderness for these peasant folk—our ryots — big, helpless, infantile children of Providence, who must have food brought to their very lips, or they are undone. When the breasts of Mother Earth dry up they are at a loss what to do, and can only cry. But no sooner is their hunger satisfied than they forget all their past sufferings.

The village women are standing in the water, bathing or washing clothes ; and some, in their dripping *saris*, with veils pulled well over their faces, move homeward with their water vessels filled and clasped against the left flank, the right arm swinging free. Children, covered all over with clay, are sporting boisterously, splashing water on each other, while one of them shouts a song, regardless of the tune.

Over the high banks, the cottage roofs and the tops of the bamboo clumps are visible. The sky has cleared and the sun is shining. Remnants of clouds cling to the horizon like fluffs of cotton wool. The breeze is warmer.

INDISCRETION

If you try to bite with a loose tooth you suffer pain,— for that you don't blame the teeth, but only the looseness of that particular tooth.

The fruit of an indiscretion is often laden with poison.

INDIVIDUALITY

It matters not whether we are good or bad, civilised or barbarian, so long as we are but ourselves.

An individual and the infinite are on equal terms, worthy to gaze on one another, each from his own throne. But where many men are, how small both humanity and infinitude become, how much they have to knock off each other, in order to fit in together ! Each soul wants so much room to expand that in a crowd it needs must wait for gaps through which to thrust a little craning piece of a head from time to time.

INDUSTRY

Industry may lead to the country's prosperity, but a mere desire for its prosperity will not make for success in industry. Even when our heads were cool, our industries did not flourish. Why should we suppose that they will do so just because we have become frantic?

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INFINITE

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

By being charitable, good and loving, you do not realize the infinite in the stars or rocks, but the infinite revealed in Man.

Mere information of facts, mere discovery of power, belongs to the outside and not to the inner soul of things. Gladness is the one criterion of truth as we know when we have touched Truth by the music it gives, by the joy of the greeting it sends forth to the truth in us. That is the true foundation of all religions, it is not in dogma. As I have said before, it is not as ether waves that we receive light ; the morning does not wait for some scientist for its introduction to us. In the same way, we touch the infinite reality immediately within us only when we perceive the pure truth of love or goodness, not through the explanation of theologians, not through the erudite discussion of ethical doctrines.

I have already confessed that my religion is a poet's religion ; all that I feel about it is from vision and not from knowledge. I frankly say that I cannot satisfactorily answer questions about the problem of evil, or about what happens after death. And yet I am sure that there have come moments when my soul has touched the infinites and has become intensely concious of it through the illumination of joy. It has been said in our Upanishads that our mind and our words come away baffled from the supreme Truth, but he who knows That, through the immediate joy of his own Soul, is saved from all doubts and fears.

In the night we stumble over things and become acutely conscious of their individual separateness, but the day reveals the great unity which embraces them. And the man whose inner vision is bathed in an illumination of his consciousness, at once realizes the spiritual unity reigning supreme over all differences of race and his mind no longer awkwardly stumbles over individual facts of separateness in the human world, accepting them as final ; he realizes that peace is in the inner

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harmony which dwells in truth, and not in any outer adjustments ; and that beauty carries an eternal assurance of our spiritual relationship to reality, which waits for its perfection in the response of our love.

If one had to fill in, little by little, the gap between day and night, it would take an eternity to do it. But the sun rises and the darkness is dispelled,—a moment is sufficient to overcome an infinite distance.

The calendar never records the last day. After the first day comes the second, after the second the third. There's no such thing as getting finished here. We're always digging—one yard, two yards, three yards. We go on raising gold nuggets,—after one nugget another, then more and more and more.

God kisses the finite in his love and man the infinite.

That which ends in exhaustion is death, but the perfect ending is in the endless.

INGRATITUDE

What harm there is in cutting off the branch on which one is seated ?

That's the way of the world—try to do a friend a service and a scolding is your reward.

She went away when the night was about to wane.

My mind tried to console me by saying, "All is vanity."

I felt angry and said, "That unopened letter with her name on it, and this palm-leaf fan bordered with red silk by her own hands, are they not real?"

The day passed, and my friend came and said to me, "Whatever is good is true, and can never perish."

"How do you know?" I asked impatiently; "was not this body good which is now lost to the world?"

As a fretful child hurting its own mother, I tried to wreck all the shelters that ever I had, in and about me, and cried, "This world is treacherous."

Suddenly I felt a voice saying—"Ungrateful!"

I looked out of the window, and a reproach seemed to come from the star-sprinkled night;—"You pour out into the void of my absence your faith in the truth that I came!"

INJUSTICE

My theory of life makes me certain that the Great is cruel. To be just is for ordinary men,— it is reserved for the great to be unjust. The surface of the earth was even. The volcano butted it with its fiery horn and found its own eminence,—its

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justice was not towards its obstacle, but towards itself. Sucessful injustice and genuine cruelty have been the only forces by which individal or nation has become millionaire or monarch.

That is why I preach the great discipline of Injustice. I say to every one : Deliverance is based upon injustice. Injustice is the fire which must keep on burning something in order to save itself from becoming ashes. Whenever an individual or nation becomes incapable of perpetrating injustice it is swept into the dust-bin of the world.

It's a worse hardship to have to swallow injustice and it sticks in the throat.

INNER SELF

As one's sleep-smothered conciousness wrestles with a nightmare in its efforts to awake so the submerged inner self struggles to free itself from its complexities and come out into the open.

INNOCENCE

These learned ladies have no knowledge of the world ; she knows a lot that she has learned from books ; but when an occasion for suspicion arises she is as innocent as a babe !

Fear nothing. They can do nothing to you. If you are innocent.

INTELLECTUAL UNITY

The bringing about of an intellectual unity in India is, I am told, difficult to the verge of impossibility owing to the fact that India has so many different languages. Such a statement is as unreasonable as to say that man, because he has a diversity of limbs, should find it impossible to realise life's unity in himself, and that only an earthworm composed of a tail and nothing else could truly know that it had a body.

Let us admit that India is not like any one of the great countries of Europe, which has its own separate language ; but is rather like Europe herself, branching out into different peoples with many different languages. And yet Europe has a common civilisation, with an intellectual unity which is not based upon uniformity of language.

INTELLIGENCE

Human intelligence should win through to its goal, though sand and stone and water all conspire to block its path.

INTERNATIONALISM

Those who have imposed on themselves the task of regenerating the world consider it their bounden duty to

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discover what is going on in their neighbours' houses. Even when knowledge is lacking they call in another faculty to supply the deficiency. It must be so, otherwise the process of remodelling the world would be arrested.

INTRIGUE

In the age of monarchy the king lived surrounded by a miasma of intrigue. At court there was an endless whispering of lies and calumny, and much plotting and planning among the conspiring courtiers to manipulate the king as the instrument of their own purposes.

In the present age intrigue plays a wider part, and affects the whole country. The people are drugged with the hashish of false hopes and urged to deeds of frightfulness by the goadings of manufactured panics ; their higher feelings are exploited by devious channels of unctuous hypocrisy, their pockets picked under anaesthetics of flattery, their very psychology affected by a conspiracy of money and unscrupulous diplomacy.

INTRUSION

An unforgiveable liberty on the part of a woman to intrude on man's field of activity !

INVITATION

When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee to take it. What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle.

Then take away your hands and silently put up with your defeat, my heart, and think it your good fortune to sit perfectly still where you are placed.

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of wind, and trying to light them I forget all else again and again.

But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor ; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come silently and take thy seat here.

Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.

If your braided hair has loosened, if the parting of your hair be not straight, if the ribbons of your bodice be not fastened, do not mind.

Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.
Come, with quick steps over the grass.

If the raddle come from your feet because of the dew, if

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the rings of bells upon your feet slacken, if pearls drop out of your chain, do not mind.

Come, with quick steps over the grass.
Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?

Flocks of cranes fly up from the further river-bank and fitful gusts of wind rush over the heath.

The anxious cattle run to their stalls in the village.
Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?

In vain you light your toilet lamp—it flickers and goes out in the wind.

Who can know that your eyelids have not been touched with lampblack? For your eyes are darker than rain-clouds.

In vain you light your toilet lamp—it goes out.
Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.

If the wreath is not woven, who cares; if the wrist-chain has not been linked, let it be.

The sky is overcast with clouds—it is late.
Come as you are; do not loiter over your toilet.

IRAN

It is significant that Iran's good fortune dates from the day when she finally disentangled herself from the meshes of European diplomacy.

JEALOUSY

The more his wife treated it with silent contempt, the more did the fire of his jealousy consume him.

His jealousy ate its way into his heart like a hidden cancer.

There are innumerable people like myself, so if you leave them behind and climb into an unreal world of your own you become the target of innumerable bricks.

JEWELLED CHAIN

It decks me only to mock me, this jewelled chain of mine.

It bruises me when on my neck, it strangles me when I struggle to tear it off.

It grips my throat, it chokes my singing.

Could I but offer it to your hand, my Lord, I would be saved.

Take it from me, and in exchange bind me to you with a garland, for I am ashamed to stand before you with this jewelled chain on my neck,

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JEWELLERY

If my wife, of her own free choice, is unwilling to trust me with her jewellery, then I have no right to take them from her by force.

It is for man to give ornaments to woman; to take them from her wounds his manliness,

The best security of all is jewellery, for that saves the signing of all sorts of complicated documents. It not only saves time but is a simple process.

JOKE

People resent a joke if there's some truth in it.

JOY

Everything else can be kept tied, except joy.

Joy turns into pain when the door by which it should depart is shut against it.

The barque of joy came in sight, but the waves would not let it touch the shore.

A delicate flush took the place of pallor in her cheeks and at every word her eyes danced with merriment.

A joy which is deep like the blue sea, endless like the blue sky; which has the magnificence of the night, and in its limitless darkness enfolds the radiant worlds in the awfulness of peace; it is the unfathomed joy in which all sufferings are made one.

The yellow bird sings in their tree and makes my heart dance with gladness.

We both live in the same village, and that is our one piece of joy.

Her pair of pet lambs come to graze in the shade of our garden trees.

If they stray into our barley field, I take them up in my arms.

Only one field lies between us.

Bees that have hived in our grove go to seek honey in theirs.

Flowers launched from their landing-stairs come floating by the stream where we bathe.

Baskets of dried *kusm* flowers come from their fields to our market.

The lane that winds to their house is fragrant in the spring with mango flowers,

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When their linseed is ripe for harvest, the hemp is in bloom in our field.

The stars that smile on their cottage send us the same twinkling look.

The rain that floods their tank makes glad our *kadam* forest.

JOY AND BEAUTY

All the language of joy is beauty. It is necessary to note however, that joy is not pleasure, and beauty not mere prettiness. Joy is the outcome of detachment from self and lives in freedom of spirit. Beauty is that profound expression of reality which satisfies our hearts without any other allurements but its own ultimate value. When in some pure moments of ecstasy we realise this in the world around us, we see the world, not as merely existing, but as decorated in its forms, sounds, colours and lines, we feel in our hearts that there is One who through all things proclaims: "I have joy in my creation."

JOY AND HOPE

When the pure breezes of a great joy and hope sweep through the land, all dirt and decay are cleansed away. It is hard, indeed, for men to be frank and straight and healthy, when their country is in the throes of dejection.

JOY OF FAITH

Tired of waiting, you burst your bonds, impatient flowers before the winter had gone. Glimpses of the unseen comer reached your wayside watch, and you rushed out running and panting, impulsive jasmines, troops of riotous roses.

You were the first to march to the breach of death, your clamour of colour and perfume troubled the air. You laughed and pressed and pushed each other, bared your breast and dropped in heaps.

The summer will come in its time, sailing in the flood-tide of the south wind. But you never counted slow moments to be sure of him. You recklessly spent your all in the road, in the terrible joy of faith.

You heard his footsteps from afar, and flung your mantle of death for him to tread upon. Your bonds break even before the rescuer is seen, you make him your own ere he can come and claim you.

JOYS AND SORROWS

He it is, the innermost one, who awakens my being with his deep hidden touches,

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He it is who puts his enchantment upon these eyes and joyfully plays on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain.

He it is who weaves the web of this *maya* in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through the folds his feet, at whose touch I forget myself.

Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

Our joys and sorrows lie heavy on us if we merely go on accumulating them. Keeping them and accumulating them alike are false. As master of the house I am in an artificial position—in reality I am a wayfarer on the path of life. That is why the true master of the House gets hurt at every step and at last there comes the supreme hurt of death.

Our joys and sorrows are contradictory when self separates them in opposition.

JOYS OF LIFE

Each of the little joys of life, which remain unappreciated amid the hubbub of the town, send in their claims to the heart when far from home. I love music, and there is no dearth of voices and instruments in Calcutta, yet I turn a deaf ear to them. But, though I may fail to realise it at the time, this needs must leave the heart athirst.

I hate these polite formalities. Now-a-days I keep repeating the line. "Much rather would I be an Arab Bedouin!" A fine, healthy, strong, and free barbarity.

I feel I want to quit this constant ageing of mind and body, with incessant argument and nicety concerning ancient decaying things, and to feel the joy of a free and vigorous life; to have,—be they good or bad,—broad, unhesitating; unfettered ideas and aspirations, free from everlasting friction between custom and sense, sense and desire, desire and action.

If only I could set utterly and boundlessly free this hampered life of mine, I would storm the four quarters and raise wave upon wave of tumult all round; I would career away madly, like a wild horse, for very joy of my own speed ! But I am a Bengali, not a Bedouin ! I go on sitting in my corner, and mope and worry and argue. I turn my mind now this way up, now the other—as a fish is fried – and the boiling oil blisters first this side, then that.

Let it pass. Since I cannot be thoroughly wild, it is but proper that I should make an endeavour to be throughly civil.

Why foment a quarrel between the two ?

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JUDGES

The Judge is still more bound by his laws than his prisoner.

Now-a-days the shackles of service are becoming an ornament and the Deputy Magistrates of the present time are gradually coming to look upon their fellow-countrymen as little better than dogs. And experience shows us that the higher they rise in the service the more they deteriorate. If you are raised up on another man's shoulders you needs must look down on your own people, and the moment you regard them as inferior you are bound to do them injustice. That cannot lead to any good.

JUDGMENT

In this world the distinction between right and wrong is a necessary one, but if you want to determine the relative value of things by your own regard or lack of it, then do so by all means, but you must not expect everybody else to accept your verdict.

JUMNA

Far below flowed the Jumna, swift and clear, above frowned the jutting bank.

Hills dark with the woods and scarred with the torrents were gathered around.

Govinda, the great Sikh teacher, sat on the rock reading scriptures, when Raghunath, his disciple, proud of his wealth, came and bowed to him and said, "I have brought my poor present, unworthy of your acceptance."

Thus saying he displayed before the teacher a pair of gold bangles wrought with costly stones.

The master took up one of them, twirling it round his finger, and the diamonds darted shafts of light.

Suddenly it slipped from his hand and rolled down the bank into the water.

"Alas," screamed Raghunath, and jumped into the stream.

The teacher set his eyes upon his book, and the water held and hid what it stole and went its way.

The daylight faded when Raghunath came back to the teacher tired and dripping.

He panted and said, "I can still get it back if you show me where it fell."

The teacher took up the remaining bangle and throwing it into the water said, "It is there."

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JUSTICE

Civilisation is not a cheap commodity. If you are called upon for subtle judgments, you have to make subtle laws, and if there are subtle laws then you must make a trade of law, in which buying and selling is bound to come in. Therefore civilized courts naturally become markets for the buying and selling of justice, and those who have no money stand every chance of getting swindled.

According to our scriptures the urgency of doing justice appertains to the King. On him recoils the crime of injustice.

The sense of justice of our times has not attained to fulness of wisdom. The same penalty awaits the trivial fault as the crime, both have to tread the same mill in the same gaol. No one man can be blamed for this—the combined sin of all men is responsible.

The silent are always found guilty. In this world those who lodge their plaints first win their suits.

KALIDASA

Viewed from without, India, in the time of Kalidasa, appeared to have reached the zenith of civilisation, excelling as she did in luxury, literature and the arts. But from the poems of Kalidasa it is evident that this very magnificence of wealth and enjoyment worked against the ideal that sprang and flowed forth from the sacred solitude of the forest. These poems contain the voice of warnings against the gorgeous unreality of that age, which, like a Himalayan avalanche, was slowly gliding down to an abyss of catastrophe. And from his seat beside all the glories of Vikramaditya's throne the poet's heart yearns for the purity and simplicity of India's past age of spiritual striving. And it was this yearning which impelled him to go back to the annals of the ancient Kings of Raghu's line for the narrative poem, in which he traced the history of the rise and fall of the ideal that should guide the rulers of men.

Kalidasa in almost all his works represented the unbounded impetuousness of kingly splendour on the one side and the serene strength of regulated desires on the other.

KILLING

Sin has no meaning in reality. To kill is but to kill,—it is neither sin nor anything else. Do you not know that the dust of this earth is made of countless killings? Old Time is ever writing the chronicle of the transient life of creatures in letters of blood. Killing is in the wilderness, in the habitations

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of man, in birds' nests, in insects' holes, in the sea, in the sky ; there is killing for life, for sport, for nothing whatever. The world is ceaselessly killing ; and the great Goddess Kali, the spirit of ever-changing time, is standing with her thirsty tongue hanging down from her mouth, with her cup in hand, into which is running the red life-blood of the world, like juice from the crushed cluster of grapes.

KINGDOM OF STARS

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.

They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars.

My songs are lost in their depths.

Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity.

Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine.

KING OF KINGS

Day after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face. With folded hands, O lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face.

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face.

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face.

And when my work shall be done in this world, O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face.

KINGS

I go on obeying and acknowledging—if it is a real King, well and good : if not, what harm is there ?

Always keep them at a distance. They are the exiles of the Earth—and we have got to keep them so.

Common man cannot live without a King, whether a real one or a fraud !

An Emperor is merely a decorated slave, remaining chained to his Empire, and a millionaire is kept pilloried by his fate in the golden cage of his wealth.

It has always been the rule in our country for those who have to bear the burden of the welfare of all to remain aloof. The idea that a king can protect his subjects by mixing intimately with them is entirely without foundation. The kind of

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wisdom that is needed by a raja in his relationship with his subject is defiled by association with them. It is for this reason that the subjects surround their king of their own free will with a halo of aloofness, for they realise that if their king becomes their companion then the reason for his existence disappears.

My faith is, to go on obeying the King—it does not matter whether he is a real one or a pretender. What do we know of Kings that we should judge them ! It is like throwing stones in the dark.

It is a fine thing to argue whether there is a King or not when one is simply starving for want of food ! Will the King save us ?

Kings can't scent hypocrites.

Where would be the necessity of having a King if order and harmony existed already ?

The mere sight of a King in all countries makes one's soul quake like an aspen leaf with fear.

The supreme thing that strikes one's eye in any country is the King, who of course loses no opportunity of exhibiting himself.

There can be chaos and anarchy even if a King be present : but what do we see here ?

Kings are not overgrown children, and war is no mere child's play.

Facing death on the battlefield, sword in hand, befits a King.

The head that bears the crown cannot bear insult.

The head upon which death sits even more majestic than his crown.

In the old order the king was given to understand that he was the freest individual in the world. A greater semblance of external freedom, no doubt, he had than other individuals. But they built for him a gorgeous prison of unreality.

What is worse than being crippled in one leg ? Kingship is crippled, if it is the king's alone, and not the people's.

The badge of our royalty is covered with dust.

A king takes his seat on a throne, but a throne does not make a king.

Once they were truly kings, dispensing justice ; now they themselves will become law-breakers, and so no better than robbers. This may not go down to history, but we shall carry it in our hearts for all time.

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Only a commoner can be a thief, the king conquers and takes his rightful spoil.

KING'S GLORY

You hide yourself in your own glory, my King.

The sand-grain and the dew-drop are more proudly apparent than yourself.

The world unabashed calls all things its own that are yours—yet it is never brought to shame.

You make room for us while standing aside in silence ; therefore love lights her own lamp to seek you and comes to your worship unbidden.

KING'S PALACE

When from the house of feast I came back home, the spell of the midnight quieted the dance in my blood.

My heart became silent at once like a deserted theatre with its lamps out.

My mind crossed the dark and stood among the stars, and I saw that we were playing unafraid in the silent courtyard of our King's palace.

KING'S TRIBUTE

My king was unknown to me, therefore, when he claimed his tribute I was bold to think I would hide myself, leaving my debts unpaid.

I fled and fled behind my day's work and my night's dreams.

But his claims followed me at every breath I drew.

Thus I came to know that I am known to him and no place left which is mine.

Now I wish to lay my all before his feet, and gain the right to my place in his kingdom.

KISSES

Let lips keep guard upon lips, and allow not words to clamour.

Let all vain bickerings of discontent die away at the sweet meeting of our lips.

KNOWLEDGE

Love and action are the only intermediaries through which perfect knowledge can be obtained ; for the object of knowledge is not pedantry but wisdom. The primary object of an institution should not be merely to educate one's limbs and

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mind to be in efficient readiness for all emergencies, but to be in perfect tune in the symphony of response between life and world, to find the balance of their harmony which is wisdom.

Knowledge and efficiency are powerful in their outward effect, but they are the servants of man, not the man himself. Their service is like the service in a hotel, where it is elaborate but the host is absent ; it is more convenient than hospitable.

We cannot define to ourselves what we are as a whole, because we know too much ; because our knowledge is more than knowledge. It is an immediate consciousness of personality, any evaluation of which carries some emotion, joy or sorrow, shame or exaltation. But in a foreign land we try to find our compensation for the meagerness of our data by the compactness of the generalisation which our imperfect sympathy itself helps us to form.

I will see, and think, and know.

Water comes first and then comes the fish—it is the presence of the learned men which draws the students round them, if their wish is to learn, and not merely to be branded, like a saleable commodity, with the stamp of their market-value. Even in our attempts at founding national universities we begin from the wrong end—the students come first in our mind, and then we cast about for the teachers. It is like the vagary of an absent-minded Creator who takes great pains in creating a tail and then suddenly finds that the head is missing. We seat our guests at the table, and afterwards discover that the cooking has not been commenced. So the sumptuousness has to be made evident in the menu to keep the imagination of the famished fully occupied—we have to shout with an exaggerated vehemence for the dishes which never come, and make up for the lack in the food supply with deafening noise.

LABOUR

When I enter the field of work, I have to bear the yoke of the plough on my neck like the Indian bullock, get my tail twisted by my master, break clods all day patiently and with bowed head and then at sunset have to be satisfied if I can get any cud to chew. Such a creature has not the spirit to prance and caper.

LADY OF SOLITUDE

Endlessly varied art thou in the exuberant world, Lady of Manifold Magnificence. Thy path is strewn with lights, thy touch thrills into flowers; that trailing skirt of thine sweeps the whirl of a dance among the stars, and thy many-toned music is echoed from innumerable worlds through signs and colours,

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Single and alone in the unfathomed stillness of the soul, art thou, Lady of Silence and Solitude, a vision thrilled with light, a lonely lotus blossoming on the stem of love.

LAKE OF LOVE

If you would be busy and fill your pitcher, come, O come to my lake.

The water will cling round your feet and babble its secret.

The shadow of the coming rain is on the sands, and the clouds hang low upon the blue lines of the trees like the heavy hair above your eyebrows.

I know well the rhythm of your steps, they are beating in my heart.

Come, O come to my lake, if you must fill your pitcher.

If you would be idle and sit listless and let your pitcher float on the water, come, O come to my lake.

The grassy slope is green, and the wild flowers beyond number.

Your thoughts will stray out of your dark eyes like birds from their nests.

Your veil will drop to your feet.
Come, O come to my lake, if you must sit idle.

If you would leave off your play and dive in the water, come, O come to my lake.

Let your blue mantle lie on the shore ; the blue water will cover you and hide you.

The waves will stand a-tiptoe to kiss your neck and whisper in your ears.

Come, O come to my lake, if you would dive in the water.

If you must be mad and leap to your death, come, O come to my lake.

It is cool and fathomlessly deep.
It is dark like a sleep that is dreamless.

There in its depths nights and days are one, and songs are silence.

Come, O come to my lake, if you would plunge to your death.

LAND AND WATER

Through all these the canal, with its gentle current, winds gracefully between its clean, grassy banks, fringed, in its narrower stretches, with clusters of water-lilies with reeds grow-

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ing among them. And yet the mind keeps fretting at the idea that after all it is nothing but an artificial canal.

The murmur of its waters does not reach back to the beginning of time. It knows naught of the mysteries of some distant, inaccessible mountain cave. It has not flowed for ages, graced with an old-world feminine name, giving the villages on its sides the milk of its breast. Even old artificial lakes have acquired a greater dignity.

However when, a hundred years hence, the trees on its banks will have grown statelier; its brand-new milestones been worn down and moss-covered into mellowness; the date 1871, inscribed on its lock-gates, left behind at a respectable distance; then, if I am reborn as my great-grandson and come again to inspect the Cuttack estates along this canal, I may feel differently towards it.

The unsheltered sea heaves and heaves and blanches into foam. It sets me thinking of some tied-up monster straining at its bonds, in front of whose gaping jaws we build our homes on the shore and watch it lashing its tail. What immense strength, with waves swelling like the muscles of a giant !

From the beginning of creation there has been this feud between land and water: the dry earth slowly and silently adding to its domain and spreading a broader and broader lap for its children; the ocean receding step by step, heaving and sobbing and beating its breast in despair. Remember the sea was once sole monarch, utterly free. Land rose from its womb usurped its throne, and ever since the maddened old creature, with hoary crest of foam, wails and laments continually, like King Lear exposed to the fury of the elements.

Land and water are gradually approaching each other like two bashful lovers. The limit of their shyness has nearly been reached—their arms will soon be round each other's necks. I shall enjoy my trip along this brimful river at the height of the rains. I am fidgeting to give the order to cast off.

LANGUAGES

All great languages have undergone and are still undergoing changes. Those languages which resist the spirit of change are doomed and will never produce great harvests of thought and literature. When forms become fixed, the spirit either weakly accepts its imprisonment within them or rebels. All revolutions consist of the fight of the within against invasion by the without.

Languages are jealous. They do not give up their best treasures to those who try to deal with them through an

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intermediary belonging to an alien rival. We have to court them in person and dance attendance on them. Poems are not like market commodities transferable. We cannot receive the smiles and glances of our sweetheart through an attorney, however diligent and dutiful he may be.

A language is not like an umbrella or an overcoat that can be borrowed by unconscious or deliberate mistake; it is like the living skin itself. If the body of a draught-horse enters into the skin of a race-horse, it will be safe to wager that such an anomaly will never win a race, and will fail even to drag a cart.

LAUGHTER

The General came before the silent and angry King and saluting him said: "The village is punished, the men are stricken to dust, and the women cower in their unlit homes afraid to weep aloud."

The High Priest stood up and blessed the King and cried: "God's mercy is ever upon you."

The clown, when he heard this, burst out laughing and startled the Court. The King's frown darkened.

"The honour of the throne," said the Minister, "is upheld by the King's prowess and the blessing of Almighty God."

Louder laughed the Clown, and the King growled,— "Unseemly mirth !"

"God has showered many blessings upon your head," said the Clown; "the one he bestowed on me was the gift of laughter."

"This gift will cost you your life," said the King, gripping his sword with his right hand.

Yet the Clown stood up and laughed till he laughed no more.

A shadow of dread fell upon the Court, for they heard that laughter echoing in the depth of God's silence.

LAW

The protection of law is not only a boon, but it is a valuable lesson to us. It is teaching us the discipline which is necessary for the stability of civilization and for continuity of progress. We are realizing through it that there is a universal standard of justice to which all men, irrespective of their caste and colour, have their equal claim,

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LAZINESS

Let my doing nothing when I have nothing to do become untroubled in its depth of peace like the evening in the sea-shore when the water is silent.

LEADERS

It is no easy task to lead men. But it is easy enough to drive them.

I never give answers. I lead on from one question to another. That is my leadership.

LEISURE

Sweet leisure comes rarely. It is frail, like a flower. Respite from duty is a part of duty.

Leisure in its activity is work.

The stillness of the sea stirs in waves.

LETHARGY

Not to move, that is heroic, because it is defying the whole moving world.

Mosquitoes swarm over the still waters.

In the middle of the night, when it turns suddenly cold, it is too much exertion to reach for an extra blanket.

LETTERS

With the morning he came out to walk a road shaded by a file of deodars that coiled the hill round like importunate love.

He held the first letter from his newly wedded wife in their village home, begging him to come to her, and come soon.

The touch of an absent hand haunted him as he walked, and the air seemed to take up the cry of the letter: "Love, my love, my sky is brimming with tears !"

He asked himself in wonder, "How do I deserve this ?

The sun suddenly appeared over the rim of the blue hills, and four girls from a foreign shore came with swift strides, talking loud and followed by a barking dog.

The two elders turned away to conceal their amusement at something strange in his insignificance, and the younger ones pushed each other, laughed aloud, and ran off in exuberant mirth.

He stopped and his head sank. Then he suddenly felt his letter, opened and read it again.

Youth being exuberant and leisure ample, I felt the writing of letters other than business ones to be a delightful

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necessity. This is a form of literary extravagance only possible when a surplus of thought and emotion accumulates. Other forms of literature remain the author's and are made public for his good ; letters that have been given to private individuals once for all, are characterised by the more generous abandonment.

After all, letters are things that two persons must interchange. In the first letter of a series the writer can hardly give true expression to his sentiments. When our two minds are in full communion then I shall be able to write to you letters that are real letters. Only when the doors on both sides of a room are open can the wind blow through it freely.

A letter is such a mysterious object. Because only the name is written outside, and all the vital matter is inside, a letter has a peculiar power of torturing people.

LIFE

Life is a continual process of synthesis, and not of additions. Our activities of production and enjoyment of wealth attain that spirit of wholeness when they are blended with a creative ideal. Otherwise they have the insane aspect of the eternally unfinished; they become like locomotive engines which have railway lines but no stations; which rush on towards a collision of uncontrolled forces or to a sudden breakdown of the overstrained machinery.

When a thing is not meant to last, the quicker it goes the better.

Let our life be simple in its outer aspect and rich in its inner gain. Let our civilization take its firm stand upon its basis of social co-operation and not upon that of economic exploitation and conflict.

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love.

Around the sunny island of life swells day and night death's limitless song of the sea.

Life is given to us, we earn it by giving it.

Let them live who choose in their own hissing world of fireworks.

My heart longs for thy stars, my God.

When all the strings of my life will be tuned, my Master, then at every touch of thine will come out the music of love.

There are tracts in my life that are bare and silent. They are the open spaces where my busy days had their light and air.

The movement of life has its rest in its own music.

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LIFE AFTER DEATH

There is no 'next' after you are dead and gone from your own world.

LIFE AND DEATH

Dying, you have left behind you the great sadness of the Eternal in my life. You have painted my thought's horizon with the sunset colours of your departure, leaving a track of tears across the earth to love's heaven. Clasped in your dear arms, life and death united in me in a marriage bond.

I think I can see you watching there in the balcony with your lamp lighted, where the end and the beginning of all things meet. My world went hence through the doors that you opened—you holding the cup of death to my lips, filling it with life from your own.

In the beginning of time, there rose from the churning of God's dream two women. One is the dancer at the court of paradise, the desired of men, she who laughs and plucks the minds of the wise from their cold meditations and of fools from their emptiness ; and scatters them like seeds with careless hands in the extravagant winds of March, in the flowering frenzy of May.

The other is the crowned queen of heaven, the mother, throned on the fulness of golden autumn ; she who in the harvest-time brings straying hearts to the smile sweet as tears, the beauty deep as the sea of silence,—brings them to the temple of the Unknown, at the holy confluence of Life and Death.

O life, O death, O God of the infinite existence, I bow my head in silence to the mystery which is in you.

I don't believe that only life is good and not death.

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death, come and whisper to me !

Day after day have I kept watch for thee ; for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope, and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy. One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own.

The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.

Death belongs to life as birth does.

The walk is in the raising of the foot as in the laying of it down.

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This life is the crossing of a sea, where we meet in the same narrow ship.

In death we reach the shore and go to our different worlds.

I shall die again and again to know that life is inexhaustible.

Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.

In death the many becomes one; in life the one becomes many.

Religion will be one when God is dead.

LIFE AND LOVE

Life has become richer by the love that has been lost.

LIFE'S DANCING HALL

I have seen thee play thy music in life's dancing-hall ; in the sudden leaf-burst of spring thy laughter has come to greet me ; and lying among field flowers I have heard in the grass thy whisper.

The child has brought to my house the message of thy hope, and the woman the music of thy love.

Now I am waiting on the seashore to feel thee in death, to find life's refrain back again in the star songs of the night.

LIFE'S VOYAGE

In one salutation to thee, my God, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain-cloud of July hung low with its burden of unshed showers let all my mind bend down at thy door in one salutation to thee.

Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to thee.

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day back to their mountain nests let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to thee.

LIGHT

In the misty light the city looks like a dream, like an enchanted land.

The sunlight gleaming through the forest thickets surprises nobody, but the light that breaks through a cracked wall is quite a different thing.

The petals of the lotus open to the morning light, but not the walls of the palace.

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We grow so accustomed to depend on outward light that when it grows dark we see nothing but darkness.

Where the call has sounded, the light will be given too.

The wall breaks asunder, light, like divine laughter, bursts in.

Victory, O Light !
The heart of the night is pierced !

With your flashing sword cut in twain the tangle of doubt and feeble desires !

Victory !
Come, Implacable !
Come, you who are terrible in your whiteness,

O Light, your drum sounds in the march of fire, and the red torch is held on high ; death dies in a burst of splendour !

The light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

The sun has his simple robe of light. The clouds are decked with gorgeousness.

Thank the flame for its light, but do not forget the lampholder standing in the shade with constancy of patience.

"Who is there to take up my duties?" asked the setting sun.

"I shall do what I can, my Master," said the earthen lamp.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

Darkness travels towards light, but blindness towards death.

LIGHT AND SHADOW

Shadow, with her veil drawn, follows Light in secret meekness, with her silent steps of love.

LIGHT OF REASON

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

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And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

LIMITS

One should keep within the limits of one's own nature.

It's not good for the sword to get too big for its sheath.

LONELINESS

She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the twilight of gleams and of glimpses ; she who never opened her veils in the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song.

Words have wooed yet failed to win her ; persuasion has stretched to her its eager arms in vain.

I have roamed from country to country keeping her in the core of my heart, and around her have risen and fallen the growth and decay of my life.

Over my thoughts and actions, my slumbers and dreams, she reigned yet dwelled alone and apart.

Many a man knocked at my door and asked for her and turned away in despair.

There was none in the world who ever saw her face to face, and she remained in her loneliness waiting for thy recognition.

LONELY LOVER

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love, why dost thou let me wait outside at the door all alone?

In the busy moments of the noontide work I am with the crowd, but on this dark lonely day it is only for thee that I hope.

If thou showest me not thy face, if thou leavest me wholly aside, I know not how I am to pass these long, rainy hours.

I keep gazing on the far-away gloom of the sky, and my heart wanders wailing with the restless wind.

LONGING

This longing is for the one who is felt in the dark, but not seen in the day.

LOSS AND GAIN

There are losses which no security can make good, either in this world or in the next.

Perfect gain is the best of all ; but if that is impossible, then the next best gain is perfect losing.

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The art of acquisition is no easy one, and it's not many people that can practise it. Many try, but few succeed.

Without loss there can be no genuine gain. What we obtain without effort is not true gain ; only what is acquired through sacrifice becomes our own in the true and inner sense. He who sees his tangible possessions glide out of his grasp is unfortunate indeed ; but in truth the human soul, in the very act of losing, retains the power to win back with interest that which is lost.

If when we suffer loss we can bow our heads, clasp our hands, and pronounce the words, "It is a gift—a gift of renunciation, a gift of sorrow, a gift of my tears," then the merest trifle acquires significance, the transient becomes the eternal, and what was a mere instrument of our daily use becomes an appurtenance of our worship, stored up everlastingly in the treasure-house of the temple of our heart.

LOVE

When there was light in my world
You stood outside my eyes.
Now that there is none,
You come into my heart.
When there were dolls for me, I played ;
You smiled and watched from the door.
Now that the dolls have crumbled to dust,
You come and sit by me.

That man is the most miserable of all beggars who has to beg for love.

Is love a falsehood and mercy a mockery, and the one thing true, from beginning of time, the lust for destruction ? Would it not have destroyed itself long ago ?

The greatest changes in a woman's nature are wrought by love ; in a man's, by ambition.

One means by which in a single moment man's whole nature can be awakened is love—no matter what the reason is, there is no doubt that amongst us the manifestation of this love is weak, and therefore all of us are deprived of a complete realisation of ourselves—we don't know what is in us, we cannot reveal what is hidden within, and it is impossible for us to spend what is accumulated in our hearts—that is why there is such joylessness on every side, such want of cheerfulness !

Love, like the green grass, and the trees, and life's music, is only for the surface of the world. It comes and vanishes like a dream. But underneath is duty, like the rude layers of stone, like a huge load that nothing can move.

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I seem to see her, in my mind's eye, riding on a white horse, proudly holding the reins in her left hand, and in her right a bow, and like the Goddess of Victory dispensing glad hope all round her. Like a watchful lioness she protects the litter at her dugs with a fierce love.

Wine of love poured out by divinity.

I love as the rudder in the water might love the sail in the sky, answering its rhythm of wind in the rhythm of waves.

The heart's laws are not the laws of scripture. Eyes cannot see with their own light,—the light must come from the outside.

The world was a huge cage from which the bird of love had flown away, leaving behind it all the decorations of the blood-red rubies of our hearts, and the pearl pendants of our tear-drops.

Art thou so irredeemably false, that not even my love can send the slightest tremor of life through thy nothingness? O fool, for whom have you upturned your cup of life, emptying it to the last drop?—for this unanswering void,—truthless, merciless and motherless?

Love is not for the King.

The forest shadows keep their ancient watch for the love-meeting that remains eternally unfulfilled.

It's a trick of ours to hurt those we love.

Love does not claim possession, but gives freedom.

Love and death are not too careful in their choice of victims. They are impartial.

Love's tenderness proving stronger than its bitterness.

Lord Love, this cursed appearance companions me like a demon robbing me of all the prizes of love—all the kisses for which my heart is athirst.

Why dost thou wither thy fresh youth with penance and mortification? Such a sacrifice is not fit for the worship of love.

Love me truly by not making your love extravagant; for truth can afford to be simple.

The course of their love ran as smoothly as if they dwelt in romantic bowers.

But I warn you, girl, gods are jealous of our love. Listen to my secret. There was a time when I despised the whole world, and only loved. I woke up from my dream, and found that the world was there,—only my love burst as a bubble.

Love's pain sang round my life like the unplumbed sea, and love's joy sang like birds in its flowering groves.

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That love can ever lose is a fact that we cannot accept as truth.

Love is life in its fulness like the cup with its wine.

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

Tonight there is a stir among the palm leaves, a swell in the sea, Full Moon, like the heart-throb of the world. From what unknown sky hast thou carried in thy silence the aching secret of love?

Make me thy cup and let my fulness be for thee and for thine.

He who wants to do good knocks at the gate; he who loves finds the gate open.

Love ! when you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hand, I can see your face and know you as bliss.

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me free.

Lest I forget them they never venture to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love.

And what a world of forlorn longing did I discover in the far-away look of those lustrous black eyes ! Was there then, perchance, still some living volcano within the serene radiance of that moon of mine ? Alas ! that look of limitless yearning, which was winging its way through the clouds like an eager bird, surely sought—not heaven—but the nest of some human heart !

I don't want to hear third parties' opinions on the subject.

She was like a tree, well rooted in the soil, but bereft of any light of the sun, its leaves turning yellow.

Even in love men cannot wholly lose themselves. A portion of themselves they needs must set apart for the exercise of their masculine ego.

If a woman fosters another's child, her love for him is all the stronger because she has no claim upon him—no claim of kinship, that is, but simply the claim of love. Love cannot prove its claim by any document which society accepts, and does not wish to prove it ; it merely worships with double passion its life's uncertain treasure.

Why this vain effort to catch and keep the tints of the clouds, the dance of the waves, the smell of the flowers ?

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Mistress mine, do not hope to pacify love with airy nothings. Give me something to clasp, something that can last longer than pleasure, that can endure even through suffering.

What in common language we call beauty, which is in harmony of lines, colours, sounds, or in grouping of words of thoughts, delights us only because we cannot help admitting a truth in it that is ultimate. "Love is enough", the poet has said ; it carries its own explanation, the joy of which can only be expressed in a form of art which also has that finality. Love gives evidence to something which is outside us but which intensely exists and thus stimulates the sense of our own existence. It radiantly reveals the reality of its objects, though these may lack qualities that are valuable or brilliant.

Love is a vagabond, who can make his flowers bloom in the wayside dust, better than in the crystal jars kept in the drawing-room.

She is near to my heart as the meadow-flower to the earth; she is sweet to me as sleep is to tired limbs. My love for her is my life flowing in its fulness, like a river in autumn flood, running with serene abandonment. My songs are one with my love, like the murmur of a stream that sings with all its waves and currents.

Not for me is the love that knows no restraint, but like the foaming wine that having burst its vessel in a moment would run to waste.

Send me the love which is cool and pure like your rain that blesses the thirsty earth and fills the homely earthen jars.

Send me the love that would soak down into the centre of being, and from there would spread like the unseen sap through the branching tree of life, giving birth to fruits and flowers.

Send me the love that keeps the heart still with the fulness of peace.

I would ask for still more, if I had the sky with all its stars, and the world with its endless riches ; but I would be content with the smallest corner of this earth if only she were mine.

LOVE AND MUSIC

When we two first met my heart rang out in music, "She who is eternally afar is beside you for ever."

That music is silent, because I have grown to believe that my love is only near, and have forgotton that she is also far, far away.

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Music fills the infinite between two souls. This has been muffled by the mist of our daily habits.

On shy summer nights, when the breeze brings a vast murmur out of the silence, I sit up in my bed and mourn the great loss of her who is beside me. I ask myself, "When shall I have another chance to whisper to her words with the rhythm of eternity in them?"

Wake up, my song, from thy languor, rend this screen of the familiar, and fly to my beloved there, in the endless surprise of our first meeting!

LOVE AND PUNISHMENT

God says to man, "I heal you, therefore I hurt, love you, therefore punish."

LOVE AND TEARS

I thought I would write love's words in their own colour; but that lies deep in the heart, and tears are pale.

Would you know them, friend, if the words were colourless?

I thought I would sing love's words to their own tune, hut that sounds only in my heart, and my eyes are silent.

Would you know them, friend, if there were no tune?

LOVE LETTERS

"In the moon thou sendest thy love letters to me," said the night to the sun.

"I leave my answers in tears upon the grass."

I woke and found his letter with the morning.

I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says.

Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart.

When the night grows still and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and stay silent.

The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky,

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot understand what I would learn ; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs.

A handful of dust could hide your signal when I did not know its meaning.

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Now that I am wiser I read it in all that hid it before.

It is painted in petals of flowers ; waves flash it from their foam ; hills hold it high on their summits

I had my face turned from you, therefore I read the letters awry and knew not their meaning.

I found a few old letters of mine carefully hidden in her box—a few small toys for her memory to play with.

With a timorous heart she tried to steal these trifles from time's turbulent stream, and said, "These are mine only !"

Ah, there is no one now to claim them, who can pay their price with loving care, yet here they are still.

Surely there is love in this world to save her from utter loss, even like this love of hers that saved these letters with such fond care.

LOVE PLAY

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me.

You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears.

I know, I know your art,
You never say the word you would.

Lest I should not prize you, you elude me in a thousand ways.

Lest I should confuse you with the crowd, you stand aside.

I know, I know your art,
You never walk the path you would.

Your claim is more than that of others, that is why you are silent.

With playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.
I know, I know your art,
You never will take what you would.

LOVERS

Sweetness of thy name fills my heart when I forget mine—like thy morning sun when the mist is melted.

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter,

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He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.

One word keep for me in thy silence, O World, when I am dead, "I have loved."

This is no mere dallying of love between us, my lover.

Again and again have swooped down upon me the screaming nights of storm, blowing out my lamp : dark doubts have gathered, blotting out all stars from my sky.

Again and again the banks have burst, letting the flood sweep away my harvest, and wailing and despair have rent my sky from end to end.

This have I learnt, that there are blows of pain in your love, never the cold apathy of death.

The mother's day is past. O love, my love, you have made as naught for me the truth and right and heaven itself. All duties have become as shadows : all rules and restraints have snapped their bonds. O love, my love, I could set fire to all the world outside this land on which you have set your dainty feet, and dance in mad revel over the ashes,....These are mild men. These are good men. They would do good to all,—as if this all were a reality ! No, no ! There is no reality in the world save this one real love of mine. I do you reverence. My devotion to you has made me cruel ; my worship of you has lighted the raging flame of destruction within me. I am not righteous. I have no beliefs, I only believe in her whom, above all else in the world, I have been able to realise.

Two hearts beat in unison, immersing themselves in the waves of melody. Nothing now seemed common or unclean and the whole world swam in a rosy mist. It was as though all the passion that had ever throbbed in human hearts were gathered up and showered on these two lovers, and that it now pulsated within them in all its super-abundance of bliss and anguish, longing and distress.

Hero with the picture of his lady-love in his mind can pass unruffled through wind and rain.

We see on the canvas of our mind the picture of a beautiful woman, passing under the shelter of the flowering kadambas in the darkness of a stormy *Shravan* night, towards the bank of the Jumna, forgetful of wind or rain, as in a dream, drawn by her surpassing love. She has tied up her anklets lest they should tinkle ; she is clad in dark blue raiment lest she be discovered ; but she holds no umbrella lest she get wet, carries no lantern lest she fall ?

O my heart ! you woke not when the man of my heart came to my door,

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At the sound of his departing steps you woke up.
Oh, you woke up in the dark !

The general drift was clear—rain-clouds were dripping, peacocks were calling and a lover was pining for his mistress.

Young lovers are like the mountains.

Any near relation of the loved one needs must have a special interest for the lover.

Of the veil with which lovers seek to shroud their ways not a shred remained !

When it came to making love the youthful B.A. could find no help in this books.

The attraction of the sun for the earth is strong, yet leaves immense space between them. Even the hero of a high-class romance does sometimes, when hard pressed, have to mention to his beloved such things as mortgage deeds and promissory notes. But the words stick, and the tune does not seem right, and the shrinking of reluctance makes itself felt.

He has ever kept me close to his heart, as the moon does its dark spots. But, however strong a ship may be, if it harbours a small hole in its bottom, it must sink.

With a glance of your eyes you could plunder all the wealth of songs struck from poets' harps, fair woman !

But for their praises you have no ear, therefore I come to praise you.

You could humble at your feet the proudest heads in the world.

But it is your loved ones. unknown to fame, whom you choose to worship, therefore I worship you.

The perfection of your arms would add glory to kingly splendour with their touch.

But you use them to sweep away the dust, and to make clean your humble home, therefore I am filled with awe.

LOVE SONGS

Speak to me, my love! Tell me in words what you sang.

The night is dark. The stars are lost in clouds. The wind is sighing through the leaves.

I will let loose my hair. My blue cloak will cling round me like night. I will clasp your head to my bosom; and therein the sweet loneliness murmur on your heart. I will shut my eyes and listen. I will not look in your face.

When your words are ended, we will sit still and silent, Only the trees will whisper in the dark.

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The night will pale. The day will dawn. We shall look at each other's eyes and go on our different paths.

Speak to me, my love! Tell me in words what you sang.

Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door, and with them have I felt about me, searching and touching my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths, they brought before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart.

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey ?

LOYALTY

The wifely loyalty, a loyalty rare indeed in these degenerate days !

LULLABY

Ah, who was it coloured that little frock, my child, and covered your sweet limbs with that little red tunic ?

You have come out in the morning to play in the courtyard, tottering and tumbling as you run.

But who was it coloured that little frock, my child ?
What is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud ?
Mother smiles at you standing on the threshold.

She claps her hands and her bracelets jingle, and you dance with your bamboo stick in your hand like a tiny little shepherd.

But what is it makes you laugh, my little life-bud ?

O beggar, what do you beg for, clinging to your mother's neck with both your hands ?

O greedy heart, shall I pluck the world like a fruit from the sky to place it on your little rosy palm ?

O beggar, what are you begging for ?

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

The sun smiles and watches your toilet.

The sky watches over you when you sleep in your mother's arms, and the morning comes tiptoe to your bed and kisses your eyes.

The wind carries away in glee the tinkling of your anklet bells.

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The fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying through the twilight sky.

The world-mother keeps her seat by you in your mother's heart.

He who plays his music to the stars is standing at your window with his flute.

And the fairy mistress of dreams is coming towards you, flying through the twilight sky.

LUST

Just as a bird on the wing is brought to the ground by a chance arrow, so did she bring me down to the dust. I forgot myself.

It is a fearful moment when a man's heart deceives him. Then blind desire becomes his gospel and fancy usurps the dread throne of his gods.

The joy of the terrible is blind,—its term of life is short, and it must gather its plunder in fearful haste, like a mad elephant uprooting the lotus from the pond. Wise counsels will come, in their turn, when the great force is spent.

LUXURY

Luxury would wither at the least touch, and die if handled roughly.

MACHINE

All hail, Machine, we worship thee,
We bow to thee, we honour thee,
Machine, O Lord Machine,
Thy flames and thunders rend the sky,
And all thy rumbling wheels reply
In swift and sonorous majesty ;
We bow to thee, Machine.
In one defiant onrush hurled
The conquering fires sweep the world,
Machine, O Lord Machine,
Thy power melts the stubborn ore,
Shatters the old rock's living core,
Breaks down the stable things of yore.
All hail, all hail, Machine.
A vulture thou, whose talons tear
The bowels of earth, and lay them bare,
Machine, O Lord Machine.
Thou art a cloud, beneath whose lee
Sinister tempests scud and flee
To darken earth and air and sea.
All hail, Machine, Machine,

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Thou grim magician, binding still
The very elements to thy will,
All hail to thee, Machine.
Thou hast the captive world in fee
And we thy servants worship thee,
We bow to thee, we honour thee,
O Lord, O Lord Machine.

What a fearsome thing results when a machine apes a man.

MADNESS OF EYES

"Come to us, youth, tell us truly why there is madness in your eyes?"

"I know not what wine of wild poppy I have drunk, that there is this madness in my eyes."

"Ah, shame!"

"Well, some are wise and some foolish, some are watchful and some careless. There are eyes that smile and eyes that weep—and madness is in my eyes."

"Youth, why do you stand so still under the shadow of the tree?"

"My feet are languid with the burden of my heart, and I stand still in the shadow."

"Ah, shame!"

"Well, some march on their way and some linger, some are free and some are fettered—and my feet are languid with the burden of my heart."

MAGISTRATES

The magistrates, lest by looking at men's faces should see the glory of God, do their work by keeping their eye on the Law books.

MAHABHARATA

Though the Mahabharata may not be history in the modern western definition of the term, it is, nevertheless, a receptacle of the historical records which had left their impress upon the living memory of the people for ages. Had any competent person attempted to sift and sort and analyze this material into an ordered array of facts, we should have lost the changing picture of the Aryan society which they present, a picture in which the lines are vivid or dim, connected or confusedly conflicting, according to the lapses of memory, changes of ideal, and variations of light and shade incident to time's perspective. Self-recording annals of history, as they are imprinted on the living tablet of ages, are bared before our sight in this great work.

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The great epic of the soul of our people—the *Mahabharata*—gives us a wonderful vision of an overflowing life, full of the freedom of inquiry and experiment.

MAHAKALI

Mahakali, the Goddess of the endless stream of time !

MAN

The inner workings of people's, especially men's, minds are not visible.

Men are not to be trusted. I have known only one man in all my life, and in a moment I made this discovery.

Those who could simply and naturally draw their environment into the process of their self-creation belonged to one species of the genus 'man'.

A wonderful thing is man. What great mysterious purpose he is working out only the Terrible One knows.

Are men like women ? Men are born spendthrifts and only know how to waste.

O why has God made man such a mixed creature ? Was it only to show His supernatural sleight of hand ?

Men are heroic only before their wives.

Men are dreadfully vain.

Man after all is a religious being.

Man belongs to the race of kings ; he must perpetually extend his empire of heroic achievements, otherwise he would be less than woman ; for while the natural grace and sweetness of woman, her inborn wealth of love, are sufficient in themselves for the fulfilment of her function in this world, man has to vindicate himself by constant battle and strife. In the old days kings used to march out to new conquests, not out of greed of territory, but to vindicate over again their proud claim to manliness. Far be it from woman to stand in the way of this pride !

Men, the fairest creations of God !

Man is not a mere casual visitor at the palace-gate of the world, but the invited guest whose presence is needed to give the royal banquet its sole meaning,

Wherever man meets man in a living relationship, the meeting finds its natural expression in works of art, the signatures of beauty, in which the mingling of the personal touch leaves its memorial.

On the other hand, a relationship of pure utility humiliates man—it ignores the rights and needs of his deeper nature ; it feels no compunction in maltreating and killing things of beauty that can never be restored.

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Fortunately for man the easiest path is not his truest path. If his nature were not as complex as it is, if it were as simple as that of a pack of hungry wolves, then, by this time, those hordes of marauders would have overrun the whole earth. But man, when confronted with difficulties, has to acknowledge that he is man, that he has his responsibilities to the higher faculties of his nature, by ignoring which he may achieve success that is immediate, perhaps, but that will become a death-trap to him.

Obviously God made man to be human ; but this modern product has such marvellous square-cut finish; savouring of gigantic manufacture, that the Creator will find it difficult to recognize it as a thing of spirit and a creature made in His own divine image.

The real tragedy is, that man does not know himself for what he really is.

I regard these grown-up children with the same kind of affection that I have for little children—but there is also a difference. They are more infantile still. Little children will grow up later on, but these big children never.

A meek and radiantly simple soul shines through their worn and wrinkled old bodies. Little children are merely simple, they have not the unquestioning, unwavering devotion of these. If there be any undercurrent along which the souls of men may have communication with one another, then my sincere blessing will surely reach and serve them.

Man is the rod of God's justice, to him has been entrusted the thunderbolt of the divine wrath, and if at wrong done to himself or another it does not at once break out into fury, then it is a shame. God has so arranged it that man, for the most trifling reason, will burst forth in anger like a forest fire, and woman will burst into tears like a rain-cloud for no reason at all. But the cycle seems to have changed, and this appears no longer to hold good.

Man's history is waiting in patience for the triumph of the insulted man.

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

The world loved man when he smiled. The world became afraid of him when he laughed.

Man barricades against himself.

Men are cruel, but Man is kind.

MAN AND MACHINE

Upon the loss of this sense of a universal personality, which is religion, the reign of the machine and of method has

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been firmly established, and man, humanly speaking, has been made a homeless tramp. As nomads, ravenous and restless, the men from the West have come to us. They have exploited our Eastern humanity for sheer gain of power. This modern meeting of men has not yet received the blessing of God. For it has kept us apart, though railway lines are laid far and wide, and ships are plying from shore to shore to bring us together.

Habituated to deal with the world as a machine, man is multiplying his materials, banishing away his happiness and sacrificing love to comfort, which is an illusion.

Success is the object and justification of a machine while goodness only is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal man is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machine, with no twinge of pity or moral responsibility. It may happen that even through this apparatus the moral nature of man tried to assert itself, but the whole series of ropes and pulleys creak and cry, the forces of the human heart become entangled among the forces of the human automaton, and only with difficulty can the moral purpose transmit itself some tortured shape of result.

MAN AND NATURE

This world of man's own manufacture, with its discordant shrieks and swagger, impresses on him the scheme of a universe which has no touch of the person and therefore no ultimate significance. All the great civilizations that have become extinct must have come to their end through such wrong expression of humanity ; through parasitism on a gigantic scale bred by wealth, by man's clinging reliance on material resources ; through a scoffing spirit of denial, of negation, robbing us of our means of sustenance in the path of truth.

It is for the artist to remind the world that with the truth of our expression we grow in truth. When the man-made world is less an expression of man's creative soul than a mechanical device for some purpose of power, then it hardens itself, acquiring proficiency at the cost of the subtle suggestiveness of living growth. In his creative activities man makes Nature instinct with his own life and love. But with his utilitarian energies he fights Nature, banishes her from his world, deforms and defiles her with the ugliness of his ambitions.

We are men, we are kings, we must have our tribute. Ever since we have come upon the Earth we have been plundering her ; and the more we claimed, the more she submitted. From primaeval days have we men been plucking fruits, cutting

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down trees, digging up the soil, killing beast, bird and fish. From the bottom of the sea, from underneath the ground, from the very jaws of death, it has all been grabbing and grabbing and grabbing,—no strong-box in Nature's store-room has been respected or left unrifled.

MAN AND WOMAN

I only wish I could be born again at this time, and with my father as go-between, could arrange for my own marriage—you may be sure I would see that I got the fullest benefit of being born a man. This is what is called manliness ! To ruin completely a girl's father ! Is that a small matter ?

The attraction of man and woman for each other is fundamental. The whole world of matter, from the speck of dust upwards, is ranged on its side. And yet men would keep it hidden away out of sight, behind a tissue of words ; and with home-made sanctions and prohibitions make of it a domestic utensil. Why, it's as absurd as melting down the solar system to make a watch-chain for one's son-in-law.

Why wasn't I born a man ? Shame on these bracelets—if only I wore a sword instead !

To quarrel with a father for the sake of a wife was possible only in these degenerate days. And the reason they gave was sound too. "When your wife dies," they said, "you can find a second one without delay. But when your father dies, you can't get another to replace him for love or money."

Men belaud you as delicate and fragile, so as to delude you into thinking yourselves weak. But it is you women who are strong. Men make a great outward show of their so-called freedom, but those who know their inner minds are aware of their bondage. They have manufactured scriptures with their own hands to bind themselves ; with their very idealism they have made golden fetters of women to wind round their body and mind. If men had not that extraordinary faculty of entangling themselves in meshes of their own contriving, nothing could have kept them bound. But as for you women, you have desired to conceive reality with body and soul. You have given birth to reality. You have suckled reality at your breasts.

Women realise the danger. They know that men love delusions, so they give them full measure by borrowing their own phrases. They know that man, the drunkard, values intoxication more than food, and so they try to pass themselves off as an intoxicant. As a matter of fact, but for the sake of man, woman has no need for any make-believe.

The further we banish woman from us, and the smaller the place we give to her in our lives, the weaker does our manhood become.

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When woman refuses to acknowledge the distinction between her life and that of man, she does not convince us of its truth, but only proves to us that she is suffering. All great sufferings indicate some wrong somewhere. In the present case, the wrong is in woman's lack of freedom in her relationship with man, which compels her to turn her disabilities into attractions, and to use untruths as her allies in the battle of life, while she is suffering from the precariousness of her position.

From the beginning of our society, women have naturally accepted the training which imparts to their life and to their home a spirit of harmony. It is their instinct to perform their services in such a manner that these, through beauty, might be raised from the domain of slavery to the realm of grace. Women have tried to prove that in the building up of social life they are artists and not artisans. But all expressions of beauty lose their truth when compelled to accept the patronage of the gross and the indifferent. Therefore when necessity drives women to fashion their lives to the taste of the insensitive or the sensual, then the whole thing becomes a tragedy of desecration. Society is full of such tragedies. Many of the laws and social regulations guiding the relationships of man and woman are relics of a barbaric age, when the brutal pride of an exclusive possession had its dominance in human relations, such as those of parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, teachers and disciples. The vulgarity of it still persists in the social bond between the sexes because of the economic helplessness of woman. Nothing makes us so stupidly mean as the sense of superiority which the power of the purse confers upon us.

The powers of muscle and of money have opportunities of immediate satisfaction, but the power of the ideal must have infinite patience. The man who sells his goods, or fulfils his contract, is cheated if he fails to realise payment, but he who gives form to some ideal may never get his due and be fully paid. What I have felt in the women of India is the consciousness of this ideal—their simple faith in the sanctity of devotion lighted by love which is held to be divine. True womanliness is regarded in our country as the saintliness of love. It is not merely praised there, but literally worshiped ; and she who is gifted with it is called *Devi,* as one revealing in herself Woman, the Divine.

Likewise, by sheer force of our claims, we men have opened up all the latent possibilities of women. In the process of surrendering themselves to us, they have ever gained their true greatness. Because they had to bring all the diamonds of their happiness and the pearls of their sorrow into our royal treasury,

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they have found their true wealth. So for men to accept is truly to give : for women to give is truly to gain.

If we men do not complain of your burdens, it is because women pay us so handsomely for what they make us carry.

Women knows man well enough where he is weak, but she is quite unable to fathom him where he is strong. The fact is that man is as much a mystery to woman as woman is to man. If that were not so, the separation of the sexes would only have been a waste of Nature's energy.

Masculine intellect is like a sword and that even without a keen edge, its weight makes it a formidable weapon, while woman's wit is like a penknife—sharpen it as you will it is capable of no serious task, and so on.

Man is a rough-hewn and woman a finished product.

There is an unbroken consistency in the manners, customs, speech, and adornment of woman. And the reason is, that for ages Nature has assigned to her the same definite role and has been adapting her to it. No cataclysm, no political revolution, no alteration of social ideal, has yet diverted woman from her particular functions, nor destroyed their inter-relations. She has loved, tended, and caressed, and done nothing else ; and the exquisite skill which she has acquired in these, permeates all her being and doing. Her disposition and action have become inseparably one, like the flower and its scent. She has, therefore, no doubts or hesitations.

But the character of man has still many hollows and protuberances ; each of the varied circumstances and forces which have contributed to his making has left its mark upon him. That is why the features of one will display an indefinite spread of forehead, of another an irresponsible prominence of nose, of a third an unaccountable hardness about the jaws. Had man but the benefit of continuity and uniformity of purpose, Nature must have succeeded in elaborating and finite mould for him, enabling him to function simply and naturally, without such strenuous effort. He would not have so complicated a code of behaviour ; and he would be less liable to deviate from the normal when disturbed by outside influences.

Woman was cast in the mould of mother. Man has no such primal design to go by, and that is why he has been unable to rise to an equal perfection of beauty.

Creative expressions attain their perfect form through emotions modulated. Woman has that expression natural to her—a cadence of restraint in her behaviour, producing poetry of life. She has been an inspiration to man, guiding, most often unconsciously, his restless energy into an immense variety

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of creations in literature, art, music and religion. This is why, in India, woman has been described as the symbol of Shakti, the creative power.

But if woman begins to believe that, though biologically her function is different from that of man, psychologically she is identical with him ; if the human world in its mentality becomes exclusively male, then before long it will be reduced to utter inanity. For life finds its truth and beauty, not in any exaggeration of sameness, but in harmony.

If woman's nature were identical with man's, if Eve were a mere tautology of Adam, it would only give rise to a monotonous superfluity. But that she was not so was proved by the banishment she secured from a ready-made Paradise. She had the instinctive wisdom to realise that it was her mission to help her mate in creating a Paradise of their own on earth, whose ideal she was to supply with her life, whose materials were to be produced and gathered by her comrade.

Love in all forms has its obligations, and the love that binds women to their children binds them to their homes. But necessity is a tyrant, making us submit to injury and indignity, allowing advantage over us to those who are wholly or comparatively free from its burden. Such has been the case in the social relationship between man and woman. Along with the difference inherent in their respective natures, there have grown up between them inequalities fostered by circumstances. Man is not handicapped by the same biological and psychological responsibilities as woman, and therefore he has the liberty to give her the security of home. This liberty exacts payment when it offers its boon, because to give or to withhold the gift is within its power. It is the unequal freedom in their mutual relationships which has made the weight of life's tragedies so painfully heavy for woman to bear.

In those ages when men acknowledged spiritual perfection to be their object, women were denounced as the chief obstacle in their way. The constant and conscious exercise of allurements, which gave women their power, attacked the weak spots in man's nature, and by doing so added to its weakness. For all relationships tainted with repression of freedom must become sources of degeneracy to the strong who impose such repression.

India can never be fully revealed only by looking at her men. Her manifestation will only be complete when she has revealed herself to our women.

Our sense of reality about the true relations of man and woman is bemisted by passion.

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Can man ever give as woman can ? They are goddesses! We men can at best give of our power. But women give themselves out of their own life they give birth, out of their own life they give sustenance. Such gifts are the only true gifts.

When at certain auspicious moments we find refuge in love between man and woman, an unspeakable and rare experience illumines our lives.

Ah pride, pride ! The trouble was, not that the necessary thing had failed of accomplishment, but that the entreaty, which had cost her such a struggle to make, should have been refused. What a wealth of colour and movement, suggestion and deception, group themselves round this 'me' and 'mine' in woman. That is just where her beauty lies,—she is ever so much more personal than man. When man was being made, the Creator was school-master, His bag full of commandments and principles ; but when He came to woman, He resigned His headmastership and turned artist, with only His brush and paint-box.

If it is our passion which besmirches our idea of the right relationship of man and woman, is the foreigner alone to blame ? Is it not the same passion which leads our moralists to exaggerated vehemence when they preach that woman is an evil to be shunned ? These are merely two opposite aspects of the same attitude of mind in two different types. If you abuse the one, it will not do to excuse the other.

As time has its two aspects—day and night, so society has its two sections—man and woman. In a natural condition of society, woman remains unseen, like night – all her work is done unobtrusively, behind the scenes. Where society has become unnatural, there night usurps the province of day, and both work and frivolity are carried on by artificial light. And what is the result ? Night's secret functioning ceases, fatigue increases progressively, recuperation becomes impossible, and man carries on only by recourse to intoxication. Similarly if we try to drag our women out into the field of outside duty, then their characteristic quiet work will be interfered with, the peace and happiness of society will be destroyed, and frenzy will prevail in their stead. At first sight such frenzy may be mistaken for power, but it is a power which makes for ruin. Of the two aspects of society, man is patent, but not, therefore necessarily, more patent. If you try to bring the latent force of woman to the surface, then society will be made to live on its capital and soon descend towards bankruptcy. I say that, if we men attend the place of feasting and women keep guard over the stores, then only will the festivity be a success, even though the women remain invisible. Only intoxication can want

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all powers to be spent in one direction, in the same place, and in an identical manner.

Man can only think. You women have a way of understanding without thinking. Woman was created out of God's own fancy. Man, He had to hammer into shape.

I have found that my way always wins over the hearts of women, who are creatures of this world of reality and do not roam about in cloud-land, as men do, in idea-filled balloons.

Man has so fanned the flame of the loves of men and women, as to make it overpass its rightful domain, and now, even in the name of humanity itself, he cannot bring it back under control. Man's worship has idolised his passion, But there must be no more human sacrifices at its shrine.

Men, as a race, have a natural partiality for womankind in general, for which women themselves hold them accountable.

We women shall never understand men. When they are bent on making a road for some achievement, they think nothing of breaking the heart of the world into pieces to pave it for the progress of their chariot. When they are mad with the intoxication of creating, they rejoice in destroying the creation of the Creator. This heart-breaking shame of mine will not attract even a glance from their eyes. They have no feeling for life itself,—all their eagerness is for their object. What am I to them but a meadow flower in the path of a torrent in flood ?

Would not it be better for men and women to have a complete division of duties ? If you allow men into the house. their duty to the world outside may likewise suffer !

If a man needs must have some intoxicant let it not be a woman.

MANHOOD

Nothing can hurt your real manhood, for that is a flame of fire. The animal, that is the flesh, feels the blow, and whines.

Men grow infatuated sometimes and forget their manhood. But if women allow them to forget it, women must bear the brunt, and for them it spells disaster. Great creepers need great trees for their support. If all the trees were to shrink into shrubs, what would become of the creepers ?

MANNERS

How much easier it is to acquire the manner than the matter,

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MAN'S SPIRIT

This great world, where it is a creation, an expression of the infinite—where its morning sings of joy to the newly awakened life, and its evening stars sing to the traveller, weary and worn, of the triumph of life in a new birth across death,—has its call for us. The call has ever roused the creator in man, and urged him to reveal the truth, to reveal the Infinite in himself. It is ever claiming from us, in our own creations, co-operation with God, reminding us of our divine nature, which finds itself in freedom of spirit. Our society exists to remind us, through its various voices, that the ultimate truth in man is not in his intellect or his possessions ; it is in his illumination of mind, in his extension of sympathy across all barriers of caste and colour ; in his recognition of the world, not merely as a storehouse of power, but as a habitation of man's spirit, with its eternal music of beauty and its inner light of the divine presence.

MARRIAGE

Everything should be ascertained about the man a daughter is to be entrusted to for life. No caution can be dispensed with, even if he be an angel from Heaven.

The bonds He binds are tight, and not easily loosened.

Your having remained so long unmarried is enough to outcast you from the Hindu society.

In these days all this business cannot be managed without seeing.

Marriage is not merely a personal affair, but is a social matter.

Marriage was not a mere personal affair but involved the whole family, and therefore in its making not only desire but experience also should count.

For a scientist marriage was a kind of self-abnegation, almost amounting to suicide.

It also seemed to me very unfair that, when my family had given me in marriage, they should interfere afterwards. After all, my pleasure and pain are my husband's concern, not theirs.

One man alone is not a whole, but a half. He is only made whole by union with another.

Where true union exists, there is no need to be outwardly united. The cloud in the sky and the water in the sea are one ; their outward separation only perfects their unity.

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Marriage is a matter of hearts coming together—if that happens, what matters it what *mantras* are recited ? It's quite enough if the ceremony be performed in God's name.

This was not ordinary union of souls, it was a fulfilment of one's life, a relationship in which everything attained a greater value, which gave body to one's fancy, and filled the body with new life. It was not merely that it redoubled the power of body and mind, it gave a new savour to life.

My present wife is not my true consort, for she does not share my faith ; it would be positively wrong to abstain from marrying a woman who, in conduct and religion, in heart and mind, will be one with me.

MATERIALS

Materials as materials are savage ; they are solitary ; they are ready to hurt one another. They are like our individual impulses seeking the unlimited freedom of wilfulness. Left to themselves they are destructive. But directly an ideal of unity raises its banner in their centre, it brings these rebellious forces under its way and creation is revealed—the creation which is peace, which is the unity of perfect relationship.

MEDICINE

Don't people die even after swallowing all kinds of drugs ? If costly medicines could save life, how is it that kings and emperors are not immortal ?

MEEKNESS

You think that meekness is a kind of capital which increases your wealth the more you use it. It is my conviction that those who lack pride only float about like the water reeds which have no roots in the soil.

MEETING

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set ; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened ; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice ; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.

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The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor ; but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house.

I live in the hope of meeting with him ; but this meeting is not yet.

The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth. It is time that I go to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passer-by, the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not if I shall come back home, I know not whom I shall chance to meet. There at the fording is the little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute.

MELODIES

I know that this life, missing its ripeness in love, is not altogether lost.

I know that the flowers that fade in the dawn, the streams that strayed in the desert, are not altogether lost.

I know that whatever lags behind in this life laden with slowness is not altogether lost.

I know that my dreams that are still unfulfilled, and my melodies still unstruck, are clinging to some lute-strings of thine, and they are not altogether lost.

MELODIES IN FLOWER

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

MEMORY

I know not who paints the pictures on memory's canvas ; but whoever he may be, what he is painting are pictures ; by which I mean that he is not there with his brush simply to make a faithful copy of all that is happening. He takes in and leaves out accordings to his taste. He makes many a big thing small and small things big. He has no compunction in putting into

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the background that which was to the fore, or bringing to the front that which was behind. In short he is painting pictures, and not writing history.

Thus, over Life's outward aspect passes the series of events, and within is being painted a set of pictures. The two correspond but are not one.

We do not get the leisure to view thoroughly this studio within us. Portions of it now and then catch our eye, but the greater part remains out of sight in the darkness. Why the everbusy painter is painting ; when he will have done ; for what gallery his pictures are destined—who can tell ?

The touch of the nameless days clings to my heart like mosses round the old tree.

Our names are the light that glows on the sea waves at night and then dies without leaving its signature.

MERCY

Everything is possible to Thy mercy.

God pours out his water freely for all, for every thirsty soul on earth.

MERIT

The true value of love is this, that it can ever bless the unworthy with its own prodigality. For the worthy there are many rewards on God's earth, but God has specially reserved love for the unworthy.

Those who can desire with all their soul and enjoy with all their heart, those who have no hesitation or scruple, it is they who are the anointed of Providence. Nature spreads out her richest and loveliest treasures for their benefit. They swim across streams, leap over walls, kick open doors, to help themselves to whatever is worth taking. In such a getting one can rejoice ; such wresting as this gives value to the thing taken.

Those who are really worthy are received with the highest regard.

Do not insult your friend by lending him merits from your own pocket.

MESSAGE THROUGH FLOWERS

Day after day he comes and goes away.
Go, and give him a flower from my hair, my friend.

If he asks who was it that sent it, I entreat you do not tell him my name—for he only comes and goes away.

He sits on the dust under the tree.
Spread there a seat with flowers and leaves, my friend.
His eyes are sad, and they bring sadness to my heart.

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He does not speak what he has in mind; he only comes and goes away.

MILKMAID

I asked nothing, only stood at the edge of the wood behind the tree.

Languor was still upon the eyes of the dawn, and the dew in the air.

The lazy smell of the damp grass hung in the thin mist above the earth.

Under the banyan tree you were milking the cow with your hands, tender and fresh as butter.

And I was standing still.

I did not say a word. It was the bird that sang unseen from the thicket.

The mango tree was shedding its flowers upon the village road, and the bees came humming one by one.

On the side of the pond the gate of Shiva's temple was opened and the worshipper had begun his chants.

With the vessel on your lap you were milking the cow.
I stood with my empty can.
I did not come near you.
The sky woke with the sound of the gong at the temple.

The dust was raised in the road from the hoofs of the driven cattle.

With the gurgling pitchers at their hips, women came from the river.

Your bracelets were jingling, and foam brimming over the jar.

The morning wore on and I did not come near you.

MILTON

In Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the very subject—Man dwelling in the garden of Paradise—seems to afford a special opportunity for bringing out the true greatness of man's relationship with Nature. But though the poet has described to us the beauties of the garden, though he has shown to us the animals living there in amity and peace among themselves, there is no reality of kinship between them and man. They were created for man's enjoyment ; man was their lord and master.

MIND

Only he is pure who has washed away the world from his mind,

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The mind has its moods, sometimes sociable, sometimes downcast, it cannot always be the same. It is wrong to tax people about it.

If there be a god, I must acknowledge with gratitude to him that he has given me a clear-seeing mind, which allows nothing inside or outside it to remain vague.

Is it not the habit of man's mind to be in purposeless conflict with itself ?

For the mind which has lost its vigour, all external habits become tyrannical.

The tendency of mind is economical, it loves to form habits and move in grooves which save it the trouble of thinking anew at each of its steps. Ideals once formed make the mind lazy.

Our minds are not clods of earth which you can possess by merely picking up.

Fortunately for us, our mind knows not its own secret.

The mind, sharp but not broad, sticks at every point but does not move.

A mind all logic is like a knife all blade.
It makes the hand bleed that uses it.

MINERVA

The Goddess of Learning, who presides over universities, had always showered petals on him from her golden lotus and had rained on him medals, and scholarships to boot.

MISERY

I shall never bring myself to believe that misery is eternal.

MISFIT

A blasted tree is out of place in a greenwood,

MISFORTUNE

Cowards ! You either flee to avoid the blow, or fight to ward it off ; it is all one. Whichever you do, you merely follow the flock—you do not see the Shepherd.

Clouds are for moments only, and the sun is for all days.

The clouds will pass by, God's thunder will return to his armoury, and the sun of all days will shine upon the traditions of all time.

In evil times the strongest bonds give way. Brothers strike brothers and friends turn against friends.

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Some crashes like the crash of lightning, are difficult to predict. They strike without a moment's warning.

MIST

The mist, like love, plays upon the heart of the hills and brings out surprises of beauty.

The mist is like the earth's desire.
It hides the sun for whom she cries.

MISTAKES

Mistakes are but the preludes to their own destruction.

Human society is a web of mistakes ; nobody has the sense to do the right thing at the right time, and when the chance is gone we break our hearts over vain longings.

MISTRESS

The mother protects, the mistress leads to destruction,—but sweet is that destruction.

MISUNDERSTANDING

I must free myself from all fear of being misunderstood.

MODERN AGE

Our old-fashioned methods won't do now.

The newer people, of this modern age, are more eager to amass than to realize. They are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.

Modernism is not in the dress of the Europeans ; or in the hideous structures, where their children are interned when they take their lessons ; or in the square houses with flat, straight wall-surfaces, pierced with parallel lines of windows, where these people are caged in their lifetine ; certainly modernism is not in their ladies' bonnets, carrying on them loads of incongruities. These are not modern, but merely European. True modernism is freedom of mind, not slavery of taste. It is independence of thought and action, not tutelage under European schoolmasters. It is science, but not its wrong application in life,—a mere imitation of our science teachers who reduce it into a superstition, absurdly invoking its aid for all impossible purposes.

MODERN CIVILIZATION

In the modern civilisation, for which an enormous number of men are used as materials, and human relationship have in a large measure become utilitarian, man is imperfectly revealed. For man's revelation does not lie in the fact that he is a power, but that he is a spirit. The prevalence of the theory which realises the power of the machine in the universe, and

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organises men into machines, is like the eruption of Etna, tremendous in its force, in its outburst of fire and fume : but its creeping lava covers up human shelters made by the ages, and its ashes smother life.

MODERN EDUCATION

Our modern education is producing a habit of mind which is ever weakening in us the spiritual apprehension of truth,—the truth of a person as the ultimate reality of existence. Science has its proper sphere in analysing this world as a construction, just as grammar has its legitimate office in analysing the syntax of a poem. But the world, as a creation, is not a mere construction ; it too is more than a syntax. It is a poem, which we are apt to forget when grammar takes exclusive hold of our minds.

Once upon a time we were in possession of such a thing as our own mind in India. It was living. It thought, it felt, it expressed itself. It was receptive as well as productive. That this mind could be of any use in the process, or in the end, of our education was overlooked by our modern educational dispensation. We are provided with buildings and books and other magnificent burdens calculated to suppress our mind. The latter was treated like a library-shelf solidly made of wood, to be loaded with leather-bound volumes of second-hand information. In consequence, it has lost its own colour and character, and has borrowed polish from the carpenter's shop. All this has cost us money, and also our finer ideas, while our intellectual vacancy has been crammed with what is described in official reports as Education. In fact, we have bought our spectacles as the expense of our eyesight.

MODERN YOUTH

They are like the young-horned deer trying their new horns on the flower-beds.

The youth of these middle-aged people is a youth of detachment. They have just crossed the waters of pleasure, and are in sight of the land of pure gladness. They don't want to eat fruit, but to produce it.

These up-to-date young men don't go by the old standards.

MONKS

Their spells can make a changeling of the very soul itself.

They draw men by the strength of their virtue.

MOOD OF MIND

Have you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.

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Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes, comes, ever comes."

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

MOON

Sweetly smiling, unperturbed and unobtrusive !

He only looks so innocent from the outside.

Is yonder moon, lying asleep among soft fleecy clouds, the true emblem of everlasting reality ? The naked day will come tomorrow, and the hungry crowd begin again to draw the sea of existence with their thousand nets. And then this moonlight night will hardly be remembered but as a thin film of unreality made of sleep and shadows and delusions. The magic web, woven of the elusive charms of a woman, is like that,—and can it take the place of highest truth ? Can any creed, born of your fancy, satisfy the gaping thirst of the midday, when it is wide awake in its burning heat ?

The crescent moon looked pale in the morning light like a weary sleepless patient at dawn.

The moonlight flooded the landscape with a glorious effulgence, and the overarching sky seemed illimitably vast.

The attraction of the same moon causes both ebb and flow.

Tonight the moon is at its full, and its large, round face peers at me through the open window on my left, as if trying to make out whether I have anything to say against it in my letter,—it suspects, may be, that we mortals concern ourselves more with its stains than its beams.

Moon ! the favourite companion of my exile.

While the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin, the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a bland smile, calls her,—"My dear, dear sister."

The moon has her light all over the sky, her dark spots to herself.

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MOON AND EARTH

Viewed from the standpoint of intervening space, the distance between the earth and the moon may loom large, and tend to obscure the fact of their relationship. There are many double stars in the firmament of history, whose distance from each other does not affect the truth of their brotherhood.

MORALITY

Moral law is the law of humanity, and the exclusive civilization which thrives upon others who are barred from its benefit carries its own death-sentence in its moral limitations.

I do not put my faith in any new institution, but in the individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth. Our moral ideals do not work with chisels and hammers. Like trees, they spread their roots in the soil and their branches in the sky, without consulting any architect for their plans.

Each individual has his self-love. Therefore his brute instinct leads him to fight with others in the sole pursuit of his self-interest. But man has also his higher instincts of sympathy and mutual help. The people who are lacking in this higher moral power and who therefore cannot combine in fellowship with one another must perish or live in a state of degradation. Only those people have survived and achieved civilization who have this spirit of co-operation strong in them.

I havc no hesitation in saying that those who are gifted with the moral power of love and vision of spiritual unity, who have the least feeling of enmity against aliens, and the sympathetic insight to place themselves in the position of others, will be the fittest to take their permanent place in the age that is lying before us, and those who are constantly developing their instinct of fight and intolerance of aliens will be eliminated.

MORAL LAWS

Can a civilization ignore the law of moral health and go on in its endless process of inflation by gorging upon material things ? Man in his social ideals naturally tries to regulate his appetites, subordinating them to the higher purpose of his nature, But in the economic world our appetites follow no other restrictions but those of supply and demand which can be artificially fostered, affording individuals opportunities for indulgence in an endless feast of grossness.

Those who can see know that men are so closely knit that when you strike others the blow comes back to yourself,

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The moral law, which is the greatest discovery of man, is the discovery of this wonderful truth, that man becomes all the truer the more he realizes himself in others. This truth has not only a subjective value, but is manifested in every department of our life. And nations who sedulously cultivate moral blindness as the cult of patriotism will end their existence in a sudden and violent death.

MORNING

It is not yet five o'clock, but the light has dawned, there is a delightful breeze, and all the birds in the garden are awake and have started singing. The *koel* seems beside itself. It is difficult to understand why it should keep on cooing so untiringly. Certainly not to entertain us, nor to distract the pining lover—it must have some personal purpose of its own. But, sadly enough, that purpose never seems to get fulfilled Yet it is not down-hearted, and its Coo-oo ! Coo-oo ! keeps going, with now and then an ultra-fervent trill. What can it mean.

The storm of the last night has crowned this morning with golden peace.

"Are you too proud to kiss me ?" the morning light asks the buttercup.

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

The cloud stood humbly in a corner of the sky.

The morning crowned it with splendour.

Do not say, "It is morning," and dismiss it with a name of yesterday. See it for the first time as a new-born child that has no name.

The world has opened its heart of light in the morning.
Come out, my heart, with thy love to meet it.

MORNING SKY

Be ready to launch forth, my heart ! and let those linger who must,

For your name has been called in the morning sky. Wait for none !

The desire of the bud is for the night and dew, but the blown flower cries for the freedom of light.

Burst your sheath, my heart, and come forth !

MOTHER

You took my hand and drew me to your side, made me sit on the high seat before all men, till I became timid, unable to stir and walk my own way ; doubting and debating at every step lest I should tread upon any thorn of their disfavour.

I am freed at last !

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The blow has come, the drum of insult sounded, my seat is laid low in the dust.

My paths are open before me.
My wings are full of the desire of the sky.

I go to join the shooting stars of midnight, to plunge into the profound shadow.

I am like the storm-driven cloud of summer that, having cast off its crown of gold, hangs as a sword the thunderbolt upon a chain of lightning.

In desperate joy I run upon the dusty path of the despised; I draw near to your final welcome.

The child finds its mother when it leaves her womb.

When I am parted from you, thrown out from your household, I am free to see your face.

Mother is mother all the world over.

Mother, I sometimes wish that I could give back to God all my book learning and take refuge in this lap of yours as a child once more—with only you in the whole world, you and no one else but you.

The mother is there, alone though she be, to condemn and stand against this devil's progress. The mother cares not for mere success, however great,—she wants to give life, to save life. My very soul, today, stretches out its hands in yearning to save this child.

The doors to the mother's chamber in my woman's heart once opened, I thought it would always remain open. But this pathway to the supreme good was closed when the mistress took the place of the mother and locked it again.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

To a mother a daughter is a more closely intimate part of herself than a son can be ; and a fault in her is a source of personal shame.

MOTHERLAND

The mother, seated in the lotus heart of the Country, is wailing her heart out ; for they have brokon open her store-room, there to hold their drunken revelry. Her vintage of the draught for the immortals they would pour out on the dust ; her time-honoured vessels they would smash to pieces. True, I feel with her ; but, at the same time, I cannot help being infected with their excitement.

It is woman who ought to be called the motherland—she it is who is seated on the hundred-petalled lotus, in the innermost abode of India's heart—we are her servitors. The misfortunes of the county are insults to her, and it is because

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we are indifferent to those insults that in these days we have cause to be ashamed of our manhood.

MOTHER TONGUE

There is the dancing ring of seasons ; the elusive play of lights and shadows, of wind and water ; the many-coloured wings of erratic life flitting between birth and death. The importance of these does not lie in their existence as mere facts, but in their language of harmony, the mother tongue of our own soul, through which they are communicated to us.

MOUNTAINS

With pitiless rock the Creator fashioned His mountains, not with mud.

Is not this mountain like a flower, with its petals of hills, drinking the sunlight ?

MUSIC

As in our country the wife rules her husband through acknowledging her dependence, so our music, though professedly in attendance only, ends by dominating the song.

And I have only my heart for my music, when my lute-strings have broken.

When music comes into one's life, the lack of a good voice is no matter. When we sing merely on the strength of our tunefulness, the song is belittled.

No doubt it is wonderful that music contains a fact which has been analysed and measured, and which music shares in common with the braying of an ass or of a motor-car horn. But it is still more wonderful that music has a truth, which cannot be analysed into fractions ; and there the difference between it and the bellowing impertinence of a motor-car horn is infinite.

The music comes from across the dark river and calls me.
I was in the house and happy.
But the flute sounded in the still air of night,
And a pain pierced my heart.
Oh, tell me the way who know it,—
Tell me the way to him.
I will go to him with my one little flower,
And leave it at his feet,
And tell him that his music is one with my love.

I shall crown you with my garland,
before I take leave.
You ever spoke to me in all my joys and sorrows.
And now, at the end of the day, my own heart will
break in speech.

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Words came to me, but not the tune,
and the song that I never sang to you
remains hidden behind my tears.

There is another kind of music that only the soul can hear.

Music, though it comprehends a limited number of notes, yet represents the infinite. It is for man to produce the music of the spirit with all the notes which he has in his psychology and which, through inattention or perversity, can easily be translated into a frightful noise. In music man is revealed, and not in a noise.

Nothing save the music of your flute can make whole that which has been broken, and pure that which has been sullied. Create my home anew with music.

If you make holes in a bamboo tube, it will no longer hold either oil or water, in fact its power of receptivity is lost ; but if you blow through it, then, without any expenditure, it may produce music.

Our only background is the mind. On that we shall summon up a picture with the magic wand of music.

Our hearts will break if we do not sing.

Let your music, like a sword, pierce the noise of the market to its heart.

The noise of the moment scoffs at the music of the Eternal.

MUSIC OF BANGLES

I was walking by the road, I do not know why, when the noonday was past and bamboo branches rustled in the wind.

The prone shadows with their outstretched arms clung to the feet of the hurrying light.

The *koels* were weary of their songs.
I was walking by the road, I do not know why.

The hut by the side of the water is shaded by an overhanging tree.

Some one was busy with her work, and her bangles made music in the corner.

I stood before this hut, I know not why.

The narrow winding road crosses many a mustard field, and many a mango forest.

It passes by the temple of the village and the market at the river landing-place,

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I stopped by this hut, I do not know why.

Years ago it was a day of breezy March when the murmur of the spring was languorous, and mango blossoms were dropping on the dust.

The rippling water leapt and licked the brass vessel that stood on the landing-step.

I think of that day of breezy March, I do not know why.

Shadows are deepening and cattle returning to their folds.

The light is grey upon the lonely meadows, and the villagers are waiting for the ferry at the bank.

I slowly return upon my steps, I do not know why.

MUSLIM CULTURE

During the Moghal period, music and art in India found a great impetus from the rulers, because their whole life—not merely their official life—was lived in this land ; and it is the wholeness of life from which originates Art.

The Mohammedan has repeatedly come into India from outside, laden with his own stores of knowledge and feeling and his wonderful religious democracy, bringing freshet after freshet to swell the current. To our music, our architecture, our pictorial art, our literature, the Muhammedans have made their permanent and precious contribution. Those who have studied the lives and writings of our medieval saints, and all the great religious movements that sprang up in the time of the Muhammedan rule, know how deep is our debt to this foreign current that has so intimately mingled with our life.

MUSLIMS

The Mussulmans were united by their religion and not merely by custom and tradition. On the one hand, just as the bondage of custom did not render all their functions useless, so on the other, bond of religion made them very intimately one. Uniting together they had taken hold of something which was not merely negative but positive, by which they did not become merely debtors but owners of wealth—something at the summons of which man could in one moment easily sacrifice his very life, standing beside his comrades.

Amongst the Mohammedans there was something which enabled them to unite with on another. When any misfortune or calamity occured in a village the Mohammedans stood shoulder to shoulder in a way that the Hindus never did. Why there was such a great difference between communities which were such close neighbours.

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MYSTERY

I think I shall stop startled if ever we meet after our next birth, walking in the light of a far-away world.

I shall know those dark eyes then as morning stars, and yet feel that they have belonged to some unremembered evening sky of a former life.

I shall know that the magic of your face is not all its own, but has stolen the passionate light that was in my eyes at some immemorial meeting, and then gathered from my love a mystery that has now forgotten its origin.

He who probes a mystery may let loose a whilwind !

Somewhere or other in the external world, God writes for us the mystery of each man's spirit.

NATION

The peoples are living beings. They have their distinct personalities. But nations are organisations of power, and therefore their inner aspects and outward expressions are everywhere monotonously the same. Their differences are merely differences in degree of efficiency.

When the spread of higher ideals of humanity is not held to be important, the hardening method of national efficiency gains a certain strength ; and for some limited period of time, at least, it proudly asserts itself as the fittest to survive. But it is the survival of that part of man which is the least living. And this is the reason why dead monotony is the sign of the spread of the Nation. The modern towns, which present the physiognomy due to this dominance of the Nation, are everywhere the same.

The peoples, being living personalities, must have their self-expression, and this leads to their distinctive creations. These creations are literature, art, social symbols and ceremonials. They are like different dishes at one common feast. They add richness to our enjoyment and understanding of truth. They are making the world of man fertile of life and variedly beautiful.

But the nations do not create, they merely produce and destroy. Organisations for production are necessary. Even organisations for destruction may be so. But when, actuated by greed and hatred, they crowd away into a corner the living man who creates, then the harmony is lost, and the people's history runs at a break-neck speed towards some fatal catastrophe.

A nation, in the sense of the political and economic union of a people, is that aspect which a whole population assumes

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when organized for a mechanical purpose. Society as such has no ulterior purpose. It is an end in itself. It is a spontaneous self-expression of man as a social being. It is a natural regulation of human relationships, so that men can develop ideals of life in co-operation with one another. It has also a political side, but this is only for a special purpose. It is for self-preservation. It is merely the side of power, not of human ideals. And in the early days it had its separate place in society, restricted to the professionals. But when with the help of science and the perfecting of organization this power begins to grow and brings in harvests of wealth, then it crosses its boundaries with amazing rapidity. For then it goads all its neighbouring societies with greed of material prosperity, and consequent mutual jealousy, and by the fear of each other's growth into powerfulness. The times comes when it can stop no longer for the competition grows keener, organization grows vaster, and selfishness attains supremacy. Trading upon the greed and fear of man, it occupies more and more space in society, and at last becomes its ruling force.

The country does not mean the soil, but the men on it.

The differences between nations are of inestimable value to the whole of mankind, and who imagine that the greatest blessing for humanity is that they should conquer all other nations of the world and bring them under their undisputed sway, thus reducing the whole earth to slavery ?

The idea of the Nation is one of the most powerful anaesthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes the whole people can carry out its systematic programme of the most virulent self-seeking without being in the least aware of its moral perversion,—in fact feeling dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the Nation, becomes all-powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Bande Matram ! These are the magic words which will open the door of his iron safe, break through the walls of his strong-room, and confound the hearts of those who are disloyal to its call. Say *Bande Matram*

Underneath the cult of *Bande Matram*, as indeed at the bottom of all mundane affairs, there is a region of slime, whose absorbing power must be reckoned with.

NATIONALISM

Nationalism is the training of a whole people for a narrow ideal ; and when it gets hold of their minds it is sure to lead

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them to moral degeneracy and intellectual blindness. We cannot but hold firm the faith that this Age of Nationalism, of gigantic vanity and selfishness, is only a passing phase in civilisation, and those who are making permanent arrangements for accommodating this temporary mood of history will be unable to fit themselves for the coming age, when the true spirit of freedom will have sway.

With the unchecked growth of Nationalism the moral foundation of man's civilisation is unconsciously undergoing a change. The ideal of the social man is unselfishness, but the ideal of the Nation, like that of the professional man, is selfishness. This is why selfishness in the individual is condemned, while in the nation it is extolled, which leads to hopeless moral blindness, confusing the religion of the people with the religion of the nation. Therefore, to take an example, we find men more and more convinced of the superior claims of Christianity, merely because Christian nations are in possession of the greater part of the world. It is like supporting a robber's religion by quoting the amount of his stolen property.

Pursuit of self-interest need not be wholly selfish ; it can even be in harmony with the interest of all. Therefore, idealy speaking, the nationalism, which stands for the expression of the collective self-interest of a people, need not be ashamed of itself if it maintains its true limitations. But what we see in practice is, that every nation which has prospered has done so through its career of aggressive selfishness either in commercial adventures or in foreign possessions, or in both. And this material prosperity not only feeds continually the selfish instincts of the people, but impresses men's minds with the lesson that, for a nation, selfishness is a necessity and therefore a virtue. It is the emphasis laid in Europe upon the idea of the Nation's constant increase of power, which is becoming the greatest danger to man, both in its direct activity and its power of infection.

It has been said that a disease becomes most acutely critical when the brain is affected. For it is the brain that is constantly directing the siege against all disease forces. The spirit of national selfishness is that brain disease of a people which shows itself in red eyes and clenched fists, in violence of talk and movements, all the while shattering its natural restorative powers. But the power of self-sacrifice, together with the moral faculty of sympathy and co-operation, is the guiding spirit of social vitality. Its function is to maintain a beneficent relation of harmony with its surroundings. But when it begins to ignore the moral law which is universal and uses it only within the bounds of its own narrow sphere, then its strength becomes like the strength of madness which ends in self-destruction.

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What is worse, this aberration of a people, decked with the showy title of "patriotism," proudly walks abroad, passing itself off as a highly moral influence. Thus it has spread its inflammatory contagion all over the world, proclaiming its fever flush to be the best sign of health. It is causing in the hearts of peoples, naturally inoffensive, a feeling of envy at not having their temperature as high as that of their delirious neighbours and not being able to cause as much mischief, but merely having to suffer from it.

NATURE

Over the green and yellow rice-fields sweep the shadows of the autumn clouds followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey ; drunken with light they foolishly hover and hum.

The ducks in the islands of the river clamour in joy for mere nothing.

Let none go back home, brothers, this morning, let none go to work.

Let us take the blue sky by storm and plunder space as we run.

Laughter floats in the air like foam on the flood.

Brothers, let us squander our morning in futile songs.

It was a great thing for me that my consciousness was never dull about the facts of the surrounding world. That the cloud was the cloud, that a flower was a flower, was enough, because they directly spoke to me, because I could not be indifferent to them. I still remember the very moment, one afternoon, when coming back from school I alighted from the carriage and suddenly saw in the sky, behind the upper terrace of our house, an exuberance of deep, dark rain-clouds lavishing rich, cool shadows on the atmosphere. The marvel of it, the very generosity of its presence, gave me a joy which was freedom, the freedom we feel in the love of our dear friend.

Every year one such great, time-hallowed day drops out of my life ; and the time will come when this day of Kalidas, this day of the *Meghaduta*, this eternal first day of the Rains in Hindustan, shall come no more for me. When I realise this I feel I want to take a good look at nature, to offer a conscious welcome to each day's sunrise, to say farewell to each day's setting sun, as to an intimate friend.

What a grand festival, what a vast theatre of festivity ! And we cannot even fully respond to it, so far away do we live from the world ! The light of the stars travels millions

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of miles to reach the earth, but it cannot reach our hearts—so many millions of miles further off are we !

The world into which I have tumbled is peopled with strange beings. They are busy erecting walls and rules round themselves, and how careful they are with their curtains lest they should see ! It is a wonder to me they have not made drab covers for flowering plants and put up a canopy to ward off the moon. If the next life is determined by the desires of this, then I should be reborn from our enshrouded planet into some free and open realm of joy.

When I am in the presence of the awful mystery of all-destructive Nature, the difference, between myself and the other living things seems trivial. In town, human society is to the fore and looms large ; it is cruelly callous to the happiness and misery of other creatures as compared with its own.

When I am in close touch with Nature in the country, the Indian in me asserts itself and I cannot remain coldly indifferent to the abounding joy of life throbbing within the soft down-covered breast of a single tiny bird.

It is so difficult to account for what veritably happens in this big thing called Nature. Some obscure cause turns up in some unknown corner, and all of a sudden things look completely different.

There are many in this world whose minds dwell in brick-built houses,—they can afford to ignore the thing called the outside. But my mind lives under the trees in the open, directly receives upon itself the messages borne by the free winds, and responds from the bottom of its heart to all the musical cadences of light and darkness.

The wind carries off the clouds,—if you think that to be a crime, make enquiries as to who is behind the wind.

I had a vague notion as to who or what it was that touched my heart's chords, like the infant which does not know its mother's name, or who or what she is. The feeling which I always had was a deep satisfaction of personality that flowed into my nature through living channels of communication from all sides.

The contrast between the beautiful, broad, unalloyed peace of nature—calm, passive, silent, unfathomable,—and our own every day worries—paltry, sorrow-laden, strife-tormented, puts me beside myself as I keep staring at the hazy, distant, blue line of trees which fringe the fields across the river.

Where nature is ever hidden, and cowers under mist and clouds, snow and darkness, there man feels himself master ; he regards his desires, his works, as permanent ; he wants to

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perpetuate them, he looks towards posterity, he raises monuments, he writes biographies ; he even goes the length of erecting tomb-stones over the dead. So busy is he that he has not time to consider how many monuments crumble, how often names are forgotten !

The movement of the leaves and the clouds of the sky were enough to fill life with joy.

I sat wondering : Why is there always this deep shade of melancholy over the fields and river banks, the sky and the sunshine of our country ? And I came to the conclusion that it is because with us Nature is obviously the more important thing. The sky is free, the fields limitless ; and the sun merges them into one blazing whole. In the midst of this, man seems so trivial. He comes and goes, like the ferry-boat, from this shore to the other ; the babbling hum of his talk, the fitful echo of his song, is heard ; the slight movement of his pursuit of his own petty desires is seen in the world's market-places : but how feeble, how temporary, how tragically meaningless it all seems amidst the immense aloofness of the Universe !

India holds sacred, and counts as places of pilgrimage, all spots which display a special beauty or splendour of nature. These had no original attraction on account of any special fitness for cultivation or settlement. Here, man is free, not to look upon Nature as a source of supply of his necessities, but to realise his soul beyond himself. The Himalayas of India are sacred and the Vindhya Hills. Her majestic rivers are sacred. Lake Manasa and the confluence of the Ganges and the Jamuna are sacred. India was saturated with her love and worshiped the great Nature with which her children are surrounded, whose light fills their eyes with gladness, and whose water cleanses them, whose food gives them life, and from whose majestic mystery comes forth the constant revelation of the infinite in music, scent, and colour, which brings its awakening to the soul of man. India gains the world through worship, through spiritual communion ; and the idea of freedom to which she aspired was based upon the realisation of her spiritual unity.

The more one lives alone on the river or in the open country, the clearer it becomes that nothing is more beautiful or greater than to perform the ordinary duties of one's daily life simply and naturally. From the grasses in the field to the stars in the sky, each one is doing just that ; and there is such profound peace and surpassing beauty in nature because none of these tries forcibly to transgress its limitations.

Yet what each one does is by no means of little moment. The grass has to put forth all its energy to draw sustenance

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from the uttermost tips of its rootlets simply to grow where it is as grass ; it does not vainly strive to become a banyan tree ; and so the earth gains a lovely carpet of green. And, indeed, what little of beauty and peace is to be found in the societies of men is owing to the daily performance of small duties, not to big doings and fine talk.

Nature reserves her power in forms of beauty ; and it is this beauty which, like a mother, nourishes all the giant forces at her breast, keeping them in active vigour, yet in repose. You have known that energies of nature save themselves from wearing out by the rhythm of a perfect grace, and that she with the tenderness of her curved lines takes away fatigue from the world's muscles.

A mere knowledge of things can be had in a short enough time, but their spirit can only be acquired by centuries of training and self-control. Dominating nature from outside is a much simpler thing than making her your own in love's delight, which is a work of true genius.

Rustling waves pass over the rice-fields. Mango and cocoanut tree-tops rise into the sky, and beyond them there are fluffy clouds on the horizon. The fringes of the palm leaves wave in the breeze. The reeds on the sandbank are on the point of flowering. It is altogether an exhilarating scene.

Dame Nature does not write novels, she has enough to do without.

Nature has many anodynes in her pharmacy, which she secretly administers when vital relations are being insidiously served, so that none may know of the operation, till at last one awakes to know what a great rent has been made.

If only I could live there ! I often thought when looking at a beautiful landscape painting. That is the kind of longing which is satisfied here, where one feels alive in a brilliantly coloured picture, with none of the hardness of reality.

A wild, seamed. and scarred nature lies there in the sun, as though tamed at the touch of some soft, bright, cherubic hand.

The ministrations of nature are sweet indeed.

The only thing you want to do in a place like this is to gaze and gaze on the landscape, swinging your fancies to and fro, alternately humming a tune and nodding dreamily, as the mother on a winter's noonday, her back to the sun, rocks and croons her baby to sleep.

There are many paradoxes in the world and one of them is this, that wherever the landscape is immense, the sky un-

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limited, clouds intimately dense, feelings unfathomable—that is to say where infinitude is manifest—its fit companion is one solitary person, a multitude there seems so petty, so distracting.

Viewing the beauties of nature could be better done from within the shelter of the house.

Sudden onrush of a high wind drives the cloud banks before it and clears the sky.

Let us carry on the work according to the laws of nature.

Nature becomes really and truly intimate in strange and lonely places. I have been actually worrying myself for days at the thought that after the moon is past her full I shall daily miss the moonlight more and more; feeling further and further exiled when the beauty and peace which awaits my return to the riverside will no longer be there, and I shall have to come back through darkness.

I have seen thee as the half-awakened child sees his mother in the dusk of the dawn and then smiles and sleeps again.

NEIGHBOURS

To be always discussing his neighbour's failings makes a man sour, narrow-minded, and suspicious.

NEW YEAR

Like fruit, shaken free by an impatient wind
from the veils of its mother flower,
thou comest. New Year, whirling in a frantic dance
amid the stampede of the wind-lashed clouds
and infuriated showers,
while trampled by thy turbulence
are scattered away the faded and the frail
in an eddying agony of death.
Thou art no dreamer afloat on a languorous breeze,
lingering among the hesitant whisper and hum
of an uncertain season.
Thine is a majestic march, O terrible stranger,
thundering forth an ominous incantation,
driving the days on to the perils of a pathless
dark,
where thou carriest a dumb signal in thy banner,
a decree of destiny undeciphered.

NIGHT

The sounds of night take on all manner of disguises. A twig snaps, and one thinks that somebody is running for his

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life. A door slams, and one feels it to be the sudden heart-thump of a startled world.

In the night the mind is weak !

How forbidding the outside world appears by night !

The spirit of Night like a gigantic sentinel clad from head to foot in a robe of moonlight, with a finger laid on its lips !

Through the darkness the dreary waste showed like a paleful dream and the white wilderness of sand was ghost-like in the gloom. Here and there the river glistened in the faint starlight like the dark glossy scales of some huge snakes.

Where do you hurry with your basket this late evening when the marketing is over.

They all have come home with their burdens ; the moon peeps from above the village trees.

The echoes of the voices calling for the ferry run across the dark water to the distant swamp where wild ducks sleep.

Where do you hurry with your basket when the marketing is over ?

Sleep has laid her fingers upon the eyes on the earth.

The nests of the crows have become silent, and the murmurs of the bamboo leaves are silent.

The labourers home from their fields spread their mats in the courtyards.

Where do you hurry with your basket when the marketing is over ?

The moonlight glimmers on the ripples. Solitude reigns on the banks. The distant village sleeps, nestling within a thick fringe of trees. The shrill, sustained chirp of the cicadas is the only sound.

O deep and sweet darkness ! the profound and mystic darkness.

The night grows dark and desolate. It sits like a woman forsaken,—those stars are her tears turned into fire.

The still night stood silently at the window like a pilgrim of eternity ; and the stars gazed in, witness through untold ages of countless death-scenes.

The night's silence, like a deep lamp, is burning with the light of its Milky Way.

The silent night has the beauty of the mother and the clamorous day of the child.

Things look phantastic in this dimness of the dusk—the spires whose bases are lost in the dark and tree-tops like blots

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of ink. I shall wait for the morning and wake up to see thy city in the light.

The prelude of the night is commenced in the music of the sunset, in its solemn hymn to the ineffable dark.

The night deepens and the dying flame flickers in the lamp.

I forgot to notice when the evening—like a village girl who has filled her pitcher at the river a last time for that day—closed the door on her cabin.

I was speaking to you, my love, with mind barely conscious of my voice—tell me, had it any meaning ? Did it bring you any message from beyond life's borders ?

For now, since my voice has ceased, I feel the night throbbing with thoughts that gaze in awe at the abyss of their dumbness.

The night kisses the fading day whispering to his ear, "I am death, your mother. I am to give you fresh birth."

Night's darkness is a bag that bursts with the gold of the dawn.

The night opens the flowers in secret and allows the day to get thanks.

I feel thy beauty, dark night, like that of the loved woman when she has put out the lamp.

NOBEL PRIZE

It came to me with a great and delightful surprise when the Nobel Prize was offered to me from Sweden. As a recognition of individual merit it was of great value to me, no doubt ; but it was the acknowledgement of the East as a collaborator with the Western continents, in contributing its riches to the common stock of civilisation, which had the chief significance for the present age. It meant joining hands in comradeship by the two great hemispheres of the human world across the sea.

NON-VIOLENCE

Non-violence is the religion of the vulgar ? Force is what befits the strong arm of a Kshatriya—it is a jewelled armlet, brilliant and cruel.

Non-violence is the highest of creeds !

NURSERY OF LIFE

The kingfisher sits still on the prow of an empty boat, while in the shallow margin of the stream a buffalo lies tran-

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quilly blissful, its eyes half closed to savour the luxury of cool mud.

Undismayed by the barking of the village cur, the cow browses on the bank, followed by a hopping group of *saliks*, hunting moths.

I sit in the tamarind grove, where the cries of dumb life congregate—the cattle's lowing, the sparrows' chatter, the shrill scream of a kite overhead, the crickets' chirp, and the splash of a fish in the water.

I peep into the primeval nursery of life, where the mother Earth thrills at the first living clutch near her breast.

OBSERVATION

Look on the world with open eyes.

From infancy I had seen only with my eyes, I now began to see with the whole of my consciousness.

OBSTACLES

For what are obstacles to the lower creatures are opportunities to the higher life of man.

When the earth under your feet begins to move then you have to apply greater force at every step ! Now when opposition is coming from every side we naturally show some amount of exaggeration in our speech and conduct. That is nothing unnatural.

Where there is no inner obstacle ought we to respect an opposition which is purely external ?

When you find yourself being obstructed in the realisation of this impossible task you get angry with the country itself, and the greater obstacles become the greater does your hatred and contempt become for those whom you wish to benefit! And yet you imagine that you worship the God who has made men different and wishes to keep them so. If you truly honour Him, then why can't you see clearly what His ordinances are, and why, in the pride of your own intellect and party, do you not acknowledge His intention ?

OPPORTUNITY

A seed cast aside may nevertheless fall to the ground, and there it only waits for an opportunity to sprout.

OPPOSITION

All the saints of the world, who had done anything great, had to endure opposition and insult.

Let me not put myself wrongly to my world and set it against me.

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OPPRESSION

Those who are weak in this world are so helpless, and those who are strong are so cruel. Greed is pitiless, ignorance blind, and pride takes no heed when it crushes the small under its foot.

Those who are too feeble to protect themselves are the most thoughtless in causing disasters to others.

Why should there be suffering and injustice ? Why should the strong cast his vulture's eyes upon the poor man's comforts pitifully small ?

A steam-roller pursues its leisurely course oblivious of what it crushes and grinds beneath it.

ORIGIN

Subtle is the origin of the gross.

The origin is the end, and the end is the origin. It is a circle—the distinction between the subtle and gross is in your ignorance.

ORNAMENTS

Look at her ! The wretched creature has covered herself with bracelets and bangles from head to foot. They'll be chains of fire to eat through flesh and bone ; they'll be streams of torment in every vein. Do you realize that ?

All ornaments are exaggerations. They are not made by God, but by man. Only the trees and beasts and birds tell unmitigated truths, because these poor things have not the power to invent. In this men show their superiority to the lower creatures, and women beat even men. Neither is a profusion of ornament unbecoming for a woman, nor a profusion of untruth.

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union ; they would come between thee and me ; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

ORPHANS

It's no easy task to find a husband for a friendless orphan.

ORTHODOXY

It's not sufficient to secure mere orthodoxy—we must have education too. I concede that the usual compound of

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education-cum-orthodoxy is not strictly in accord with our scriptures, but for all that, they do not make such a bad combination either.

Were not the stronger sex privileged to break all rules and evade all discipline, imposed even by orthodoxy ?

PAIN

Pain when met within the boundaries of limited reality, repels and hurts ; it is discordant with the narrow scope of life. But the pain of some great martyrdom has the detachment of eternity. It appears in all its majesty, harmonious in the context of everlasting life ; like the thunder-flash in the stormy sky, not on the laboratory wire. Pain on that scale has its harmony in great love ; for by hurting love it reveals the infinity of love in all its truth and beauty. On the other hand, the pain involved in business insolvency is discordant ; it kills and consumes till nothing remains but ashes.

PAIN IN LOVE

I love you, beloved. Forgive me my love.
Like a bird losing its way I am caught.
When my heart was shaken it lost its veil and was naked.
Cover it with pity, beloved, and forgive me my love.
If you cannot love me, beloved, forgive me my pain.
Do not look askance at me from afar.
I will steal back to my corner and sit in the dark.
With both hands I will cover my naked shame.

Turn your face from me, beloved, and forgive me my pain.

If you love me, beloved, forgive me my joy.

When my heart is borne away by the flood of happiness, do not smile at my perilous abandonment.

When I sit on my throne and rule you with my tyranny of love, when like a goddess I grant you my favour, bear with my pride, beloved, and forgive me my joy.

The night is dark and your slumber is deep in the hush of my being.

Wake, O pain of Love, for I know not how to open the door, and I stand outside.

The hours of wait, the stars watch, the wind is still, the silence is heavy in my heart.

Wake; Love, wake ! brim my empty cup, and with a breath of song ruffle the night.

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PAIR OF LIPS

Whence do you bring this disquiet, my love ?

Let my heart touch yours and kiss the pain out of your silence.

The night has thrown up from its depth this little hour, that love may build a new world within these shut doors, to be lighted by this solitary lamp.

We have for music but a single reed which our two pairs of lips must play on by turns—for crown, only one garland to bind my hair after I have put it on your forehead.

Tearing the veil from my breast I shall make our bed on the floor ; and one kiss and one sleep of delight shall fill our small boundless world.

PALACES

The palace garden is not the council-house.

Sire, we rarely meet our King in the council-house, because it is not the palace garden.

PANGS OF SORROW

If it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

As my days pass in the crowded market of this world and my hands grow full with the daily profits, let me ever feel that I have gained nothing—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When I sit by the roadside, tired and panting, when I spread my bed low in the dust, let me ever feel that the long journey is still before me—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When my rooms have been decked out and the flutes sound and the laughter there is loud, let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

PAPER BOAT

I remember a day in my childhood I floated a paper boat in the ditch.

It was a wet day of July ; I was alone and happy over my play,

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I floated my paper boat in the ditch.

Suddenly the storm-clouds thickened, winds came in gusts, and rain poured in torrents.

Rills of muddy water rushed and swelled the stream and sunk my boat.

Bitterly I thought in my mind that the storm came on purpose to spoil my happiness ; all its malice was against me.

The cloudy day of July is long today, and I have been musing over all those games in life wherein I was loser.

I blamed my fate for the many tricks it played on me, when suddenly I remembered the paper boat that sank in the ditch.

Day by day I float my paper boats one by one down the running stream.

In big black letters I write my name on them and the name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with *shiuli* flowers from our garden, and hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the sky and see the little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends them down the air to race with my boats !

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and dream that my paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars.

The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the lading in their baskets full of dreams.

PARADISE

I believe that the vision of Paradise is to be seen in the sunlight and the green of the earth, in the beauty of the human face and the wealth of human life, even in objects that are seemingly insignificant and unprepossessing. Everywhere in this earth the spirit of Paradise is awake and sending forth its voice. It reaches our inner ear without our knowing it. It tunes our harp of life which sends our aspiration in music beyond the finite, not only in prayers and hopes, but also in temples which are flames of fire in stone, in pictures which are dreams made everlasting, in the dance which is ecstatic meditation in the still centre of movement,

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PARTING

The lamp of meeting burns long ; it goes out in a moment at the parting.

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep.

I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

I start up and stretch my hands to touch you. I ask myself, "Is it a dream ?"

Could I but entangle your feet with my heart and hold them fast to my breast !

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

It is time for me to go, mother ; I am going.

When in the paling darkness of the lonely dawn you stretch out your arms for your baby in the bed, I shall say, "Baby is not there !"—mother, I am going.

I shall become a delicate draught of air and caress you ; and I shall be ripples in the water when you bathe, and kiss you and kiss you again.

In the gusty night when the rain patters on the leaves you will hear my whisper in your bed, and my laughter will flash with the lightning through the open window into your room.

If you lie awake, thinking of your baby till late into the night, I shall sing to you from the stars, "Sleep, mother, sleep."

On the straying moonbeams I shall steal over your bed, and lie upon your bosom while you sleep.

I shall become a dream, and through the little opening of your eyelids I shall slip into the depths of your sleep ; and when you wake up and look round startled, like a twinkling firefly I shall flit out into the darkness.

When, on the great festival of *puja*, the neighbours' children come and play about the house, I shall melt into the music of the flute and throb in your heart all day.

Dear auntie will come with *puja* presents and will ask, "Where is our baby, sister ?" Mother, you will tell her softly, "He is in the pupils of my eyes, he is in my body and in my soul."

Peace my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.

Let it not be a death but completeness.

Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.

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Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.

Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say your last word in silence.

I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.

At this time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends ! The sky is flushed with the dawn and my path lies beautiful.

Ask not what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart.

I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown dress of the traveller, and though there are dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind.

The evening star will come out when my voyage is done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies be struck up from the King's gateway.

At the sleepy village the noon was still like a sunny midnight when my holidays came to their end.

My little girl of four had followed me all the morning from room to room, watching my preparations in grave silence, till, wearied, she sat by the door-post strangely quite, murmuring to herself, "Father, you must not go !"

This was the meal-hour, when sleep daily overcame her, but her mother had forgotten her and the child was too unhappy to complain.

At last, when I stretched out my arms to her to say farewell, she never moved, but sadly looking at me said, "Father, you must not go !"

And it amused me to tears to think how this little child dared to fight the giant world of necessity with no other resources than those few words, "Father, you must not go !"

I am glad you will not wait for me with that lingering pity in your look.

It is only the spell of the night and my farewell words, startled at their own tune of despair, which bring these tears to my eyes. But day will dawn, my eyes will dry and my heart ; and there will be no time for weeping.

Who says it is hard to forget ?

The mercy of death works at life's core, bringing it respite from its own foolish persistence.

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The stormy sea is lulled at last in its rocking cradle ; the forest fire falls to sleep on its bed of ashes.

You and I shall part, and the cleavage will be hidden under living grass and flowers that laugh in the sun.

I will leave a kiss on her forehead without waking her,—that shall be the flower-offering of my worship. I believe I could forget eveything after death,—all my mistakes, all my sufferings,—but some vibration of the memory of that kiss would remain ; for the wreath which is being woven out of the kisses of many a successive birth is to crown the Eternal Beloved.

One who goes away, leaving everything empty, leaves the imprint of his living heart even on lifeless objects.

Let us carry away with us the hope that we part to meet again.

Our meetings and partings belong to all the movements of the world. Stars do not take special notice of us.

Numberless meetings and partings going on in the world —on death, the great parting, from which none returns.

The house which becomes empty through the parting of lovers, still has music left in the heart of its emptiness. But the house that is empty because hearts are asunder, is awful in its silence. Even the cry of pain is out of place there.

PARTING WORD

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word.

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless.

My whole body and limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch ; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word.

PASSION

I had a sort of pride that I could keep my passion pure by thus concealing it in the inmost recesses of my heart.

Passion is like the mountain stream, and refuses to be enclosed in the place of its birth ; it must seek an outlet.

At the sight of the unutterable passion of that look I could hardly contain myself.

Passion is beautiful and pure,—pure as the lily that comes out of the slimy soil. It rises superior to its defilement and needs no Pears soap to wash it clean.

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PAST

Can you ever go back to the days that are gone? Our striving should be concerned with what is possible in the present,—what good can we do by stretching out our arms in vain appeals to the past?

Can we kill the past by merely speaking of it as dead and gone? The past is always with us, for nothing that once was time can ever depart.

The dry river-bed finds no thanks for its past.

Release me from my unfulfilled past clinging to me from behind making death difficult.

The earth hums to me today in the sun, like a woman at her spinning, some ballad of the ancient time in a forgotten tongue.

Toes are the fingers that have forsaken their past.

PATHETIC DIGNITY

If the ragged villager, trudging home from the market, could suddenly be lifted to the crest of a distant age, men would stop in their work and shout and run to him in delight.

For they would no longer whittle down the man into the peasant, but find him full of the mystery and spirit of his age.

Even his poverty and pain would grow great, release from the shallow insult of the present, and the paltry thing in his basket would acquire pathetic dignity.

PATHETIC SHADOWS

Thy sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine with arms outstretched and stands at my door the livelong day to carry back to thy feet clouds made of my tears and sights and songs.

With fond delight thou wrappest about thy starry breast that mantle of misty cloud turning it into numberless shapes and folds and colouring it with hues everchanging.

It is so light and so fleeting, tender and tearful and dark that is who thou lovest it, O thou spotless and serene. And that is why it may cover thy awful white light with its pathetic shadows.

PATH OF PRIDE

Those who walk on the path of pride crushing the lowly life under their tread, covering the tender green of the earth with their footprints in blood;

Let them rejoice, and thank thee, Lord, for the day is theirs.

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But I am thankful that my lot lies with the humble who suffer and bear the burden of power, and hide their faces and stifle their sobs in the dark.

For every throb of their pain has pulsed in the secret depth of thy night, and every insult has been gathered into thy great silence.

And the morrow is theirs.

O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts blossoming in flowers of the morning, and the torchlight revelry of pride shrunken to ashes.

PATIENCE

I can't understand how you can suffer in silence. Patience is the weapon of the vulgar and helpless, not of the daughters of a royal house.

PATRIOTISM

He leaves behind him in death his conquering call. He will live again, he cannot die.

Had I died begging for my country, even unsuccessfully, that would have been worship, acceptable to the gods.

We must refuse to allow our country to stand at the bar of a foreign court and be judged according to a foreign law. Our ideas of shame or glory must not depend on minute comparisons at every step with a foreign standard. We must not feel apologetic about the country of our birth—whether it be about its traditions, faith, or its scriptures—neither to others nor even to ourselves. We must save our country and ourselves from insult by manfully bearing the burdens of our motherland with all our strength and all our pride.

Those who make sacrifices for their country's sake are indeed her servants, but those who compel others to make them in her name are her enemies. They would cut freedom at the root, to gain it at the top.

We shall have to work our hardest to make our country great! But do we need to make it great? What country is as great as ours? It is our own lives we shall have to make great!

First the people of one's country must be brought back to a true devotion to the motherland, and then other work could be undertaken.

The geography of a country is not the whole truth. No one can give up his life for a map! When I see you before me, then only do I realise how lovely my country is. When you have anointed me with your own hands, then shall I know I have the sanction of my country; and if, with that in my heart,

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I fall fighting, it shall not be on the dust of some man-made land, but on a lovingly spread skirt—do you know what kind of skirt ?—like that of the earthen-red *sari* you wore the other day, with a broad blood-red border. Can I ever forget it ? Such are the visions which give vigour to life, and joy to death !

We must give up even our shame for the country. That may be so. But this is somehow different. I do not fear to die for the country, to kill for the country,—that much *Shakti* has been given me.

True patriotism will never be roused in our countrymen unless they can visualise the motherland. We must make a goddess of her.

If we should perish in the attempt to save the country from the thousand-and-one snares of religion, custom and selfishness we shall at least die happy.

Those who are not true sons of the motherland do cease to encumber her lap.

PEACE

Through strife, through fire, through bloodshed, the earth will find its peace. For otherwise the son will leave his mother's arms, and the king in his splendour will drop like a withered leaf from his throne.

On the ocean of peace there dance the waves,

And beauty awakes again.

On the river not a boat, not a ripple even, was to be seen, and peace, like the unbroken calm that death bestows on a tortured sufferer, overspread stream and shore.

PEACE OF SADNESS

The scouts of a distant storm have pitched their cloud-tents in the sky ; the light has paled ; that air is damp with tears in the voiceless shadows of the forest.

The peace of sadness is in my heart like the brooding silence upon the master's lute before the music begins.

My world is still with the expectation of the great pain of thy coming into my life.

PEACOCK

The sparrow is sorry for the peacock at the burden of its tail.

PERFECTION

Perfection has its two aspects in man which can to some extent be separated, the perfection in being and perfection in

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doing. It can be imagined that, through some training or compulsion, good works may possibly be extorted from a man who personally may not be good. Activities that have fatal risks are often undertaken by cowards even though they are conscious of the danger. Such works may be useful and may continue to exist beyond the lifetime of the individual who produced them. And yet, where the question is not that of utility but of moral perfection, we hold it important that the individual should be true in his goodness. His outer good work may continue to produce good results, but the inner perfection of his personality has its own immense value, which for him is spiritual freedom and for humanity is an endless asset though we may not know it.

I was able to discover imperfections but could not create perfection !

The personal expression of life, in its perfection is love; just as the personal expression of truth in its perfection be beauty.

Not hammer-strokes, but dance of the water sings the pebbles into perfection.

The Perfect decks itself in beauty for the love of the Imperfect.

PERFECT PEARL

I dive down into the depth of the ocean of forms, hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless.

No more sailing from harbour to harbour with this my weather-beaten boat. The days are long past when my sport was to be tossed on waves.

And now I am eager to dive into the deathless.

Into the audience hall by the fathomless abyss where swells up the music of toneless strings I shall take this harp of my life.

I shall tune it to the notes of forever, and, when it has sobbed out its last utterance, lay down my silent harp at the feet of the silent.

PERFUME OF PROMISE

This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.

Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.

From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I

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know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.

In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

PERSEVERANCE

With the right kind of push a man can be made to go a good distance, even when he is at the point of collapse.

PERSONALITY

The consciousness of personality, wh ch is the consciousness of unity in ourselves, becomes prominently distinct when coloured by joy or sorrow, or some other emotion. It is like the sky, which is visible because it is blue, and which takes different aspects with the change of colours. In the creation of art, therefore, the energy of an emotional ideal is necessary; as its unity is not like that of a crystal, passive and inert, but actively expressive.

Limitation of the unlimited is personality: God is personal where he creates.

PESSIMISM

It is easy to be unfair in one's judgment when one is faced with human miseries,—and pessimism is the result of building theories while the mind is suffering.

PETALS OF LOTUS

I will deck thee with trophies, garlands of my defeat. It is never in my power to escape unconquered.

I surely know my pride will go to the wall, my life will burst its bonds in exceeding pain, and my empty heart will sob out in music like a hollow reed, and the stone will melt in tears.

I surely know the hundred petals of a lotus will not remain closed for ever and the secret recess of its honey will be bared.

From the blue sky an eye shall gaze upon me and summon me in silence. Nothing will be left for me, nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive at thy feet.

PHYSICIANS

Not that it is a small thing to be, for instance, a physician. But though our physicians are now practising in every town and village and hamlet of the country, and though many of them are of good repute and making money, all this extensive experience of theirs has not resulted in any new theory, or great fact, being added to the science of medicine,

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Like good school-boys, they have only applied with ever-cautious precision just what they have learnt. And who shall make good the vital thing that is lost when students never become masters ?

Yet I cannot admit that this is due to any inherent defect in our natural powers. There was a long period in the past, during which the science of healing with us was a living growth, spreading its different off-shoots and branches all over our country. That teaches us at least this much that in those days our mind was in living connection with its aquiroments; that then, we did not merely learn by rote, but made our own observations and experiments; that we tried to discover principles and build hypotheses and apply them to life.

Where has this initiative and courage of ours departed ? Why do we tread so carefully, so fearfully, under the load of our learning ? Is it because we were born to be serfs, permanently bending under the burden of another's intellectual acquisitions ? Never !

For even in spite of the scarceness of opportunities and narrowness of prospects, in spite of our present defective education, which has been starved of all life elements, a few great men of science like Jagadischandra and Prafhullachandra, and a great scholar and thinker like Brajendranath, have made their appearance in our country, proving that the power of true originality is not lacking among our people, only it is trampled down under the dead pressure of a mechanical method and the callousness of contemptuous discouragement.

Doctors have a bad habit of ordering brandy on the slightest pretext.

Deep ocean of medical knowledge !

A doctor does not learn from books alone. Some are endowed with a rare, god-given insight.

The patient who has been given up by the doctor does not necessarily die.

PICTURE

A painter was selling pictures at the fair ; followed by servants, there passed the son of a Minister who in youth had cheated this painter's father so that he had died of a broken heart.

The boy lingered before the pictures and chose one for himself. The painter flung a cloth over it and said he would not sell it.

After this the boy pined heart-sick till his father came and offered a large price. But the painter kept the picture

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unsold on his shop wall and grimly sat before it; saying to himself, "This is my revenge."

The sole form this painter's worship took was to trace an image of his god every morning.

And now he felt these pictures grow daily more different from those he used to paint.

This troubled him, and he sought in vain for an explanation till one day he started up from work in horror ; the eyes of the god he had just drawn were those of the Minister, and so were the lips.

He tore up the picture, crying, "My revenge has returned on my head !"

PIETY

Piety and benevolence were rare in these degenerate days.

If a searching inquiry were made, all 'pious' men might be found out. Let them tell their beads as much as they like, everybody in this world is just as bad as myself.

PILGRIMAGE

Why different goals for the same pilgrimage ?

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset, vanish into the night?

PIONEERS

It is uncalculating, unbusinesslike spirits who keep the business-fields of the country flooded with their activities. And, though the flood subsides as rapidly as it comes, it leaves behind fertilising silt to enrich the soil. When the time for reaping arrives no one thinks of these pioneers ; but those who have cheerfully staked and lost their all, during life, are not likely, after death, to mind this further loss of being forgotten.

PITILESS MIRTH

I am like the night to you; little flower.

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I can only give you peace and a wakeful silence hidden in the dark.

When in the morning you open your eyes, I shall leave you to a world a-hum with bees, and songful with birds.

My last gift to you will be a tear dropped into the depth of your youth ; it will make your smile all the sweeter, and bemist your outlook on the pitiless mirth of day.

PITY

The thing we call pity is, at bottom, only pity for ourselves. We cannot bear to wound our own tender instincts, and so we do not strike at all ;—pity indeed ! The height of cowardice !

The more inclined we are to regard things with pity the more completely do we lose our power of seeing truth as whole and unchanging—we obscure what should be light by our compassion, as smoke obscures the fire.

If I pity her and save her from her sorrows, what then was the purpose of my being born a man ?

Does pity only belong to weak mortals, and not to gods ?

PLANS

A plan is an excellent thing, so long as you are not yourself entangled in it.

PLATONIC LOVE

It will be good for our souls to have spiritual relationship as a bridge between our first acquaintance, and the married state,—a tie without the bondage of duties.

PLAY

The first awakening is the time for the play of energy, not its repression.

When we are in the playing mood, we become so intent on the play that we neglect the playmate.

PLAYMATE

When my play was with thee I never questioned who thou wert. I knew not shyness nor fear, my life was boisterous.

In the early morning thou wouldst call me from my sleep like my own comrade and lead me running from glade to glade.

On those days I never cared to know the meaning of songs thou sangest to me. Only my voice took up the tunes, and my heart danced in their cadence.

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Now when the playtime is over, what is this sudden sight that is come upon me ? The world with eyes bent upon thy feet stands in awe with all its silent stars.

PLEASURE

The goddess of pleasure is fickle, and waits for no man.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

I know thee as my God and stand apart—I do not know thee as my own and come closer. I know thee as my father and bow before thy feet—I do not grasp thy hand as my friend's.

I stand not where thou comest down and ownest thyself as mine, there to clasp thee to my heart and take thee as my comrade.

Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers, but I heed them not, I divide not my earnings with them, thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the side of men, and thus stand by thee. I shrink to give up my life, and thus do not plunge into the great waters of life.

POET AND NIGHT

Make me thy poet, O night, veiled Night !

There are some who have sat speechless for ages in thy shadow ; let me utter their songs.

Take me up on thy chariot without wheels : running noiselessly from world to world, thou queen in the palace of time, thou darkly beautiful !

Many a questioning mind has stealthily entered thy court-yard and roamed through thy lampless house seeking for answers.

From many a heart, pierced with the arrow of joy from the hands of the Unknown, have burst forth glad chants, shaking the darkness to its foundation.

Those wakeful souls gaze in the starlight in wonder at the treasure they have suddenly found.

Make me their poet, O Night, the poet of thy fathomless silence.

POETRY

Who are you, reader, reading my poems an hundred years hence ?

I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth of the spring, one single streak of gold from yonder clouds.

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Open your doors and look abroad.

From your blossoming garden gather fragrant memories of the vanished flowers of an hundred years before.

In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy that sang one spring morning, sending its glad voice across an hundred years.

The strength of feeling may be the same in those who are silent as in those who are vocal, that has nothing to do with poetry. Poetry is not a matter of feeling, it is the creation of form.

Ideas take shape by some hidden, subtle skill at work within the poet. This creative power is the origin of poetry. Perceptions, feelings, or language, are only raw material. One may be gifted with feeling, a second with language, a third with both ; but he who has as well a creative genius, alone is a poet.

The water loses its beauty when it ceases to be defined by banks and spreads out into a monotonous vagueness. In the case of language, metre serves for banks and gives form and beauty and character. Just as the banks give each river a distinct personality, so does rhythm make each poem an individual creation ; prose is like the featureless, impersonal *beel*. Again, the waters of the river have movement and progress ; those of the *beel* engulf the country by expanse alone. So, in order to give language power, the narrow bondage of metre becomes necessary ; otherwise it spreads and spreads, but cannot advance.

The country people call these *beels* "dumb waters"—they have no language, no self-expression. The river ceaselessly babbles ; so the words of the poem sing, they are not "dumb words". Thus bondage creates beauty of form, motion and music ; bounds make not only for beauty but power.

Poetry gives itself up to the control of metre, not led by blind habit, but because it thus finds the joy of motion. There are foolish persons who think that metre is species of verbal gymnastics, or legerdemain, of which the object is to win the admiration of the crowd. That is not so. Metre is born as all beauty is born the universe through. The current set up within well-defined bounds gives metrical verse power to move the minds of men as vague and indefinite prose cannot.

He has ceased to read poetry since his marriage,—perhaps he has no further need for it.

The poem lends its own charm to the reciter's mind, as do flowers to the branches on which they bloom.

Alas for useful things—how necessary in practical life, how neglected in poetry ! But poetry strives in vain to free us

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from their bondage—they will be with us always ; so much so we are told, that with the march of civilisation it is poetry that will become extinct, but patent after patent will continue to be taken out for the improvement of shoes and umbrellas.

Poetry is a very old love of mine—I must have been engaged to her when I was only five. Long ago the recesses under the old banyan tree beside our tank, the inner gardens, the unknown regions on the ground floor of the house, the whole of the outside world, the nursery rhymes and tales told by the maids, created a wonderful fairyland within me. It is difficult to give a clear idea of all the vague and mysterious happenings of that period, out of which this much is certain, that my exchange of garlands with Poetic Fancy was already duly celebrated.

I have never uttered anything false in my poetry—that is the sanctuary where the deepest truths of my life find refuge.

I must admit, however, that my betrothed is not a suspicious maiden—whatever else she may bring one, it is not good fortune. I cannot say she has never given me happiness but peace of mind with her is out of the question. The lover whom she favours may get his fill of bliss, but his heart's blood is wrung out under her relentless embrace. It is not for the unfortunate creature of her choice ever to become a staid and sober householder, comfortably settled down on a social foundation.

I have never been able to make out why women are so shy about being caught reading poetry. We men—lawyers, mechanics, or what not,—may well feel ashamed. If we must read poetry, it should be at dead of night, within closed doors. But you women are so akin to poesy. The Creator Himself is a lyric poet, and poets must have practised the divine art seated at His feet.

We with the clubs of our prose, are the iconoclasts of metre.

The poem as a creation, which is something more than as an idea, inevitably conquers our attention ; and any meaning which we feel in its words is like the feeling in a beautiful face of a smile that is inscrutable, elusive and profoundly satisfactory.

If I could finish writing one poem a day, my life would pass in a kind of joy ; but though I have been busy tending poetry for many a year it has not been tamed yet, and is not the kind of winged steed to allow me to bridle it whenever I like ! The joy of art is in freedom to take a distant flight as fancy will ; then, even after return within the prison-world, an echo lingers in the ear, an exaltation in the mind.

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Short poems keep coming to me unsought, and so prevent my getting on with the play. Had it not been for these, I could have let in ideas for two or three plays which have been knocking at the door. I am afraid I must wait for the cold weather. All my plays except "Chitra" were written in the winter. In that season lyrical fervour is apt to grow cold, and one gets the leisure to write drama.

To detach the individual idea from its confinement of every day facts and to give its soaring wings the freedom of the universal : this is the function of poetry.

The races of man have poetry in their heart and it is necessary for them to give, as far as is possible, a perfect expression to their sentiments. For this they must have a medium, moving and pliant, which can freshly become their very own, age after age.

Don't you know the meaning of the first cry of the new-born child ? The child, when it is born, hears at once the cries of the earth and water and sky, which surround him,—and they all cry to him, "We exist," and his tiny little heart responds, and cries out in its turn, "I exist." Poetry is like the cry of that new-born child. It is a response to the cry of the Universe.

Passion is like the mountain stream, and refuses to be enclosed in the place of its birth ; it must seek an outlet. That is why I tried to give expression to my emotions in poems.

Poetry never accepts reward.

POETRY AND ART

The function of poetry and the arts is to remind us that the greenroom is the greyest of illusions, and the reality is the drama presented before us, all its paint and tinsel, masks and pageantry, made one in art. The ropes and wheels perish, the stage is changed ; but the dream which is drama remains true; for there remains the eternal Dreamer.

Poetry and the arts cherish in them the profound faith of man in the unity of his being with all existence, the final truth of which is the truth of personality. It is a religion directly apprehended, and not a system of metaphysics to be analysed and argued. We know in our personal experience what our creations are and we instinctively know through it what creation around us means.

POETRY AND PROSE

I wonder why the writing of pages of prose does not give one anything like the joy of completing a single poem. One's emotions take on such perfection of form in a poem ; they can, as it were, be taken up by the fingers. But prose is like a

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sackful of loose material, heavy and unwieldy, incapable of being lifted as you please.

POETS

We poets exist for this very purpose. We set men free from their desires.

The sky and the earth and the lyrics of the dawn and the dayfall are with the poets and idealists, and not with the marketmen robustly contemptuous of all sentiment.

A live postmaster cannot but claim precedence over a dead poet,

I was on the verge of becoming a poet, but Providence was kind enough to save me from that disaster.

We are the true Renouncers, because change is our very secret. We lose, in order to find. We have no faith in the never-changing.

Business men always make their business so out of tune. That is why we Poets hasten to tune it.

Our words don't speak, they sing.
He is the guiding impulse in our life.

They work because they must. We work, because we are in love with life. That is why they condemn us as unpractical, and we condemn them as lifeless.

There is renunciation in our words, renunciatian in the metre, renunciation in our music. That is why fortune always forsakes us ; and we in turn always forsake fortune. We go about, all day long, initiating the youths in the sacred cult of fortune-forsaking.

Since then I have gained a reputation in my country, but till very late a strong current of antagonism in a large section of my countrymen persisted. Some said that my poems did not spring from the national heart ; some complained that they were incomprehensible ; others that they were unwholesome. In fact, I have never had complete acceptance from my own people, and that too has been a blessing ; for nothing is so demoralizing as unqualified success.

It is we alone who can truly bear those sufferings, because we are like the river that flows on in gladness, thus lightening our burden, and the burden of the world. But the hard, metalled road is fixed and never-changing. And so it makes the burden more burdensome. The heavy loads groan and creak along it, and cut deep gashes in its breast. We Poets call to every-one to carry all their joys and sorrows lightly, in rhythmic measures. Our call is the Renouncers' call.

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The greatest things in the world disdain proof. But if you could for a time wipe out all the poets and all their poetry from the world, then you would soon discover, by their very absence, where the men of action got their energy from, and who really supplied the life-sap to their harvest-field. It is not those who have plunged deep down into the Pundit's *Ocean of Renunciation*, nor those who are always clinging to their possessions ; it is not those who have become adepts in turning out quantities of work, nor those who are ever telling the dry beads of duty,—it is not these who win at least. But it is those who love, because they live. These truly win, for they truly surrender. They accept pain with all their strength and with all their strength they remove pain. It is they who create, because they know the secret of true joy, which is the secret of detachment.

No poet should borrow his medium readymade from some shop of orthodox respectability. He should not only have his own seeds but prepare his own soil. Each poet has his own distinct medium of language—not because the whole language is of his own make, but because his individual use of it, having life's magic touch, transforms it into a special vehicle of his own creation.

With a poet's song on my lips to float about the world on the crest of the rising tide, to sing it to men and subdue their hearts ; to see for myself what the world holds and where ; to let men know me, to get to know them ; to burst forth through the world in life and youth like the eager rushing breezes ; and then return home to a fulfilled and fruitful old age to spend it as a poet should.

Not a very lofty ideal, is it ? To benefit the world would have been much higher, no doubt ; but being on the whole what I am, that ambition does not even occur to me. I cannot make up my mind to sacrifice the precious gift of life in a self-wrought famine and disappoint the world and the hearts of men by fasts and meditations and constant argument. I count it enough to live and die as a man, loving and trusting the world, unable to look on it either as a delusion of the Creator or a snare of the Devil. It is not for me to strive to be wafted away into the airiness of an Angel.

Most of the members of my family had some gift—some were artists, some poets, some musicians and the whole atmosphere of our home was permeated with the spirit of creation. I had a deep sense almost from infancy of the beauty of Nature, an intimate feeling of companionship with the trees and the clouds, and felt in tune with the musical touch of the seasons in the air. At the same time, I had a peculiar susceptibility to human kindness. All these craved expression. The very

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earnestness of my emotions yearned to be true to themselves, though I was too immature to give their expression any perfection of form.

When I began my life as a poet, the writers among our educated community took their guidance from their English text-books which poured upon them lessons that did not fully saturate their minds. I suppose it was fortunate for me that I never in my life had the kind of academic training which is considered proper for a boy of a respectable family. Though I cannot say I was altogether free from the influence that ruled young minds of those days, the course of my writings was nevertheless saved from the grooves of intimative forms. In my versification, vocabulary and ideas, I yielded myself to the vagaries of an untutored fancy which brought castigation upon me from critics who were learned, and uproarious laughter from the witty. My ignorance combined with my heresy turned me into a literary outlaw.

When I began my career I was ridiculously young; in fact, I was the youngest of that band who had made themselves articulate. I had neither the protective armour of mature age, nor enough English to command respect. So in my seclusion of contempt and qualified encouragement I had my freedom. Gradually I grew up in years—for which, however, I claim no credit. Steadily I cut my way through derision and occasional patronage into a recognition in which the proportion of praise and blame was very much like that of land and water on our earth.

The poet wind is out over the sea and the forest to seek his own voice.

POISON

Poison kills poison.

POLITICS

My mind refused to respond to the cheap intoxication of the political movements of those days, devoid, as they seemed, of all strength of national consciousness, with their complete ignorance of the country, their supreme indifference to real service of the motherland. I was tormented by a furious impatience, an intolerable dissatisfaction with myself and all around me.

POSSESSION

The most lasting things don't endure for long, so why make a fuss about trifles.

The real test comes when a thing passes out of our possession. Then we know whether it was truly our own or not.

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There is this difference between a wife and one's other possessions, that by keeping her to oneself one may lose her beyond recovery.

Breaking is a fierce kind of getting.

How can you catch someone who always gives himself up ?

You cannot employ your marksmanship against a thing which is right in your grasp.

By touching you may kill, by keeping away you may possess.

POSTMAN

Postman, indeed ! Rain or shine, rich or poor, from house to house delivering letters—that's very great work !

Why do you sit there on the floor so quiet and silent, tell me, mother dear?

The rain is coming in through the open window, making you all wet, and you don't mind it.

Do you hear the gong striking four? It is time for my brother to come home from school.

What has happened to you that you look so strange?

Haven't you got a letter from father today?

I saw the postman bringing letters in his bag for almost everybody in the town.

Only father's letters he keeps to read himself. I am sure the postman is a wicked man.

But don't be unhappy about that, mother dear.

To-morrow is market day in the next village. You ask your maid to buy some pens and papers.

I myself will write all father's letters; you will not find a single mistake.

I shall write from A right up to K.

But, mother, why do you smile.

You don't believe that I can write as nicely as father does!

But I shall rule my paper carefully, and write all the letters beautifully big.

When I finish my writing do you think I shall be so foolish as father and drop it into the horrid postman's bag?

I shall bring it to you myself without waiting, and letter by letter help you to read my writing.

I know the postman does not like to give you the really nice letters,

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POVERTY

The greatest weapon of those who rule the world lies in the hypnotism of their display. To take the vow of poverty would be for them not merely a penance.—it would mean suicide.

Because you have lighted a fire, it does not follow that you have the food to cook over it.

POWER

Overgrown power crushes itself inwardly by its own weight.

The petals of the divine lotus of power ; crystallised strains of music from the pipes play in the paradise of wealth !

The tiger has no wish to become a mouse.

Callous rudeness of power runs amuck in the broad-way of humanity it scares away by its grossness, the ideals which we have cherished with the martyrdom of centuries.

Can powers find their equilibrium in themselves ? Power has to be made secure not only against power, but also against weakness ; for there lies the peril of its losing balance. The weak are as great a danger for the strong as quicksands for an elephant. They do not assist progress because they do not resist ; they only drag down.

The people who grow accustomed to wield absolute power over others are apt to forget that by so doing they generate an unseen force which some day rends that power into pieces. The dumb fury of the downtrodden finds its awful support from the universal law of moral balance. The air which is so thin and unsubstantial gives birth to storms that nothing can resist. This has been proved in history over and over again, and stormy forces arising from the revolt of insulted humanity are openly gathering in the air at the present time.

Yet in the psychology of the strong the lesson is despised and no count taken of the terribleness of the weak. This is the latent ignorance that, like an unsuspected worm, burrows under the bulk of the prosperous. Have we never read of the castle of power, securely buttressed on all sides, in a moment dissolving in air at the explosion caused by the weak and outraged besiegers ? Politicians calculate upon the number of mailed hands that are kept on the sword-hilts : they do not possess the third eye to see the great invisible hand that clasps in silence the hand of the helpless and waits its time. The strong form their league by a combination of powers, driving the weak to form their own league alone with their God.

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The greater part of the world which is being denuded of its self-sustaining life by the Nation will one day become the most terrible of all its burdens, ready to drag it down into the bottom of destruction. Whenever Power removes all checks from its path to make its career easy, it triumphantly rides into its ultimate crash of death. Its moral brake becomes slacker every day without its knowing it, and its slippery path of ease becomes its path of doom.

With the growth of power the cult of the self-worship of the Nation grows in ascendancy ; and the individual willingly allows the Nation to take donkey-rides upon his back ; and there happens the anomaly which must have such disastrous effects, that the individual worships, with all sacrifices, a god which is morally much inferior to himself. This could never have been possible if the god had been as real as the individual.

All power on earth waxes great under compact with Satan.

I thank thee that I am none of the wheels of power but I am one with the living creatures that are crushed by it.

The power that boasts of its mischiefs is laughed at by the yellow leaves that fall, and clouds that pass by.

Power said to the world, "You are mine."
The world kept it prisoner on her throne.
Love said to the world, "I am thine."
The world gave it the freedom of her house.

Power takes as ingratitude the writhings of its victims.

POWER AND WEALTH

In fact, man has been able to make his pursuit of power easier today by his art of mitigating the obstructive forces that come from the higher region of his humanity. With his cult of power and his idolatry of money he has, in a great measure, reverted to his primitive barbarism, a barbarism whose path is lit up by the lurid light of intellect. For barbarism is the simplicity of a superficial life. It may be bewildering in its surface adornments and complexities, but it lacks the ideal to impart to it the depth of moral responsibility.

PRAISE

Praise, praise, I want unceasing praise. I cannot live if my wine-cup be left empty for a single moment.

Praise shames me, for I secretly beg for it.

PRAYER

Our prayers don't reach the Father, they get snatched away on the road.

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Repeat aloud the holy name of Hari, and all your burdens will be lightened. The name of Hari shall be taken in the beginning, in the middle, and at the end,—so say the scriptures.

The text of our daily worship and meditation are for training our mind to overcome the barrier of separateness from the rest of existence and to realize *advaitam*, the Supreme Unity which is *anantam*, infinitude. It is philosophical wisdom, having its universal radiation in the popular mind in India, that inspires our prayer, our daily spiritual practices. It has its constant urging for us to go beyond the world of appearances, in which facts as facts are alien to us, like the mere sounds of foreign music ; it speaks to us of an emancipation in the inner truth of all things, where the endless *Many* reveal the *One*.

PREACHERS

In time of famine, if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food, and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds, what are we to think of him.

The things you have been saying are good enough as moral lessons. The ideas have served their purpose, as milk for babes, at one stage of man's evolution, but will no longer do, now that man has cut his teeth.

PRIDE

Her pride raged within like a wounded lioness at these insults.

Pride is our greatest foe.

Oh, what an iron pride was mine !

Pride in every form breeds blindness at the end. Like all artificial stimulants its first effect is a heightening of consciousness, and then with the increasing dose it muddles it and brings an exultation that is misleading.

Pride dies hard and raises its fangs to the last.

PRIDE AND POVERTY

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

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My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

PRIDE OF PAST

People who cling to an ancient past have their pride in the antiquity of their accumulations, in the sublimity of time-honoured walls around them. They grow nervous and angry when some great spirit, some lover of truth, breaks open their enclosure and floods it with the sunshine of thought and the breath of life. Ideas cause movement and all forward movements they consider to be a menace to their warehouse security.

The wealth and honour which, once for all, are bequeathed to us, which we do not have to earn or produce, which never cease to be, whether we deserve them or not—these gradually and inevitably cripple our life and are sure to make us indolent and exclusive, bringing about stagnation of soul. They remain like the marble landing-stairs of a river, when the stream has changed its course. Therefore we must think out some scheme by which our truly national organisation should be made to earn its own necessities by its own constant efforts, and thus perpetually keep in real touch with the life of the future ages and not continue its existence as a parasite feeding upon the charity of the past.

Could we sit idly at home taking refuge in mere ancient rules as we have done heretofore ?

PRINCE

O Mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door,—how can I attend to my work this morning?

Show me how to braid up my hair; tell me what garment to put on.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he will not glance up once at my window; I know he will pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an eye; only the vanishing strain of the flute will come sobbing to me from afar.

But the young Prince will pass by our door, and I will put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and the morning sun flashed from his chariot.

I swept aside the veil from my face, I tore the ruby chain from my neck and flung it in his path.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

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I know well he did not pick up my chain; I know it was crushed under his wheels leaving a red stain upon the dust, and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.

But the young Prince did pass by our door, and I flung the jewel from my breast before his path.

PRINCELY ROBES

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keep one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

PRINCIPLES

It's no use getting annoyed with a principle. Principles are neither good nor bad. That which happens does happen. To go against it, is to knock your head against the law of being.

PRISON

A bird rises in the air when released from its cage.

The hardships of gaol seemed to him like some false and unsubstantial dream.

Can one rest, if one is in prison ?

Those who are in prison are bearing the punishment for the sins of those who judge others, but not themselves. The faults of many go to the making of a crime, but only these unfortunates have to bear the brunt of it. When or how, or where, the sin of those who are living comfortable and respectable lives outside the prison walls will be expiated, we do not know,

While in the enjoyment of our comforts at home, we are quite unable to appreciate what an immense privilege it is to have the freedom of the outside air and light—we are all the time forgetful of the multitudes who, with or without fault of their own, are subjected to confinement and insult and deprived of this God-given privilege. We give no thought to these multitudes, nor feel any kinship with them.

Have you to put people in gaol simply because there is a gaol to be filled ? Good gracious ! What sort of justice is this ?

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PRISONER

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you?"

"It was my master," said the prisoner. "I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house".

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?"

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

PROFESSION

In ancient India professions were kept within limits by social regulation. They were considered primarily as social necessities, and in the second place as the means of livelihood for individuals. Thus man, being free from the constant urging of unbounded competition, could have leisure to cultivate his nature in its completeness.

The Cult of the nation is the professionalism of the people. This cult is becoming their greatest danger, because it is bringing them enormous success, making them impatient of the claims of higher ideals. The greater the amount of success the stronger are the conflicts of interest and jealousy and hatred which are aroused in men's minds, thereby making it more and more necessary for other peoples, who are still living, to stiffen into nations. With the growth of nationalism, man has become the greatest menace to man. Therefore the continual presence of panic goads that very nationalism into ever-increasing menace.

Man as a person has his individuality, which is the field where his spirit has its freedom to express itself and to grow. The professional man carries a rigid crust around him which has very little variation and hardly any elasticity. This professionalism is the region where men specialise their knowledge and organise their power, mercilessly elbowing each other in their struggle to come to the front. Professionalism is necessary without doubt ; but it must not be allowed to exceed its healthy limits, to assume complete mastery over the personal

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man, making him narrow and hard, exclusively intent upon pursuit of success at the cost of his faith in ideals.

PROGRESS

There's no need for things to get on with us, so long as we ourselves get on.

You have to judge progress according to its aim. A railway train makes its progress towards the terminus station,—it is movement. But a full-grown tree has no definite movement of that kind, its progress is the inward progress of life. It lives, with its aspiration towards light tingling in its leaves and creeping in its silent sap.

Progress is like the waves in water. By them the banks are broken—but I don't think it to be the chief duty of the banks to accept that breaking.

If society puts obstacles in the way of progress then it will have to receive some blows.

PROMISE

Many words are not required to extort a promise !

There is no meaning in keeping one's promise—if it is necessary to change one's mind then one must do so.

PROMPTNESS

It was better to be early than late.

PROPORTION

Proportions, which prove relativity, from the outward language of creative ideals. A crowd of men is desultory, but in a march of soldiers every man keeps his proportion of time and space and relative movement, which makes him one with the whole vast army. But this is not all. The creation of an army has, for its inner principle, one single idea of the General. According to the nature of that ruling idea, a production is either a work of art or a mere construction. All the materials and regulations of a joint-stock company have the unity of an inner motive. But the expression of this unity itself is not the end ; it ever indicates an ulterior purpose. On the other hand, the revelation of a work of art is a fulfilment in itself.

Proportions indicate relationship, the principle of mutual accommodation. A leg dismembered from the body has the fullest licence to make a caricature of itself. But, as a member of the body, it has its responsibility to the living unity which rules the body ; it must behave properly, it must keep its proportion. If, by some monstrous chance of physiological profiteering, it could outgrow by yards its fellow-stalker, then we know what a picture it would offer to the spectator

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and what embarrassment to the body itself. Any attempt to overcome the law of proportion altogether and to assert absolute separateness is rebellion ; it means either running the gauntlet of the rest, or remaining segregated.

PROTECTION

The scabbard is content to be dull when it protects the keenness of the sword.

PROVIDENCE

The workings of Providence are inscrutable.

PRUDENCE

When the freshet suddenly begins to course through the old narrow channel, a turbulent flood arises, and then the only remedy is to let the water find the freedom over the broad fields.

PUJAHS

During these few days of the Pujahs, old and young alike become children.

When we come to think of it, all preparation for enjoyment is really a playing with toys which are of no consequence in themselves. From outside it may appear wasteful, but can that be called futile which raises such a wave of feeling through and through the country ? Even the driest of worldly-wise people are moved out of their self-centred interests by the rush of the pervading emotion.

Thus, once every year there comes a period when all minds are in a melting mood, fit for the springing of love and affection and sympathy. The songs of welcome and farewell to the goddess, the meeting of loved ones, the strains of the festive pipes, the limpid sky and molten gold of autumn, are all parts of one great paean of joy.

Pure joy is the children's joy. They have the power of using any and every trivial thing to create their world of interest, and the ugliest doll is made beautiful with their imagination and lives with their life. He who can retain this faculty of enjoyment after he has grown up, is indeed the true idealist. For him things are not merely visible to the eye or audible to the ear, but they are also sensible to the heart, and their narrowness and imperfections are lost in the glad music which he himself supplies.

Every one cannot hope to be an idealist, but a whole people approaches nearest to this blissful state at such seasons of festivity. And then what may ordinarily appear to be a mere toy loses its limitations and becomes glorified with an ideal radiance.

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PUNISHMENT

I care nothing for a code which holds only punishment, and no comfort.

God sends His thunderbolt through His messenger, the lightning spark.

Why should I be punished when I am quite innocent ?

PUNJABIS

We had the same reverence for the whole Punjabi nation as for Bhima and Arjuna of the Mahabharata. They were warriors ; and if they had sometimes fought and lost, that was clearly the enemy's fault.

PURDAH

We are really the slaves of convention ? We are first of all shocked to see women outside their homes because we are not accustomed to it, and then we try to justify our feelings by making it out to be unseemly or improper. Tradition is really at the bottom, the arguments are only an excuse.

I am a woman ; the outside world is closed to me.

So long as our women remain hidden behind the *purdah* our country will be a half-truth to us, and will not be able to win our full love and devotion.

PURITY

Purity, they imagined, was only becoming in those on whom fortune had not smiled. It is the moon which has room for stains, not the stars.

What terrible wrong have we been doing by making purity an external thing.

Was the credit due to me that my husband did not touch liquor, nor squander his manhood in the market of woman's flesh ?

"How may I sing to thee and worship, O Sun?" asked the little flower.

"By the simple silence of thy purity," answered the sun.

QUARREL

The hidden clash of a silent conflict is far harder to bear than an open quarrel.

Marriage is for life, while a quarrel is only for the time.

Red is the colour of warfare : flowers of reconciliation ought to have been white.

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How true man is himself, and how false the things about which his quarrels divide man from man.

All the fights in the world are really fights between hypnotic forces. Spell cast against spell,—noiseless weapons which reach even invisible targets.

Even if there is a slight fuss, one has only to remain quiet for a little, and it will all be forgotten.

What the use of idle bickering ?

RACES

When any race of men becomes a mere burden on the world, rendering no satisfactory account of the cost it imposes upon society, this, for it, is worse than death. For this is the intolerably mean situation of remaining under the charge of perpetual misappropriation.

Whether for good or for evil, Providence has fashioned each race on such different lines that to put one into the coat of another results in a misfit.

RACIALISM

But from the earliest beginnings of history India has had her own problem constantly before her—it is the race problem.

RAIN

See, how the rain pours in torrents and fiercely beats upon the hillside. The dark shadow of the clouds hangs heavily over the forest, and the swollen stream, like reckless youth, overleaps all barriers with mocking laughter.

There had been rain all the morning, and the air was still wet and heavy with mist, like eyelids when weeping is over.

What a store of water must have been laid up in the sky this year ! The river has already risen over the low lands threatening to overwhelm all the standing crops. The wretched ryots, in despair, are cutting and bringing away in boats sheaves of half-ripe rice. As they pass my boat I hear them bewailing their fate. It is easy to understand how heart-rending it must be for cultivators to have to cut down their rice on the very eve of its ripening, the only hope left them being that some of the ears may possibly have hardened into grain.

And yet, it is so vitally necessary for man to understand that there are such things as pity and justice in the world.

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A water-laden cloud glides along till it meets a fellow-wanderer in the shape of a breeze; then it can no longer sustain its load.

The rains reserve their chief benefits for the countryside and they are not an unmixed blessing to town-dwellers. All efforts are concentrated on keeping out the wet, and to this end householders close their windows and patch up their roofs, wayfarers raise their umbrellas and tramcars their screens, yet in no time all are wallowing in damp and mud. River, mountain, forest, and field hail the downpour with shouts of welcome as a friend. In their natural environment we see the rains in their true magnificence, and there is no jarring note in the festivities when heaven and earth unite their voices to greet the advent of the rainclouds.

The smell of the wet earth in the rain rises like a great chant of praise from the voiceless multitude of the insignificant.

The raindrops kissed the earth and whispered,—"We are thy homesick children, mother, come back to thee from the heaven."

This rainy evening the wind is restless.

I look at the swaying branches and ponder over the greatness of all things.

The raindrop whispered to the jasmine, "Keep me in your heart for ever."

The jasmine sighed, "Alas", and dropped to the ground.

RAINBOW

Our desire lends the colours of the rainbow to the mere mists and vapours of life.

RAINY DAY

Sullen clouds are gathering fast over the black fringe of the forest.

O child, do not go out!

The palm trees in a row by the lake are smiting their heads against the dismal sky; the crows with their draggled wings are silent on the tamarind branches, and the eastern bank of the river is haunted by a deepening gloom.

Our cow is lowing loud, tied at the fence.
O child, wait here till I bring her into the stall.

Men have crowded into the flooded field to catch the fishes as they escape from the overflowing ponds; the rainwater is running in rills through the narrow lanes like a laughing boy who has run away from his mother to tease her.

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Listen, someone is shouting for the boatman at the ford.

O child, the daylight is dim, and the crossing at the ferry is closed.

The sky seems to ride fast upon the madly rushing rain; the water in the river is loud and impatient; women have hastened home early from the Ganges with their filled pitchers.

The evening lamps must be made ready.
O child, do not go out!

The road to the market is desolate, the lane to the river is slippery. The wind is roaring and struggling among the bamboo branches like a wild beast tangled in a net.

RAM MOHAN ROY, RAJA

A very great-hearted man of gigantic intelligence. He tried to reopen the channel of spiritual life which had been obstructed for many years by the sands and debris of creeds that were formal and materialistic, fixed in external practices lacking spiritual significance.

Ram Mohan Roy lived in the beginning of the last century, and it is no exaggeration when I describe him as one of the immortal personalities of modern time.

RARITY

The genuine article is rare !

REACTION

Unfortunately reactions seldom have the repose of spontaneity, they often represent the obverse side of the mintage which they try to repudiate as false. A reaction against a particular mannerism is liable to produce its own mannerism in a militant fashion, using the toilet preparation of the war paint, deliberately manufactured style of primitive rudeness. Tired of the elaborately planned flower-beds, the gardener proceeds with grim determination to set up everywhere artificial rocks, avoiding natural inspiration of rhythm in deference to a fashion of tyranny which itself is a tyranny of fashion. The same hard instinct is followed in a cult of rebellion as it was in the cult of confirmity and the defiance, which is a mere counteraction of obedience, also shows obedience in a defiant fashion. Fanaticism of virility circus and not the natural chivalry which is modest but invincible, claiming its sovereign seat of honour in all arts.

REALIZATION

Opinions are nothing better than all the self-contained calm of true realisation. What does it matter which argument

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is true and which is false—what has been gained within is the real thing.

It is recognised that the Supreme Being who is without definition is manifest within limits,—the endless current of minute and protracted, subtle and gross, is of him. He is at one and the same time with endless attributes and without attribute; of infinite forms and formless. In other countries they have tried to confine God within some one definition. In India no doubt there have also been attempts to realize God in one or other of His special aspects, but these have never been looked upon as final, nor any and of them conceived to be the only one. No Indian devotee has ever failed to acknowledge that God in His infinity transcends the particular aspect which may be true for the worshipper personally,

That which you will not see for yourself you will never comprehend, even if I bore a hole in your skull.

The first stage of my realization was through my feeling of intimacy with Nature—not that Nature which has its channel of information for our mind and physical relationship with our living body, but that which satisfies our personality with manifestations that make our life rich and stimulate our imagination in their harmony of forms, colours, sounds and movements. It is not that world which vanishes into abstract symbols behind its own testimony to Science, but that which lavishly displays its wealth of reality to our personal self having its own perpetual reaction upon our human nature.

The outer expression of truth reaches its white light of simplicity through its inner realization. True simplicity is the physiognomy of perfection. In the primitive stages of spiritual growth, when man is dimly aware of the mystery of the infinite in his life and the world, when he does not fully know the inward character of his relationship with this truth; his first feeling is either of dread; or of greed of gain. This drives him into wild exaggeration in worship, frenzied convulsions of ceremonialism.

In the night we stumble over things and become acutely conscious of their individual separateness. But the day reveals the greater unity which embraces them. The man whose inner vision is bathed in an illumination of his consciousness at once realizes the spiritual unity reigning supreme over all differences. His mind no longer awkwardly stumbles over individual facts of separateness in the human world, accepting them as final. He realizes that peace is in the inner harmony which dwells in truth and not in any other adjustments. He knows that beauty carries an eternal assurance of our spiritual

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relationship to reality, which waits for its perfection in the response of our love.

The truth of our life depends upon our attitude of mind towards it—an attitude which is formed by our habit of dealing with it according to the special circumstance of our surroundings and our temperaments. It guides our attempts to establish relations with the universe either by conquest or by union, either through the cultivation of power or through that of sympathy. And thus, in our realisation of the truth of existence, we put our emphasis either upon the principle of dualism or upon the principle of unity.

Whatever name our logic may give to the truth of human unity, the fact can never be ignored that we have our greatest delight when we realize ourselves in others, and this is the definition of love. This love gives us the testimony of the great whole, which is the complete and final truth of man. It offers us the immense field where we can have our release from the sole monarchy of hunger, of the growling voice, snarling teeth and tearing claws, from the dominance of the limited material means, the source of cruel envy and ignoble deception, where the largest wealth of the human soul has been produced through sympathy and co-operation; through disinterested pursuit of knowledge that recognizes no limit and is unafraid of all time-honoured *tabus*; through a strenuous cultivation of intelligence for service that knows no distinction of colour and clime. The Spirit of Love, dwelling in the boundless realm of the surplus, emancipates our consciousness from the illusory bond of the separateness of self; it is ever trying to spread its illumination in the human world. This is the spirit of civilization, which in all its best endeavour invokes our Supreme Being for the only bond of unity that leads us to truth: namely, that of righteousness.

REALISM

From the point of view of realism the image may not be wholly inappropriate and may be considered as outrageously virile in its unshrinking incivility. But this is not art; this is a jerky shriek, something like the convulsive advertisement of the modern market that exploits mob psychology against its inattention. To be tempted to create an illusion of forcefulness through an over-emphasis of abnormality is a sign of anaesthesia. It is the waning vigour of imagination which employs desperate dexterity in the present-day art for producing shocks in order to poke out into a glare the sensation of the unaccustomed. When we find that the literature of any period is laborious in the pursuit of a spurious novelty in its manner and matter, we must know that it is the symptom of old age, of

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anaemic sensibility which seeks to stimulate its palsied taste with the pungency of indecency and the tingling touch of intemperance.

When it does not concern science but concerns the arts we must draw a distinction between realism and reality. In its own wide perspective of normal environment, disease is a reality which has to be acknowledged in literature. But disease in a hospital is realism fit for the use of science. It is an abstraction which, if allowed to haunt literature, may assume a startling appearance because of its unreality. Such vagrant spectres do not have a proper modulation in a normal surrounding ; and they offer a false proportion in their feature because the proportion of their environment is tampered with. Such a curtailment oft he essential is not art, but a trick which exploits mutilation in order to assert a false claim to reality.

REALITY

It is only of real things that we need to be afraid.

Those who are deprived by their own diffidence dignify their privation by the name of modesty. The world into which we are born is the world of reality. When a man goes away from the market of real things with empty hands and empty stomach, merely filling his bag with big sounding words, I wonder why he ever came into this hard world at all.

When, in spite of all, reality awakes at the call of what is but naked truth, what a gnashing of teeth and beating of breasts is there ! But can one carry on a quarrel with a storm ? It never takes the trouble to reply, it only gives a shaking.

The immediate consciousness of reality in its purest form, unobscured by the shadow of self-interest, irrespective of moral or utilitarian recommendation, gives us joy as does the self-revealing personality of our own.

Whatever is true is real. Reality is related to truth, as the canvas to the picture—it must be there at the back.

Men must find and feel and represent in all their creative works Man the Eternal, the creator. Their civilization is a continual discovery of the transcendental humanity. In whatever it fails it shows the failure of the artist, which is the failure in expression ; and that civilization perishes in which the individual thwarts the revelation of the universal. For Reality is the truth of Man, who belongs to all times, and any individualistic madness of men against Man cannot thrive for long.

Ordinarily a donkey does not have any special force of truth for us, except when it kicks us or when we need its reluctant service. But in such cases, the truth is not emphasized in the donkey but in some purpose or bodily pain exterior to it.

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No sooner is the possibility of a wrong admitted than it becomes actual, and clutches you by the throat, however you may then try to shake off all belief in it.

Reality is not based in the substance of things but in the principal of relationship. Truth is the infinite pursued by metaphysics ; fact is the infinite pursued by science, while reality is the definition of the infinite which relates truth to the person. Reality is human ; it is what we are conscious of, by which we are affected, that which we express. When we are intensely aware of it, we are aware of ourselves and it gives us delight. We live it, we always widen its limits. Our arts and literature represent this creative activity which is fundamental in man.

This sensitiveness to the touch of things, such abundant delight in the recognition of them, is obstructed when insistent purposes become innumerable and intricate in our society, when problems crowd in our path clamouring for attention. and life's movement is impeded with things and thoughts too difficult for a harmonious assimilation.

This has been growing evident every day in the modern age, which gives more time to the acquisition of life's equipment than to the enjoyment of it. In fact, life itself is made secondary to life's materials, even like a garden buried under the bricks gathered for the garden wall. Somehow the mania for bricks and mortar grows, the kingdom of rubbish dominates, the days of spring are made futile and the flowers never come.

What you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow.

The real with its meaning read wrong and emphasis misplaced is the unreal.

REASON

You like to get at things by reason, and when folk put things across without a reason, you are bound to clash with them. Either copy their system, or give up your own and keep quiet.

People are wont to reason when danger threatens their loved ones.

REBIRTH

Curiously enough, my greatest fear is lest I should be reborn in Europe ! For there one cannot recline like this with one's whole being laid open to the infinite above—one is liable, I am afraid, to be soundly rated for lying down at all. I should probably have been hustling strenuously in some factory or

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bank, or Parliament. Like the roads there, one's mind has to be stone-metalled for heavy traffic—geometrically laid out, and kept clear and regulated.

I am sure I cannot exactly say why this lazy, dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind seems to me the more desirable. I feel no whit inferior to the busiest men of the world as I lie here in my jolly-boat. Rather, had I girded up my loins to be strenuous, I might have seemed ever so feeble compared to those chips of old oaken blocks.

Each day the thought recurs to me : Shall I be reborn under this star-spangled sky ? Will the peaceful rapture of such wonderful evenings ever again be mine, on this silent Bengal river, in so secluded a corner of the world ?

Perhaps not. The scene may be changed ; I may be born with a different mind. Many such evenings may come, but they may refuse to nestle so trustfully, so lovingly, with such complete abandon, to my breast.

From age to age, thereafter, have I been diversely reborn on this earth. So whenever we now sit face to face, alone together, various ancient memories, gradually, one after another, come back to me.

REFORMS

If you believe that you must first root up all evil practices and customs before our country can become one, then, every time you have to cross the ocean, you would have to begin by scooping out the water. Put away all your pride and contempt, and in true humility become inwardly one with all, and then shall your love overcome a thousand defects and evils. In every society there are faults and weaknesses, but so long as the people are united to one another by the bonds af love, they are able to neutralise all the poison. The cause of rottenness is always present in the air, but so long as you are alive it cannot work,—only dead things decay. Let me tell you that we are not going to submit to outside attempts to reform us, whether it be from you or from foreign missionaries.

We can take correction from our parents, but when the police come to do it there is more of insult than of improvement in the process, and we only lower our manhood if we suffer it. First acknowledge kinship with us, then come to reform us, else even good advice from you will but harm us.

More important than reforms are love and respect. Reform will come of itself from within, after we are a united people. You would break up the country into a hundred bits by your policy of separateness.

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REGRETS

Leave me without regret, like the tree that sheds its flowers unheeding.

RELATIONS

Though all our mortal relationships have their end, we cannot ignore them with impunity while they last. If we behave as if they do not exist, merely because they will not continue for ever, they will all the same exact their dues, with a great deal over by way of penalty. Trying to ignore bonds that are real, albeit, temporary, only strengthens and prolongs their bondage. The soul is great, but the self has to be crossed over in order to reach it. We do not attain our goal by destroying our path.

RELIGION

When there is no real attraction to religion then religion becomes merely a thing to take pride in, like wealth, or honours, or race.

If I feel reluctant to speak about my own view of religion, It is because I have not come to my own religion through the portals of passive acceptance of a particular creed owing to some accident of birth. I was born to a family who were pioneers in the revival in our country of a religion based upon the utterance of Indian sages in the Upanishads. But owing to my idiosyncrasy of temperament, it was impossible for me to accept any religious teaching on the only ground that people in my surroundings believed it to be true. I could not persuade myself to imagine that I had religion simply because everybody whom I might trust believed in its value.

I have come to the conclusion, after much thought, that it can never be necessary for a man to cut off all connection with his religion, his beliefs, or his society, no matter of what nature they may be, in order to be united with other men. If that were necessary then no friendship could exist between a Hindu and a Christian, and we ought to raise high walls round each sect and keep them each within its own fence.

Religion is not built up on the foundations of society and the individual, it is society and the individual which depend on religion. If you once begin to call that religion which society happens to want, then society itself will be ruined ; if society puts any obstacles in the way of a right religious freedom, then by surmounting such unreasonable obstructions we are doing our duty to society.

There is something above both society and the individual to which we ought to look, and that is religion.

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I can't respect a religion which denies the rights of the individual and of society and claims everything for itself.

Science may include in its field of knowledge the starry world and the world beyond it ; philosophy may try to find some universal principle which is at the root of all things, but religion inevitably concentrates itself on humanity, which illumines our reasons, inspires our wisdom, stimulates our love, claims our intelligent service.

We do not think of it as religion, but go about fighting for it because it is our religion.

My religion is a poet's religion. All that I feel about it is from vision and not from knowledge. Frankly I acknowledge that I cannot satisfactorily answer any questions about evil, or about what happens after death. Nevertheless, I am sure that there have come moments in my own experience when my soul has touched the infinite and has become intensely conscious of it through the illumination of joy.

It should be understood that the tendency of the Indian mind has ever been towards transcendentalism which does not hold religion to be ultimate but rather to be a means to a further end. This end consists in the perfect liberation of the individual in the universal spirit across the furthest limits of humanity itself.

A religion that insults is a false religion.

As science is the liberation of our knowledge in the universal reason, which cannot be other than human reason, religion is the liberation of our individual personality in the universal person who is human all the same.

Is religion a thing that one has to find by seeking ? Is it not like sunlight, given to you for all days ?

Man has taken centuries to discuss the question of his own true nature and has not yet come to a conclusion. He has been building up elaborate religions to convince himself, against his natural inclinations, of the paradox that he is not what he is but something greater. What is significant about these efforts is the fact that in order to know himself truly Man in his religion cultivates the vision of a Being who exceeds him in truth and with whom also he has his kinship.

Religion is not essentially cosmic or even abstract ; it finds itself when it touches the Brahma in man ; otherwise it has no justification to exist.

Be that as it may, it has to be admitted that the world is full of different religious sects and will probably always

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remain so. It is no use lamenting over, or quarrelling with, this fact. There is a private corner for me in my house with a little table, which has its special fittings of pen and ink-stand and paper, and here I can best do my writing and other work. There is no reason to run down, or run away from this corner is mine, because in it I cannot invite and provide seats for all my friends and guests. It may be that this corner is too narrow, or too close, or too untidy, so that my doctor may object, my friends remonstrate, my enemies sneer ; but all that has nothing to do with the present case. My point is that if all the rooms in my house be likewise solely for my own special convenience ; if there be no reception room for my friends, or accommodation for my guests, then indeed am I blameworthy. Then with bowed head I must confess that in my house no great meeting of friends can ever take place.

Religious sects are formed in every country and every age owing to a diversity of historical causes. There will always be many, who, by tradition and temperament, find special solace in belonging to a particular sect : and also there will be others who think that the finding of such solace can only be allowed as legitimate within the pale of their own. Between such, there needs must be quarrels. Making ample provision for such inevitable and interminable squabbles, can there be no wide meeting place, where all sects may gather together and forget their differences ? Has India, in her religious ideals, no such space for the common light of day and open air for all humanity ? The vigour with which the sectarian fanatic will shake his head, make one doubt it ; the bloodshed which so frequently occurs for such trivial causes, makes one doubt it ; the cruel and insulting distinctions between man and man which are kept alive under the sanction of religion, make one doubt it. Still, in spite of all these, when I turn to look back to India's own pure culture—in those ages when it flourished in its truth—I am emboldened to assert that it is there. Our forefathers did spread a single pure white carpet whereon all the world was cordially invited to take its seat in amity and good fellowship. No quarrel could have arisen there ; for He, in whose name the invititation went forth, for all time to come, was Santam, Sivam, Advaitam—the peaceful, in the heart of all conflicts ; the Good who is revealed through all losses and sufferings ; the One, in all diversities of creation. And in His name was this eternal truth declared in ancient India.

Religion consists in the endeavour of men to cultivate and express those qualities which are inherent in the nature of Man the Eternal, and to have faith in him. If these qualities were absolutely natural in individuals, religion could have no

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purpose. We begin our history with all the original promptings of our brute nature which helps us to fulfil those vital needs of ours that are immediate. But deeper within us there is a current of tendencies which runs in many ways in a contrary direction, the life current of universal humanity. Religion has its function in reconciling the contradiction, by subordinating the brute nature to what we consider as the truth of Man.

The special mental attitude which India has in her religion is made clear by the word *Yoga*, whose meaning is to effect union. Union has its significance not in the realm of *to have* but in that of *to be*. To gain truth is to admit its separateness, but to *be* true is to become one with truth. Some religions, which deal with our relationship with God, assure us of reward if that relationship be kept true. This reward has an objective value. It gives us some reason outside ourselves for pursuing the prescribed path. We have such religions also in India. But those that have attained a greater height aspire for their fulfilment in union with *Narayana*, the supreme Reality of Man, which is divine.

Religion is one in its essence, but different in its forms. The water is one, yet by its different banks it is bounded and preserved for different peoples. What if you have a well-spring of your own in your heart, spurn not your neighbours who must go for their draught of water to their ancestral pond with the green of its gradual slopes mellowed by ages and its ancient trees bearing eternal fruit.

Religion through service, love, compassion, self-respect and respect for humanity as a whole, gives power and life and happiness to all. The tradition which merely divided men into classes and separated class from class, driving to a distance even love itself, did not want to carry into effect the results of man's intelligent thinking, and only put obstacles at every step in the way of man's coming and going.

The religion that only comes to us from external scriptures never becomes our own ; our only tie with it is that of habit. To gain religion within is man's great lifelong adventure. In the extremity of suffering must it be born ; on his life-blood it must live ; and then, whether or not it brings happiness, the man's journey shall end in the joy of fulfilment.

The religious instinct of man urges him towards a truth by which he can transcend the finite nature of the individual self. Man would never feel the indignity of his limitations if these were inevitable. Within him he has glimpses of the Infinite, which gives him assurance that this truth is not in his limitations, but that this truth can be attained by love.

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For love is the positive quality of the infinite, and love's sacrifice accordingly does not lead to emptiness, but to fulfilment.

People hide behind this folly called religion only when they are cowed by fear.

In dogmatic religion all questions are definitely answered, all doubts are finally laid to rest. But the poet's religion is fluid, like the atmosphere round the earth where lights and shadows play hide-and-seek, and the wind like a shepherd boy plays upon its reeds among flocks of clouds. It never undertakes to lead anybody anywhere to any solid conclusion; yet it reveals endless spheres of light, because it has no walls round itself.

Religion has two aspects to it. One aspect is the eternal, the other the worldly. Where religion is revealed through the laws of society you cannot disregard it without bringing ruin on society.

RELIGION AND POLITICS

We must have our religion and also our nationalism; our Bhagavadgita and also our Bande Mataram. The result is that both of them suffer. It is like performing with an English military band, side by side with our Indian festive pipes. I must make it the purpose of my life to put an end to this hideous confusion.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS

It is significant that all great religions have their historic origin in persons who represented in their life a truth which was not cosmic and unmoral, but human and good. They rescued religion from the magic stronghold of demon force and brought it into the inner heart of humanity, into a fulfilment not confined to some exclusive good fortune of the individual but to the welfare of all men. This was not for the spiritual ecstasy of lonely souls, but for the spiritual emancipation of all races. They came as the messengers of Man to men of all countries and spoke of the salvation that could only be reached by the perfecting of our relationship with Man the Eternal, Man the Divine. Whatever might be their doctrines of God, or some dogmas that they borrowed from their own time and tradition, their life and teaching had the deeper implication of a Being who is the infinite in Man, the Father, the Friend, the Lover, whose service must be realized through serving all mankind. For the God in Man depends upon men's service and men's love for his own love's fulfilment.

Our great prophets in all ages did truly realize in themselves the freedom of the soul in their consciousness of the spiritual kinship of man which is universal. And yet human

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races, owing to their external geographical condition, developed in their individual isolation a mentality that is obnoxiously selfish. In their instinctive search for truth in religion either they dwarfed and deformed it in the mould of the primitive distortions of their own race-mind, or else they shut their God within temple walls and scriptural texts safely away, especially from those departments of life where his absence gives easy access to devil-worship in various names and forms. They treated their God in the same way as in some forms of government the King is treated, who has traditional honour but no effective authority. The true meaning of God has remained vague in our minds only because our consciousness of the spiritual unity has been thwarted.

REMEMBRANCE

I was to go away ; still she did not speak. But I felt, from a slight quiver, her yearning arms would say : "Ah, no, not yet."

I have often heard her pleading hands vocal in a touch, thought they knew not what they said.

I have known those arms to stammer when, had they not, they would have become youth's garland round my neck.

Their little gestures return to remembrance in the covert of still hours ; like truants they playfully reveal things she had kept secret from me.

I forgot myself for a moment, and I came.

But raise your eyes, and let me know if there still linger some shadow of other days, like a pale cloud on the horizon that has been robbed of its rain.

For a moment bear with me if I forget myself.

The roses are still in bud ; they do not yet know how we neglect to gather flowers this summer.

The morning star has the same palpitating hush; the early light is enmeshed in the branches that overbrow your window, as in those other days.

That times are changed, I forget for a little, and have come.

I forget if you ever shamed me by looking away when I bared my heart.

I only remember the words that stranded on the tremor of yours lips ; I remember in your dark eyes sweeping shadows of passion, like the wings of a homeseeking bird in the dusk.

I forget that you do not remember, and I come.

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RENUNCIATION

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

Welcome a man who is neither king nor monk, who neither enjoys the world nor renounces it.

Wisdom is not happiness and renunciation is not fulfilment.

Once the mind refuses to be bound by temperate requirements, there ceases to be any reason why it should cry halt at any particular limit ; and so, like trying to extinguish fire with oil, its acquisitions only make its desires blaze up all the fiercer. That is why it is so essential to habituate the mind, from the very beginning, to be conscious of, and desirous of, keeping within the natural limits ; to cultivate the spirit of enjoyment which is allied with the spirit of freedom, the readiness for renunciation.

Renounce we must, and through renunciation gain—that is the truth of the inner world.

The highway of the open world is the pathway of renunciation.

In the open world all is change, all is life, all is movement. And he who ever moves and journeys with this life-movement, dancing and playing on his flute as he goes, he is the true renouncer.

REPENTANCE

I am quite willing to repent for not accepting a responsibility which is not mine for I should have to repent even more bitterly if I did accept it. I want to be saved from such a fate.

Repentance is a gift of God's grace.

REPETITION

A track is widened by retreading the same ground.

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REPUTATION

We know individuals who have the habit of inscribing their names on the walls of some majestic monument of architecture. It is a pathetic way of associating their own names with some works of art which belong to all times and to all men. Our hunger for reputation comes from our desire to make objectively real that which is inwardly real to us. He who is inarticulate is insignificant, like a dark star that cannot prove itself. He ever waits for the artist to give him his fullest worth, not for anything specially excellent in him but for the wonderful fact that he is what he certainly is, that he carries in him the eternal mystery of being.

RESPECT

Respect given and taken truly balances the account between man and man, but veneration is overpayment.

If you have not the power to feel respect for a man who is worthy of honour, you might at least avoid such meanness as to jeer at him.

RESPONSIBILITY

When you have once taken up a responsibility, you must see it through.

REST

Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes.

RESTLESSNESS

Nothing is to be gained by becoming restless to achieve something which one is not capable of.

REVENGE

Revenge is stronger than the thin wine of love. Revenge is freedom,—freedom from the coils of cloying sweetness.

One must give a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye.

REVOLUTION

Revolution must come and men must risk revilement and misunderstanding, especially from those who want to be comfortable, who put their faith in materialism, and who belong truly to the dead past and not modern times, the past that had its age in distant antiquity when physical flesh and size predominated, and not the mind of man.

RHYTHM

To the guests that must go bid God-speed and brush away all traces of their steps.

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Take to your bosom with a smile what is easy and simple and near.

Today is the festival of phantoms that know not when they die.

Let your laughter be but a meaningless mirth like twinkles of light on the ripples.

Let your life lightly dance on the edges of Time like dew on the tip of a leaf.

Strike in chords from your harp fitful momentary rhythms.

Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this rhythm ? To be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy ?

All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on.

Keeping steps with that restless, rapid music, seasons come dancing and pass away—colours, tunes, and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy that scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

The unity as a poem introduces itself in a rhythmic language in a gesture of character. Rhythm is not merely in some measured blending of words, but in a significant adjustment of ideas, in a music of thought produced by a subtle principle of distribution, which is not primarily logical but evidential. The meaning which the word character contains is difficult to define. It is comprehended in a special grouping of aspects which gives it an irresistible impetus, The combination it represents may be uncouth, may be unfinished, discordant ; yet it has a dynamic vigour in its totality which claims recognition, often against our wishes for the assent of our reason. An avalanche has a character, which even a heavier pile of snow has not ; its character is in its massive movement, its incalculable possibilities.

What is rhythm ? It is the movement generated and regulated by harmonious restriction. This is the creative force in the hand of the artist. So long as words remain in uncadenced prose form, they do not give any lasting feeling of reality. The moment they are taken and put into rhythm they vibrate into a radiance. It is the same with the rose. In the pulp of its petals you may find everything that went to make the rose, but the rose which is *maya*, an image, is lost ; its finality which has the touch of the infinite is gone. The rose appears to me to be still, but because of its metre of composition it has a lyric of movement within that stillness, which is the same as the dynamic quality of a picture that has a perfect

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harmony. It produces a music in our consciousness by giving it a swing of motion synchronous with its own. Had the picture consisted of a disharmonious aggregate of colours and lines, it would be deadly still.

In perfect rhythm, the art-form becomes like the stars which in their seeming stillness are never still, like a motionless flame that is nothing but movement. A great picture is always speaking, but news from a newspaper, even of some tragic happening, is still-born. Some news may be a mere commonplace in the obscurity of a journal ; but give it a proper rhythm and it will never cease to shine. That is art. It has the magic wand which gives undying reality to all things it touches, and relates them to the personal being in us. We stand before its productions and say : I know you as I know myself, you are real.

Though you too do not rhyme, your rhythm is the same.

The fundamental distinction of gold from mercury lies merely in the difference of rhythm in their respective atomic constitution, like the distinction of the king from his subject which is not in their different constituents, but in the different metres of their situation and circumstance. There you find behind the scene the Artist, the Magician of rhythm, who imparts an appearance of substance to the unsubstantial.

To that rhythm the bands of stars and planets go about dancing from sky to sky, like so many minstrel boys. It is that rhythm, that makes you so simple, so perfect.

RIDICULE

Things that are solemn offer more surface for ridicule than that are truly ridiculous.

RIGHT AND WRONG

Wrong cannot afford defeat but Right can.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

It is not the Brahmin's right to violate the eternal good. The creature's blood is not the offering for gods. And it is within the rights of the King and the peasant alike to maintain truth and righteousness.

RISK

Taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living.

Let those who are snake-charmers play with snakes ; if harm comes to them, they are prepared for it. They play with a snake not knowing its nature, and when we see them smilingly, trustfully, putting their hands within reach of its fangs, then we understand how terribly dangerous the snake is.

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ROAD

The road is my wedded companion. She speaks to me under my feet all day, she sings to my dreams all night.

My meeting with her had no beginning, it begins endlessly at each daybreak, renewing its summer in fresh flowers and songs, and her every new kiss is the first kiss to me.

The road and I are lovers. I change my dress for her night after night, leaving the tattered cumber of the old in the wayside inns when the day dawns.

RUSSIA

One aspect of the Soviet administration which particularly pleased me was that it provided no scope for unseemly conflict of religious differences nor set one community against another by unbalanced distribution of political favours. That I consider a truly civilized administration which impartially serves the common interests of the people.

While other imperialist powers sacrifice the welfare of the subject races to their own national greed, in the U.S.S.R. I found a genuine attempt being made to harmonise the interests of the various nationalities that are scattered over its vast area.

SACRIFICE

Sorrow is needed for sacrifice.

They who walk in the paths of restraint have never known what sacrifice is. It is we greedy folk who have to sacrifice our greed at every step !

The fish being fried in its own oil.

The woodcutter's axe begged for its handle from the tree.

The tree gave it.

The roots below the earth claim no rewards for making the branches fruitful.

SAD SILENCE

The name she called me by, like a flourishing jasmine, covered the whole seventeen years of our love. With its sound mingled the quiver of the light through the leaves, the scent of the grass in the rainy night, and the sad silence of the last hour of many an idle day.

Not the work of God alone was he who answered to that name ; she created him again for herself during those seventeen swift years.

Other years were to follow, but their vagrant days, no longer gathered within the fold of that name uttered in her voice, stray and are scattered.

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They ask me, "Who should fold us ?"

I find no answer and sit silent, and they cry to me while dispersing, "We seek a shepherdess !"

Whom should they seek ?

That they do not know. And like derelict evening clouds they drift in the trackless dark, and are lost and forgotten.

SAILORS

Do you hear the tumult of death afar,
The call midst the fire-floods and poisonous clouds ?
—The Captain's call to the steersman to turn the ship to an unnamed shore,
For that time is over—the stagnant time in the port—
Where the same old merchandise is bought and sold in an endless round,
Where dead things drift in the exhaustion and emptiness of truth.
They wake up in sudden fear and ask,
"Comrades, what hour has struck ?
When shall the dawn begin ?"
The clouds have blotted away the stars—
Who is there then can see the beckoning finger of the day ?
They run out with oars in hand, the beds are emptied, the mother prays, the wife watches by the door ;
There is a wail of parting that rises to the sky,
And there is the Captain's voice in the dark :
"Come, sailors, for the time in the harbour is over !"

SALVATION

Though salvation was not possible for a family-man yet heaven was attainable.

SAMADHI

It is widely known in India that there are individuals who have the power to attain temporarily the state of *Samadhi*, the complete merging of the self in the infinite, a state which is indescribable. While accepting their testimony as true, let us at the same time have faith in the testimony of others who have felt a profound love, which is the intense feeling of union, for a Being who comprehends in himself all things that are human in knowledge, will and action. And he is God, who is not merely a sum total of facts, but the goal that lies immensely beyond all that is comprised in the past and the present.

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SANSKRIT

There was a time with us when India had her common language of culture in Sanskrit. But, for the complete commerce of her thought, she required that all her vernaculars should attain their perfect powers, through which her different peoples might manifest their idiosyncrasies ; and this could never be done through a foreign tongue.

SANTINIKETAN

She is our own, the darling of our hearts, Santiniketan.
Our dreams are rocked in her arms.
Her face is a fresh wonder of love every time we see her,
for she is our own, the darling of our hearts.
In the shadows of her trees we meet,
in the freedom of her open sky.
Her mornings come and her evenings
bringing down heaven's kisses,
Making us feel anew that she is our own,
the darling of our hearts.
The stillness of her shades is stirred by the woodland whisper ;
her *amlaki* groves are aquiver with the rapture of leaves.
She dwells in us and around us, however far we may wander.
She weaves our hearts in a song, making us one in music,
tuning our strings of love with her own fingers ;
and we ever remember that she is our own,
the darling of our hearts.

SCANDAL

Afraid of a scandal ? Are people's tongues of greater consequence than the voice of Fate ?

SCHOOL MASTERS

A most important truth, which we are apt to forget, is that a teacher can never truly teach unless he is still learning himself. A lamp can never light another lamp unless it continues to burn its own flame. The teacher who has come to the end of his subject, who has no living traffic with his knowledge, but merely repeats his lessons to his students, can only load their minds ; he cannot quicken them. Truth not only must inform but inspire. If the inspiration dies out and the information only accumulates, then truth loses its infinity. The greater part of our learning in the schools has been wasted because, for most of our teachers, their subjects are like dead specimens of once living things, with which they have a learned acquaintance, but no communication of life and love.

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I should be ashamed to belong to a society in which all were teachers and none disciples.

Well, indulge in your respect by all means ! Schoolmasters thrive on it. But not being one of them, I have no use for that empty compliment.

All these boys will be a terror one day to all wretched foreigners. If not, I am no true teacher. Not for a moment do I forget what a great responsibility is ours. It's we schoolmasters who mould men—your ministers have merely to use them. Yet think what a salary they get, compared with ours !

SCIENCE

The real truth is that science is not man's nature, it is mere knowledge and training. By knowing the laws of the material universe you do not change your deeper humanity. You can borrow knowledge from others, but you cannot borrow temperament.

Life based upon mere science is attractive to some men. because it has all the characteristics of sport ; it feigns seriousness, but is not profound. When you go a-hunting, the less pity you have the better ; for your one object is to chase the game and kill it, to feel that you are the greater animal, that your method of destruction is thorough and scientific. And the life of science is that superficial life. It pursues success with skill and thoroughness, and takes no account of the higher nature of man. But those whose minds are crude enough to plan their lives upon the supposition that man is merely a hunter and his paradise the paradise of sportsmen will be rudely awakened in the midst of their trophies of skeletons and skulls.

SCRIPTURES

You have no power to alter laws laid down in scriptures.

Educated people are bound to miss some rule of scripture or other now and then.

Children find no difficulty in living and thriving in the homes of those who obey the scriptures.

Our professional reciters keep a book full of all kinds of ready-made discourses which can be fitted into any subject.

Don't quote scripture in support of the kind of sentiment you feel.

The insolence is not mine but theirs who shape their scripture to fit their own narrow hearts.

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SEA

Thou raisest thy waves vainly to follow thy lover, O sea, thou lonely bride of the storm.

SEA OF DESIRE

Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust, playing with a broken twig all the morning !

I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.

I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures by the hour.

Perhaps you glance at me and think, "What a stupid game to spoil your morning with !"

Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps of gold and silver.

With whatever you find you create your glad games. I spend both my time and my strength over things I can never obtain.

In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a game.

SEARCH

In desperate hope I go and search for her in all the corners of my room ; I find her not.

My house is small and what once has gone from it can never be regained.

But infinite is thy mansion, my lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door.

I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.

I have come to the brink of eternity from which nothing can vanish—no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the deepest fulness. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the all-ness of the universe.

SEASONS

We move and move without rest.
World, the Rover, loves his comrades of the road.
His call comes across the sky,
The seasons lead the way, strewing the path with flowers.

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In the play of the seasons, each year, the mask of the Old Man, Winter, is pulled off, and the form of Spring is revealed in all its beauty. Thus we see that the old is ever new.

SECLUSION

Man is overcome by a profound depression while nodding through his voluptuously lazy hours of seculsion, because in this way he is deprived of full commerce with life. Such is the despondency from which I have always painfully struggled to get free.

It is useless trying to keep aloof from worldly affairs.

SECRECY

O that I were stored with a secret, like unshed rain in summer clouds—a secret, folded up in silence, that I could wander away with.

O that I had some one to whisper to, where slow waters lap under trees that doze in the sun.

The hush this evening seems to expect a footfall, and you ask me for the cause of my tears.

I cannot give a reason why I weep, for that is a secret still withheld from me.

To reach the highest pitch of truthfulness one must lay bare all secrets.

It may be necessary in practice to tell two different stories to two different sets of people when the circumstances are exceptional.

Surely there are things that a man likes to keep secret even from his friends.

It has all the greater fascination because kept secret.

Accept me, my lord; accept me for this while.

Let those orphaned days that passed without thee be forgotten.

Only spread this little moment wide across thy lap, holding it under thy light.

I have wandered in pursuit of voices that drew me yet led me nowhere.

Now let me sit in peace and listen to thy words in the soul of my silence.

Do not turn away thy face from my heart's dark secrets, but burn them till they are alight with thy fire.

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SECTARIANISM

Sectarianism is a thing which makes people entirely forget the simple and obvious truth that man is man—it creates a kind of whirlpool in which the society-made distinction between Hindu and Brahmo assumes greater importance than universal truth.

SELECTION

I cannot choose the best.
The best chooses me.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

The intensity of self-consciousness is nothing of which a man should feel proud ; certainly it is not healthful. In like manner, incessant self-consciousness in a nation is highly injurious for the people. It serves its immediate purpose, but at the cost of the eternal in man.

Self-consciousness, up to a point, is necessary to self-development ; for without an awareness of the dignity of one's own role or function, one cannot give one's best to the world. Without rights there can be no obligations, and service and virtue when forced become marks of slavery. But self-consciousness, like good wine, easily intoxicates, and it is difficult to control the dose and have just enough of it. Vanity and pride get the upper hand and he who clings to his rights very often trespasses on those of others.

SELF ESTEEM

In a religious community, a man who labels himself with a high-priced ticket gradually comes to be taken at his own valuation.

SELFISHNESS

The apotheosis of selfishness can never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony.

The calculation of self-interest can never successfully fight the irrational force of passion—the passion which is perversion of love, and which can only be set right by the truth of love. So long as the powers build a league on the foundation of their desire for safety, secure enjoyment of gains, consolidation of past injustice, and putting off the reparation of wrongs, while their fingers still wriggle for greed and reek of blood, rifts will appear in their union ; and in future their conflicts will take greater force and magnitude.

Man's heart is anguished with the fever of unrest,
With the poison of self-seeking.

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With a thirst that knows no end.

Such a selfish being is man !

To remain whole is useful only for the lamb itself ; those who eat it prefer to leave out its horns and hooves, and even object to its bleating when butchered.

When respect for one's father brings with it some profit then it is hard to check it !

The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give the fish a lift in the air.

SELF LOVE

How false it is always to be looking after oneself.

SELF-STUDY

It takes some time to understand even one's own mind.

I cannot swear to what I really am. It is because I am such a mystery to my own mind that my attraction for myself is so strong ! If once the whole of myself should become known to me, I would then fling it all away,—and reach beatitude !

It costs me nothing to feel that I am ; it is no burden to me. And yet if the mental, physical, chemical, and other innumerable facts concerning all branches of knowledge which have united in myself could be broken up, they would prove endless. It is some untold mystery of unity in me, that has the simplicity of the infinite and reduces the immense mass of multitude to a single point.

This One in me knows the universe of the many. But, in whatever it knows it knows the One in different aspects. It knows this room only because this room is One to it, in spite of the seeming contradiction of the endless facts contained in the single fact of the room. Its knowledge of a tree is the knowledge of a unity, which appears in the aspect of a tree.

This One in me is creative. Its creations are a pastime, through which it gives expression to an ideal of unity in its endless show of variety, Such are its pictures, poems, music, in which it finds joy only because they reveal the perfect forms of an inherent unity.

This One in me not only seeks unity in knowledge for its understanding and creates images of unity for its delight ; it also seeks union in love for its fulfilment. It seeks itself in others. This is a fact, which would be absurd had there been no great medium of truth to give it reality. In love we find a joy which is ultimate because it is the ultimate truth.

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To give perfect expression to the One, the Infinite, through the harmony of the many; to the One, the Love, through the sacrifice of self, is the object alike of our individual life and our society.

SENTIMENTALITY

Sentimentality always makes me furious. In time of famine, if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food, and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds, what are we to think of him ?

SEPARATION

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus casting coloured shadows on thy radiance—such is thy *maya*.

Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.

The poigant song is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and smiles, alarms and hopes ; waves rise up and sink again, dreams break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.

This screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumberable figures with the brush of the night and the day. Behind it thy seat is woven in wondrous mysteries of curves, casting away all barren lines of straightness.

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.

How often, great Earth, have I felt my being yearn to flow over you, sharing in the happiness of each green blade that raises its signal banner in answer to the beckoning blue of the sky !

I feel as if I had belonged to you ages before I was born. That is why, in the days when the autumn light shimmers on the mellowing ears of rice, I seem to remember a past when my mind was everywhere, and even to hear voices as of playfellows echoing from the remote and deeply veiled past.

When, in the evening, the cattle return to their folds, raising dust from the meadow paths, as the moon rises higher than the smoke ascending from the village huts, I feel sad as for some great separation that happened in the first morning of existence,

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I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious ! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent.

It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.

It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all night from star to star and becomes lyric among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys and human homes ; and this it is that ever melts and flows in songs through my poet's heart.

The immortal draught of the goddess is never exhausted. She sometines breaks the bowl from which we drink it, only to smile at seeing us so disconsolate over the trifling loss.

When a material body breaks it may be put together again. But when two human beings are divided, after a long separation, they never re-unite at the same place, and to the same time; for the mind is a living thing, and moment by moment it grows and changes.

As separation strained the tie, love's knot grew tighter.

There are more things in life than the union or separation of man and woman. The great world stretches far beyond, and one can truly measure one's own joys and sorrows when standing in its midst.

My union with you, my love, was only of the wayside ; it was well enough so long as we followed the same road ; it will only hamper us if we try to preserve it further. We are now leaving its bonds behind. We are started on our journey beyond, and it will be enough if will we can throw each other a glance, or feel the touch of each other's hands in passing. After that ? After that there is the larger world-path, the endless current of universal life,

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I live and move upon a world-wide chasm of separation, unstable as the dew-drop upon the lotus leaf.

The quiet floating away of a boat on the stream seems to add to the pathos of a separation—it is so like death—the departing one lost to sight, those left behind returning to their daily life, wiping their eyes. True, the pang lasts but a while, and is perhaps already wearing off both in those who have gone and those who remain,—pain being temporary, oblivion permanent. But none the less it is not the forgetting, but the pain which is true; and every now and then, in separation or in death, we realise how terribly true.

When one of its own branches is broken from a tree and falls, then the tree can never take it back again as before as part of itself—but it can give shelter to a creeper that climbs up it from outside, and even if the creeper is torn from the tree in a storm there is no obstacle to its being gathered up to the tree again.

SERVANTS

She never kept more servants than were absolutely necessary. She thought that to pay wages to any one to do work which she herself could do was like paying the pickpocket with her own money.

SERVICE

The service of the fruit is precious, the service of the flower is sweet, but let my service be the service of the leaves in its shade of humble devotion.

SHADE

I lived on the shady side of the road and watched my neighbours' gardens across the way revelling in the sunshine.

SHADOW

They throw their shadows before them who carry their lantern on their back.

SHADOW AND LIGHT

To the birds you gave songs, the birds gave you songs in return.

You gave me only voice, yet asked for more, and I sing.

You made your winds light and they are fleet in their service. You burdened my hands that I myself may lighten them, and at last gain unburdened freedom for your service.

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You created your Earth, filling its shadows with fragments of light.

There you paused ; you left me empty-handed in the dust to create your heaven.

To all things else you give ; from me you ask.

The harvest of my life ripens in the sun and the shower till I reap more than you sowed, gladdening your heart, O Master of the golden granary.

SHADOW OF DEATH

Pick up this life of mine from the dust.

Keep it under your eyes, in the palm of your right hand.

Hold it up in the light, hide it under the shadow of death; keep it in the casket of the night with your stars, and then in the morning let it find itself among flowers that blossom in worship.

SHADOW OF SAFETY

Timidly I cowered in the shadow of safety, but now, when the surge of joy carries my heart upon its crest, my heart clings to the cruel rock of its trouble

I sat alone in a corner of my house thinking it too narrow for any guest, but now when its door is flung open by an unbidden joy I find there is room for thee and for all the world.

I walked upon tiptoe, careful of my person, perfumed, and adorned—but now when a glad whirlwind has overthrown me in the dust I laugh and roll on the earth at thy feet like a child.

SHAKESPEARE

It cannot be said that beauty of nature is ignored in his writings ; only he fails to recognise in them the truth of the interpenetration of human life with the cosmic life of the world.

Shakespeare's contemporary literature represents the war-dance of the day when the Renascence came to Europe in all the violence of its reaction against the severe curbing and cramping of the hearts of men. The examination of good and evil, beauty and ugliness, was not the main object,—man then seemed consumed with the anxiety to break through all barriers to the inmost sanctuary of his being, there to discover the ultimate image of his own violent desire. That is why in this literature we find such poignant, such exuberant, such unbridled expression.

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SHAME

Shame is a sign of a weak character, some people are even ashamed to acknowledge their own fathers.

SHELTER

Shelter there is nowhere, but in the depth of one's self,—seek that; hold to it fast, if you would be saved.

SHOCK

A sleeping person who receives a sudden shock for which he is not prepared in an unknown place palpitates in dismay.

SHORELESS DELIGHT

Lay down your lute, my love, leave your arms free to embrace me.

Let your touch bring my overflowing heart to my body's utmost brink.

Do not bend your neck and turn away your face, but offer up a kiss to me, which has been like some perfume long closed in a bud.

Do not smother this moment under vain words, but let our hearts quake in a rush of silence sweeping all thoughts to the shoreless delight.

SHOWER OF MERCY

When the heart is hard and parched up, come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder.

SHROUD OF DARKNESS

When thou savest me the steps are lighter in the march of thy worlds.

When stains are washed away from my heart it brightens the light of thy sun.

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That the bud has not blossomed in beauty in my life spreads sadness in the heart of creation.

When the shroud of darkness will be lifted from my soul it will bring music to thy smile.

SHY LOVE

You, in your timeless watch, listen to my approaching steps, while your gladness gathers in the morning twilight and breaks in the burst of light.

The nearer I draw to you the deeper grows the fervour in the dance of the sea:

Your world is a branching spray of light filling your hands, but your heaven is in my secret heart ; it slowly opens its buds in shy love.

SHYNESS

What you take for lack of manners is merely shyness—and unless you come into ladies' society you will never be cured.

Bashfulness was almost that of a woman.

SILENCE

Silence gives consent.

The rampart of silence is not the surest means of self-defence.

The dim silence of my mind seems filled with crickets' chirp—the grey twilight of sound.

The fish in the water is silent, the animal on the earth is noisy, the bird in the air is singing.

But Man has in him the silence of the sea, the noise of the earth and the music of the air.

In the dusk of the evening the bird of some early dawn comes to the nest of my silence.

I am like the road in the night listening to the footfalls of its memories in silence.

The day, with the noise of this little earth, drowns the silence of all worlds.

Silence will carry your voice like the nest that holds the sleeping birds.

The dust of the dead words clings to thee.
Wash thy soul with silence.

SILENT GUEST

Ah me, why did they build my house by the road to the market town ?

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They moor their laden boats near my trees.
They come and go and wander at their will.
I sit and watch them; my time wears on.
Turn them away I cannot. And thus my days pass by.
Night and day their steps sound by my door.
Vainly I cry, "I do not know you."

Some of them are known to my fingers, some to my nostrils, the blood in my veins seems to know them, and some are known to my dreams.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "Come to my house whoever chooses. Yes, come."

In the morning the bell rings in the temple.
They come with their baskets in their hands.

Their feet are rosy-red. The early light of dawn is on their faces.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and I say, "Come to my garden to gather flowers. Come hither."

In the midday the gong sounds at the palace gate.

I know not why they leave their work and linger near my hedge.

The flowers in their hair are pale and faded; the notes are languid in their flutes.

Turn them away I cannot. I call them and say, "The shade is cool under my trees. Come, friends."

At night the crickets chirp in the woods.

Who is it that comes slowly to my door and gently knocks ?

I vaguely see the face, not a word is spoken, the stillness of the sky is all around.

Turn away my silent guest I cannot. I look at the face through the dark, and hours of dreams pass by.

SILENT LEISURE

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs ; and the bees are playing their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

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Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

SILENT LOVE

When I go alone at night to my love-tryst, birds do not sing, the wind does not stir, the houses on both sides of the street stand silent.

It is my own anklets that grow loud at every step and I am ashamed.

When I sit on my balcony and listen for his foot-steps, leaves do not rustle on the trees, and the water is still in the river like the sword on the knees of a sentry fallen asleep.

It is my own heart that beats wildly—I do not know how to quiet it.

When my love comes and sits by my side, when my body trembles and my eyelids droop, the night darkens, the wind blows out the lamp, and the clouds draw veils over the stars.

It is the jewel at my own breast that shines and gives light. I do not know how to hide it.

SILENT OBSCURITY

I thought that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of my power,—that the path before me was closed, that provisions were exhausted and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart; and where the old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

SILENT VISION

Raidas, the sweeper, sat still, lost in the solitude of his soul, and some songs born of his silent vision found their way to the Rani's heart,—the Rani Jhali of Chitore.

Tears flowed from her eyes, her thoughts wandered away from her daily duties, till she met Raidas who guided her to God's presence.

The old Brahmin priest of the King's house rebuked her for her desecration of sacred law by offering homage as a disciple to an outcast.

"Brahmin," the Rani answered; "while you were busy tying your purse-strings of custom ever tighter, love's gold slipped unnoticed to the earth, and my Master in his divine humility has picked it up from the dust.

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"Revel in your pride of the unmeaning knots without number, harden your miserly heart, but I, a beggar woman, am glad to receive love's wealth, the gift of the lowly dust, from my Master, the sweeper."

SILENT WORSHIP

I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.

In thy world I have no work to do ; my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence.

SIMILES

The storm droned like a giant snake-charmer's pipe, and to its rhythm swayed hundreds and thousands of crested waves like so many hooded snakes.

River and bank without distinction of garb, like brother and sister in infancy.

Dull lustre, like a blind man's eye.

Black, black—oh, thou art black like the everlasting night !

As free as the broken storm-cloud driven by the tempest.

It is false as a mirage, empty as a bubble.

Her rosy feet as soft as flower-petals.

As a stricken doe looks in the hunter's face.

Like a flash of lightning out of a cloudless sky.

Rain-swollen river, like a stream of tears welling up from the earth.

She was silent and companionless as noontide.

Limpid as a fresh bubbling spring.

As the December sun went down it filled the room with a flood of crimson light like a bride's blush.

SIMPLE LOVE

Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes : thus begins the record of our hearts.

It is the moonlight night of March; the sweet smell of *henna* is in the air; my flute lies on the earth neglected and your garland of flowers is unfinished.

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This love between you and me is simple as a song.
Your veil of the saffron colour makes my eyes drunk.

The jasmine wreath that you wove me thrills to my heart like praise.

It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.

It is enough what we give and we get.

We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.

This love between you and me is simple as a song.

SIMPLICITY

To be simple without becoming poorer is the problem which each must solve according to his temperament. But while we are ever ready to accept the subject-matter of education from outside, it is too bad to thrust on us the temperament as well.

I do not seek to glorify poverty. But simplicity is of greater price than the appendages of luxury. The simplicity of which I speak is not merely the effect of a lack of superfluity; it is one of the signs of perfection. When this dawns on mankind, the unhealthy fog which now besmirches civilization will be lifted. It is for lack of this simplicity that the necessaries of life have become so rare and costly.

When the simplicity of fulness awakens in the West, then work, enjoyment, and education alike, will find their true strength in becoming easy. When this will happen I have no idea, but till then we must, with bowed heads, continue to listen to lectures telling us that the highest education is to be had only in the tallest edifices.

Maiden, your simplicity, like the blueness of the lake, reveals your depth of truth.

SIN

The sin of the parents visited on the innocent child.

Sin has to ripen to its ugliest limits before it can burst and die a hideous death.

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Sin can never have a long lease of life.

Sin taints only the weak.

When the punishment for a sin once begins to burn like a fire, even when it has burned the sinner to a corpse, it does not want to be extinguished.

That is how Providence punishes us. Our accumulated sins are being visited on our own heads.

For the sake of all sinners the Lord most compassionate achieved the supreme virtues and attained the supreme enlightenment.

There is no end to sin.

SINCERITY

His only merit is his sincerity.

SINGING WAVES

I must launch out my boat. The languid hours pass by on the shore—Alas for me !

The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness do you gaze upon ! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far-away song floating from the other shore ?

SKY

The sky is not empty, but gazes, filled with a silent joy of wonder, at each fresh unfolding of creation.

SLAUGHTER

Buffaloes in this country likewise give milk and are used for ploughing. And therefore, so long as we dance frantic dances on our temple pavements, smeared with their blood. their severed heads carried on our shoulders, religion will only laugh at us if we quarrel with Mussulmans in her name, and nothing but the quarrel itself will remain true, If the cow alone is to be held sacred from slaughter, and not the buffalo, then that is bigotry, not religion.

SLAVERY

By squeezing human beings in the grip of an inelastic system and forcibly holding them fixed, we have ignored the laws of life and growth. We have forced living souls into a permanent passivity, making them incapable of moulding circumstance to their own intrinsic design, and of mastering their own destiny. Borrowing our ideal of life from a dark

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period of our degeneracy, we have covered up our sensitiveness of soul under the immoveable weight of a remotep ast. We have set up an elaborate ceremonial of cage-worship, and plucked all the feathers from the wings of the living spirit of our people. And for us,—with our centuries of degradation and insult, with the amorphousness of our national unity, with our helplessness before the attack of disasters from without and our unreasoning self-obstructions from within,—the punishment has been terrible. Our stupefaction has become so absolute that we do not even realise that this persistent misfortune, dogging our steps for ages, cannot be a mere accident of history, removable only by another accident from outside.

In every country man has destroyed himself to the extent that he has permitted slavery to flourish.

Trading in slavery is inherent in man.

In the case of those who are slaves by nature, the lack of a strong master is the greatest of all calamities.

Spirit of abject dependence upon the charity of our rulers was no matter for pride.

Through our constant habit of being ashamed of our country, the poison of servility has overpowered our minds.

The state of slavery which is thus brought on is the worst form of cancer to which humanity is subject.

Set the bird's wings with gold and it will never again soar in the sky.

SLEEP

The night is nearly spent waiting for him in vain. I fear lest in the morning he suddenly come to my door when I have fallen asleep wearied out. Oh, friends, leave the way open to him—forbid him not.

If the sound of his steps does not wake me, do not try to rouse me, I pray, I wish not to be called from my sleep by the clamorous choir of birds, by the riot of wind at the festival of morning light. Let me sleep undisturbed even if my lord comes of a sudden to my door.

Ah, my sleep, precious sleep, which only waits for his touch to vanish. Ah, my closed eyes that would open their lids only to the light of his smile when he stands before me like a dream emerging from darkness of sleep.

Let him appear before my sight as the first of all lights and all forms. The first thrill of joy to my awakened soul, let it come from his glance. And let my return to myself be immediate return to him.

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Mother Sleep soothed with her soft caresses the wounded heart of the motherless lad.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

Art thou abroad on this stormy night on thy journey of love, my friend? The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight. Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend!

I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path!

By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to come to me, my friend?

SMILES

Let the bitter be overcome by the sweet, and words by smiles.

Divine laughter is the sunlight that melts ice, but not stones.

Woman's smile removes all curse from the house, her love is God's grace.

A ghost of a smile like the first glimmering of dawn illumined her countenance—and hurried away with downcast eyes.

While I was passing with the crowd in the road I saw the smile from the balcony and I sang and forgot all noise.

You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I felt that for this I had been waiting long.

Woman, in your laughter you have the music of the fountain of life.

Your smile was the flowers of your own fields, your talk was the rustle of your own mountain pines, but your heart was the woman that we all know.

SMILES AND TEARS

An unbelieving smile flits on your eyes when I come to you to take my leave.

I have done it so often that you think I will soon return.

To tell you the truth I have the same doubt in my mind.

For the spring days come again time after time; the full moon takes leave and comes on another visit, the flowers come again and blush upon their branches year after year, and it is likely that I take my leave only to come to you again.

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But keep the illusion awhile; do not send it away with ungentle haste.

When I say I leave you for all time, accept it as true, and let a mist of tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes.

Then smile as archly as you like when I come again.

SMOKING

It did not become womankind to wish, in any circumstances whatever, a worse species of fire than that of a cigar in a husband's mouth.

SOCIALISM

I know not whether the socialistic ideal of a more equal distribution of wealth is attainable, but if not, the dispensation of Providence is indeed cruel, and man a truly unfortunate creature. For if in this world misery must exist, so be it ; but let some little loophole, some glimpes of possibility at least, be left, which may serve to urge the nobler portion of humanity to hope and struggle unceasingly for its alleviation.

They say a terribly hard thing who assert that the division of the world's production to afford each one a mouthful of food, a bit of clothing. is only an Utopian dream. All these social problems are hard indeed ! Fate has allowed humanity such a pitifully meagre coverlet, that in pulling it over one part of the world, another has to be left bare. In allaying our poverty we lose our wealth, and with this wealth what a world of grace and beauty and power is lost to us.

SOCIETY

Society is the expression of those moral and spiritual aspirations of man which belong to his higher nature,

When a father becomes a gambler and his obligations to his family take the secondary place in his mind, then he is no longer a man, but an automaton led by the power of greed. Then he can do things which, in his normal state of mind, he would be ashamed to do. It is the same thing with society,

Our society ; if once it gets anyone into its clutches then it has no pity on him.

The society of one's fellow-men is the surest remedy for mental disorders.

In modern society the ideal of wholeness has lost its force. Therefore its different sections have become detached and resolved into their elemental character of forces. Labour is a force ; so also is Capital ; so are the Government and the people ; so are Man and Woman. It is said that when the

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forces lying latent in even a handful of dust are liberated from their bond of unity, they can lift the buildings of a whole neighbourhood to the height of a mountain. Such disfranchised forces, irresponsible freebooters, may be useful to us for certain purposes, but human habitations standing secure on their foundations are better for us. To own the secret of utilising these forces is a proud fact for us, but the power of self-control and the self-dedication of love are truer subjects for the exultation of mankind.

The bones of the arm are strong because, if they get broken they take a long time to heal again, and so fractures of the arm are not common.

If we do not submit ourselves completely to society through the restraining influence of such laws, then we place obstacles in the way of the deepest inner purpose for which society exists; for that purpose lies concealed, and it is not within the power of every one to see it clearly. There we want to have some power, apart from that of our own judgment. by which we can show our respect for society.

If we first of all obey society fully from every point of view then our consciousness of its real purpose will become clear! If we merely quarrel with it, we not only obstruct it but misunderstand it also.

How meaningless are the bonds with which our society tries to fetter us in matters of eating, and touching, and sitting where man has a natural freedom based on religion.

Our obstacles are not exactly external ones, for our society is founded upon religious principles, whereas the society you belong to is hemmed round by social bonds.

Society takes the burden of thinking so fully and completely on itself that I am not even conscious that it is thinking. Not only has it been considering this for thousands of years, but that it is still preserving its integrity. Just as I have never given a thought as to whether the earth is travelling round the sun straight or crooked, whether it is making errors or not, and so far my lack of thought has not landed me in any difficulty, so also is my attitude towards society.

Society has a place for conduct that is false and no place for what is right?

The social system of our country is intimately bound up with religious opinions—therefore with all our social observances religious practices have some connection,

Society will no longer carry you along from outside on the level of ordinary life, and if you do not by your own

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strength become greater than ordinary people then you will simply fall behind them.

To save society at the present time for various kinds of open and hidden attack, it was necessary to be constantly on the alert on matters relating to eating and caste.

You cannot expect of society that while some of its renegade members are trying to overturn it, by insisting on doing just as they please, it should calmly look on, making sweetly reasonable allowances. Society is naturally bound to misunderstand such people and regard as crooked that which they might be doing quite sincerely. If society cannot help looking upon their 'good' as evil, that is but one of the many penalties which must fall on those who wilfully flout it.

When the mind is excited for any personal reason is it possible to judge anything truly? There is in mankind a continuity between past and future generations for the proper preservation of which society is necessary, and that necessity is not an artificial one. Have you not considered that it is your society upon which rests the burden of the distant future of all your coming generations?

The object of the staircase, which is our society, is to enable people to mount up from below—right up to the goal of man's life. If we had regarded society, or the world itself, as our goal, then there would have been no necessity for acknowledging these differences, then the European social condition of a continual scramble to occupy the maximum space would also have been good enough for us.

To transgress against society is easy enough in mind—but, when the time comes to act, in how many places do we find that the shoe pinches! A horror of the unknown, a refusal to face the unaccustomed, these make one look back without any reason.

There is such a thing as society and you can't ignore it.

Not to obey society is to destroy it.

By the workings of Providence our happiness and misery are inextricably bound up with one person and another and we cannot afford to ignore their conduct.

Society offers no help to a man at the time of his need, gives him no encouragement at the time of his misfortunes, it merely afflicts him with penalties and humbles him to the dust.

Will your society keep apart, by its external decrees, two beings whom God has made one in heart? Is there no society anywhere in this world which will ignore small differences of opinion, and allow union in the things that really

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matter ? Are human beings meant only to quarrel thus with their God ? Is it only for this that the thing called society has been created ?

I am utterly incompetent to provide things that may profit the multitude. Beyond a snatch of song, some little-tattle. a little merry fooling, I have been unable to advance.

The man who is out of place in ordinary society must be at fault, but surely no human being, any more than a sword, should always remain in the scabbard ?

It is on the hilt that the artificer displays his individual craftsmanship in whatever design suits his taste. Similarly a human being finds scope for exhibiting his own peculiar pattern outside society's scabbard and you surely would not wish to deprive him of that liberty !

When I have been driven out of every society, He will give me shelter at His own feet.

It can never be right that man should remain narrow and confined out of regard for society—rather society ought to become more liberal out of regard for the individual.

You must remember that you are a member of a society and that you are indebted to that society.

It is true enough that God has some special purpose to perform in every society, and that purpose is not completely evident to everybody. But it is man's task to try to see it clearly, and not to regard it as his chief aim in life to obey rules as though he were as unconcious as the branch of a tree.

Society isn't merely a happy hunting-ground for people like you who never worry about consequences.

When any conflict occurs between an individual and society, there are two things to be considered—first on whose side is the right, and secondly which side is the stronger. There is not the least doubt that of the two society is the stronger, so that the rebel against it will have to suffer.

Society suffers from a profound feeling of unhappiness, not so much when it is in material poverty as when its members are deprived of a large part of their humanity. This unhappiness goes on smouldering in the subconscious mind of the community till its life is reduced to ashes or a sudden combustion is produced. The repressed personality of man generates an inflammable moral gas deadly in its explosive force.

SOLDIERS

They hated and killed and men praised them.

But God in shame hastens to hide its memory under the green grass.

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SOLEMNITY

Solemnity is the mask of stupidity.

SOLITARY WAYFARER

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

Today the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house, do not pass by like a dream.

SOLITUDE

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their creator.

The day is dim with rain.

Angry lightnings glance through the tattered cloud-veils.

And the forest is like a caged lion shaking its mane in despair.

On such a day amidst the winds beating their wings, let me find my peace in thy presence,

For the sorrowing sky has shadowed my solitude, to deepen the meaning of thy touch about my heart.

Stand before my eyes, and let thy glance touch my songs into a flame.

Stand among thy stars and let me find kindled in their lights my own fire of worship.

The earth is waiting at the world's wayside ;

Stand upon the green mantle she has flung upon thy path ; and let me feel in her grass and meadow flowers the spread of my own salutation.

Stand in my lonely evening where my heart watches alone ; fill her cup of solitude, and let me feel in me the infinity of thy love.

Why remain indoors ? This outer world has been made with a lavish expenditure of sun and moon and stars.

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I would rather risk getting wet than remain confined in my dungeon of a cabin.

The presence of another person does not prevent your being alone.

I had the feeling that the very stars in the sky were afraid of me,—that the whole of the night world was looking askance at me. Why ? Because I was alone.

Alone shall I tread my thorny path to the end of this life's journey.

I hanker after a corner because it serves to bring calmness to my mind. My mind really wants to be busy, but in making the attempt it knocks so repeatedly against the crowd as to become utterly frenzied and to keep buffeting me, its cage, from within. If only it is allowed a little leisurely solitude, and can look about and think to its heart's content, it will express its feelings to its own satisfaction.

I do not want to wander about any more. I am pining for a corner in which to nestle down snugly, away from the crowd.

India has two aspects—in one she is a householder, in the other a wandering asetic. The former refuses to budge from the home corner, the latter has no home at all. I find both these within me. I want to roam about and see all the wide world, yet I also yearn for a little sheltered nook ; like a bird with its tiny nest for a dwelling, and the vast sky for flight.

In my solitude of heart I feel the sigh of this widowed evening veiled with mist and rain.

SONG AND MUSIC

This song of mine will wind its music around you, my child, like the fond arms of love.

This song of mine will touch your forehead like a kiss of blessing.

When you are alone it will sit by your side and whisper in your ear, when you are in the crowd it will fence you about with aloofness.

My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams, it will transport your heart to the verge of the unknown.

It will be like the faithful star overhead when dark night is over your road.

My song will sit in the pupils of your eyes, and will carry your sight into the heart of things.

And when my voice is silent in death, my song will speak in your living heart.

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SONG AND SILENCE

I remember the day.

The heavy shower of rain is slackening into fitful pauses, renewed gusts of wind startle it from a first lull.

I take up my instrument. Idly I touch the strings, till without my knowing, the music borrows the mad cadence of that storm.

I see her figure as she steals from her work, stops at my door, and retreats with hesitating steps. She comes again, stands outside leaning against the wall, then slowly enters the room and sits down. With head bent, she plies her needle in silence ; but soon stops her work, and looks out of the window through the rain at the blurred line of trees.

Only this—one hour of a rainy noon filled with shadows and song and silence.

SONGS

My songs are like bees ; they follow through the air some fragrant trace—some memory—of you, to hum around your shyness, eager for its hidden store.

When the freshness of dawn droops in the sun, when in the noon the air hangs low with heaviness and the forest is silent, my songs return home, their languid wings dusted with gold.

When thou commandest me to sing, it seems that my heart would break with pride ; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.

I know not how thou singest, my master ! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world. The life-breath of thy music runs from sky to sky, The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song,

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and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master !

If you would have it so, I will end my singing.
If it sets your heart aflutter, I will take away my eyes from your face.
If it suddenly startles you in your walk, I will step aside and take another path.
If it confuses you in your flower-weaving, I will shun your lonely garden.
If it makes the water wanton and wild, I will not row my boat by your bank.

In regard to music, I claim to be something of a musician myself. I have composed many songs which have defied the canons of orthodox propriety and good people are disgusted at the impudence of a man who is audacious only because he is untrained. But I persist, and God forgives me because I do not know what I do. Possibly that is the best way of doing things in the sphere of art. For I find that people blame, but also sing my songs, even if not always correctly.

Please do not think I am vain. I can judge myself objectively and can openly express admiration for my own work, because I am modest. I do not hesitate to say that my songs have found their place in the heart of my land, along with her flowers that are never exhausted, and that the folk of the future, in days of joy or sorrow or festival, will have to sing them. This too is the work of a revolutionist.

The solicitor does not sing to his client, but the bridegroom sings to his bride. And when our soul is stirred by the song, we know it claims no fees from us ; but it brings the tribute of love and a call from the bridegroom.

Thou hast given me thy seat at thy window from the early hour.
I have spoken to thy silent servants of the road running on thy errands, and have sung with thy choir of the sky.
I have seen the sea in calm bearing its immeasurable silence, and in storm struggling to break open its own mystery of depth.
I have watched the earth in its prodigal feast of youth, and in its slow hours of brooding shadows.
Those who went to sow seeds have heard my greetings, and those who brought their harvest home or their empty baskets have passed by my songs.
Thus at last my day has ended and now in the evening I sing my last song to say that I have loved thy world.

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The song feels the infinite in the air, the picture in the earth, the poem in the air and the earth.

For its words have meaning that walks and music that soars.

They light their own lamps and sing their own words in their temples.

But the birds sing thy name in thine own morning light,—for thy name is joy.

I long for the Island of Songs across this heaving Sea of Shouts.

The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water. Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

I have sung the songs of thy day.

In the evening let me carry thy lamp through the stormy path.

Some day I shall sing to thee in the sunrise of some other world, "I have seen thee before in the light of the earth, in the love of man."

Lead me in the centre of thy silence to fill my heart with songs.

You came down from you throne and stood at my cottage door.

I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

I have donned this new robe today because my body feels like singing.

It is not enough that I am given to my love once and for ever, but out of that I must fashion new gifts every day; and shall I not seem a fresh offering, dressed in a new robe?

My heart, like the evening sky, has its endless passion for colour, and therefore I change my veils, which have now the green of the cool young grass and now that of the winter rice.

Today my robe is tinted with the rain-rimmed blue of the sky. It brings to my limbs the colour of the boundless, the colour of the oversea hills; and it carries in its folds the delight of summer clouds flying in the wind.

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The world has kissed my soul with its pain, asking for its return in songs.

One sad voice has its nest among the ruins of the years.

It sings to me in the night,—"I loved you."

SORROW

Through the sadness of all things I hear the crooning of the Eternal Mother.

The world rushes on over the strings of the lingering heart making the music of sadness.

Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening among the silent trees.

I hear some rustle of things behind my sadness of heart,—I cannot see them.

The freedom to which we pass through sorrow is greater than the sorrow.

There are sorrows, to forget which is the greatest of sorrow.

Sorrow is an emotion which is not content to exist merely as a certain frame of the mind. It seeks to find an outlet in the performance of some difficult task.

One of the glories of sorrow is that at such a time we become acquainted wtth many great and good things. We get distressed because we do not know always in how many ways God has given us consolation for our sorrows.

If sorrow comes, it is best to acknowledge it.—When God strikes, we cannot avoid the blow.

I was walking along a path overgrown with grass, when suddenly I heard from some one behind, "See if you know me ?"

I turned round and looked at her and said, "I cannot remember your name."

She said, "I am that first great Sorrow whom you met when you were young."

Her eyes looked like a morning whose dew is still in the air.

I stood silent for sometime till I said, "Have you lost all the great burden of your tears ?"

She smiled and said nothing. I felt that her tears had had time to learn the language of smiles.

"Once you said," she whispered, "that you would cherish your grief for ever."

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I blushed and said, "Yes, but years have passed and I forget."

Then I took her hand in mine and said, "But you have changed."

"What was sorrow once has now become peace," she said,

SOUL

The relation of my soul to this beautiful autumn morning, this vast radiance, is one of intimate kinship ; all this colour, scent, and music is but the outward expression of our secret communion. This constant communion, whether realised or unrealised, keeps my mind in movement ; out of this intercourse between my inner and outer world. I gain such religion, be it much or little, as my capacity allows ; and in its light I have to test scriptures before I can make them really my own.

Our teachers in ancient India realized the soul of man as something very great indeed. They saw no end to its dignity, which found its consummation in Brahma himself. Any limited view of man would therefore be an incomplete view. He could not reach his finality as a mere citizen or patriot, for neither City nor Country, nor the bubble called the World, could contain his eternal soul.

It is not easy for soul to meet soul. The tie between one human being and another is a complex thing.

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance.

There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word.

A machine is distinct enough, but not so life. If to gain distinctness you try to know life as a machine, then such mere distinctness cannot stand for truth. The soul is not as distinct as success, and so you only lose your soul if you seek it in your success.

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The soul is greater than success.

What a fearfully lonely thing the soul is !

Every person is worthy of an infinite wealth of love—and beauty of his soul knows no limit.

Bless this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door, and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing and talking, and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.

Lay your hand on his head, and pray that though the waves underneath grow threatening, yet the breath from above may come and fill his sails and waft him to the heaven of peace.

Forget him not in your hurry, let him come to your heart and bless him.

That which oppresses me, is it my soul trying to come out in the open, or the soul of the world knocking at my heart for its entrance?

SOUL AND STOMACH

How curiously placed are we between the Eternal and the Ephemeral ! Any allusion to the affairs of the stomach sounds so hopelessly discordant when the mind is dwelling on the things of the spirit,—and yet the soul and the stomach have been living together so long.

SOUL FORCE

He never displayed his own strength in the least, and yet what great strength lay hidden, without any apparent effort, in the depth of his soul !

No one realises that there is so great a soul within each of us—the ordinary consciousness is quite blind to that fact.

SOUL'S SOLITUDE

The river is grey and the air dazed with blown sand.

On a morning of dark disquiet, when the birds are mute

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and their nests shake in the gust, I sit alone and ask myself, "Where is she?"

The days have flown wherein we sat too near each other; we laughed and jested, and the awe of love's majesty found no words at our meetings.

I made myself small, and she trifled away every moment with pelting talk.

Today I wish in vain that she were by me, in the gloom of the coming storm, to sit in the soul's solitude.

SPIRITUAL IDEAL

Life should be simple and clean. We should never believe that simplicity of life might make us suited to the requirements of the society of our time. It is the simplicity of the tuning-fork, which is needed all the more because of the intricacy of strings in the instrument. In the morning of your career nature needs the pure and the perfect note of a spiritual ideal in order to fit us for the complications of our later years.

SPIRITUALITY

I was born in India and the poison of its spirituality runs in my blood. However loudly I may proclaim the madness of walking in the path of self-abnegation, I cannot avoid it altogether.

We also have lived for centuries, we still live, and we have our aspiration for a reality that has no end to its realization,—a reality that goes beyond death, giving it a meaning, that rises above all evils of life, bringing its peace and purity, its cheerful renunciation of self. The product of this inner life is a living product. It will be needed when the youth returns home weary and dust-laden, when the soldier is wounded, when the wealth is squandered away and pride is humbled, when man's heart cries for truth in the immensity of facts and harmony in the contradiction of tendencies. Its value is not in its multiplication of materials, but in its spiritual fulfilment.

SPIRITUAL LIFE

Humanity, for ages, has been busy with the one great creation of spiritual life. Its best wisdom, its discipline, its literature and art, all the teachings and self-sacrifice of its noblest teachers, have been for this. But the harmony of contrary forces, which give their rhythm to all creation, has not yet been perfected by man in his civilisation, and the Creator in him is baffled over and over again. He comes back to his work, however, and makes himself busy, building his world in the midst of desolation and ruins. His history is the history of his aspi-

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ration interrupted and renewed. And one truth of which he must be reminded, therefore, is that the power which accomplishes the miracle of creation, by bringing conflicting forces into the harmony of the One, is no passion, but a love which accepts the bonds of self-control from the joy of its own immensity—a love whose sacrifice is the manifestation of its endless wealth within itself.

SPITE

Just as a soldier takes pleasure in seeing every bullet fired from his gun kill a man, so a spiteful joy expressed itself in this article because every word wounded a living person,

SPORT

What is sport for the gods is not always a joke to us poor mortals.

SPRING

Come, Spring, recklesss lover of the earth, make the forest's heart pant for utterance !

Come in gusts of disquiet where flowers break open and jostle the new leaves !

Burst, like a rebellion of light, through the night's vigil, through the lake's dark dumbness, through the dungeon under the dust, proclaiming freedom to the shackled seeds !

Like the laughter of lightning, like the shout of a storm, break into the midst of the noisy town ; free stifled word and unconscious effort, reinforce our flagging fight, and conquer death !

Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of evening the call comes from your house on the shore in the sunset.

Friend, you have come to me like the first sudden breeze of spring. Now my flowers will follow, with all the memories of the past happy years.

Spring, the king of the seasons, touches the flowering woods !

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The play of Spring in nature is the counterpart of the play of Youth in our lives.

When spring comes within, many-coloured short-lived fancies are born and flit about in the mind, ordinarily unnoticed.

Let your unfastened robe wildly flap in the drunken wind !
Come, my spring, come !

With the breath of spring, all the forests rejoice in their fresh leaves and blossoms.

SPRING FLOWERS

The spring flowers have woven my wreath of victory, the South wind breathes its breath of fire in my blood.

The voice of the house-corner wails in vain from behind.

Death stands before me, offering its crown.

The tempest of youth sweeps the sky-harp with its fingers ;

My heart dances in its wild rhythm.

Gathering and storing are not for me,

I spend and scatter.

And prudence and comfort bid me adieu in despair.

SQUANDERED LOVE

Would you put your wreath of fresh flowers on my neck, fair one ?

But you must know that the one wreath that I had woven is for the many, for those who are seen in glimpses, or dwell in lands unexplored, or live in poets' songs.

It is too late to ask my heart in return for yours.

There was a time when my life was like a bud, all its perfume was stored in its core.

Now it is squandered far and wide.

Who knows the enchantment that can gather and shut it up again?

My heart is not mine to give to one only, it is given to the many.

SQUIRRELS

The ticking of the clock on my table, and the pattering of the squirrels which scamper in and out of my room, are in harmony with all other midday sounds.

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It amuses me to watch these soft, gray and black striped, furry squirrels, with their bushy tails, their twinkling bead-like eyes, their gentle yet busily practical demeanour. Everything eatable has to be put away in the wiregauze cupboard in the corner, safe from these greedy creatures. So, sniffing with an irrepressible eagerness, they come nosing round and round the cupboard, trying to find some hole for entrance. If any grain or crumb has been dropped outside they are sure to find it, and, taking it between their forepaws, nibble away with great industry, turning it over and over to adjust it to their mouths. At the least movement of mine up go their tails over their backs and off they run, only to stop short half-way, sit up on their tails on the door-mat, scratching their ears with their hind-paws, and then come back.

STABILITY AND MOVEMENT

The principle of stability and the principle of movement, though they depend upon each other for their truth, are, in human affairs, apt to lose their balance and come into fierce conflict. Yet these conflicts, as meteorology tells us in the physical plane, have the effect of purifying the atmosphere and restoring its equilibrium. In fact, perfect balance in these opposing forces would lead to deadlock in creation. Life moves in the cadence of constant adjustment of opposites ; it is a perpetual process of reconciliation of contradictions.

STARS

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang, "Oh, the picture of perfection ! the joy unalloyed !"

But one cried of a sudden—"It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost."

The golden string of their harp snapped, their song stopped, and they cried in dismay—"Yes, that lost star was the best, she was the glory of all heavens !"

From that day the search is unceasing for her, and the cry goes on from one to the other that in her the world has lost its one joy !

Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—"Vain is this seeking ! Unbroken perfection is over all !"

The blessings of the whole country are sure to avert the evil influence of the stars,

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'Is it not more like the fall of a glowing star whose fiery blazon bursts the heavens asunder ?

They had watched for ages the rise and fall of countless dynasties, the prayers and efforts of unnumbered centuries ;—and yet, at the call of one human heart to another from the fathomless depths of life, those stars and that sky seemed to vibrate with some speechless hankering from the verge of the world !

The stars course freely in their orbits but the astronomer's observatory with all its instruments must needs be firmly fixed on stable foundations.

If I had to steal these stars one by one, like golden coins, for my country,—these stars so carefully stored up in the bosom of the darkness,—then the sky would be blinded, the night widowed for ever.

The earthen lamp can be replenished and lighted again and again, but the star once extinguished is lost for ever.

It seems as though these stars in the sky above us are the gazing of countless eyes we met in all forgotten ages. It seems as if, through the flowers, there came the whisper of those we have forgotten, saying remember us.

The stars glistened in the sky like tear-drops.
There are numerous stars in the midnight sky,
Which hang in the air for no purpose ;
If they would only come down to earth,
For the street lighting they might be useful.

Rockets, your insult to the stars follows yourself back to the earth.

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies.

God loves man's lamp-lights better than his own great stars.

What is this unseen flame of darkness whose sparks are the stars?

"The learned say that your lights will one day be no more," said the firefly to the stars.

The stars made no answer.

I have my stars in the sky,
But oh for my little lamp unlit in my house.

Let me think that there is one among those stars that guides my life through the dark unknown.

STARS AND FLOWERS

I feel that all stars shine in me.
The world breaks into my life like a flood.
The flowers blossom in my body.

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All the youthfulness of land and water smokes like an incense in my heart ; and the breath of all things play on my thoughts as on a flute.

When the world sleeps I come to your door.

The stars are silent, and I am afraid to sing.

I wait and watch, till your shadow passes by the balcony of night and I return with a full heart.

Then in the morning I sing by the roadside ;

The flowers in the hedge give me answer and the morning air listens,

The travellers suddenly stop and look in my face, thinking I have called them by their names.

Keep me at your door ever attending to your wishes, and let me go about in your Kingdom accepting your call.

Let me not sink and disappear in the depth of languor.

Let not my life be worn out to tatters by penury of waste.

Let not those doubts encompass me,—the dust of distractions.

Let me not pursue many paths to gather many things.

Let me not bend my heart to the yoke of the many.

Let me hold my head high in the courage and pride of being your servant.

STARS AND MUSIC

In the night the song came to me; but you were not there.

It found the words for which I had been seeking all day. Yes, in the stillness a moment after dark they throbbed into music, even as the stars then began to pulse with light; but you were not there. My hope was to sing it to you in the morning; but, try as I might, though the music came, the words hung back, when you were beside me.

STARVATION

The King's poor subjects have been practising long to live upon half a meal a day, but they have not yet become experts in complete starvation. It is amazing.

STATUE

Amidst the rush and roar of life, O Beauty, carved in stone, you stand mute and still, alone and aloof.

Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and murmurs :

"Speak, speak to me, my love ; speak, my bride !"

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But your speech is shut up in stone, O Immovable Beauty !

STEADINESS

Beating the waves won't stop the storm. But hold your rudder steady, and you win.

STEPMOTHER

All family unpleasantness was bound to be put down to the stepmother in Society's code of justice.

STORM

Storm of midnight, like a giant child awakened in the untimely dark, has begun to play and shout.

The storm is like the cry of some god in pain whose love the earth refuses.

STRANGE LANDS

I spent my day on the scorching hot dust of the road.

Now, in the cool of the evening, I knock at the door of the inn. It is deserted and in ruins.

A grim *ashath* tree spreads its hungry clutching roots through the gaping fissures of the walls.

Days have been when wayfarers came here to wash their weary feet.

They spread their mats in the courtyard in the dim light of the early moon, and sat and talked of strange lands.

They woke refreshed in the morning when birds made them glad, and friendly flowers nodded their heads at them from the wayside.

But no lighted lamp awaited me when I came here.

The black smudges of smoke left by many a forgotten evening lamp stare, like blind eyes, from the wall.

Fireflies flit in the bush near the dried-up pond, and bamboo branches fling their shadows on the grass-grown path.

I am the guest of no one at the end of my day.

The long night is before me, and I am tired.

It was growing dark when I asked her, "What strange land have I come to?"

She only lowered her eyes, and the water gurgled in the throat of her jar, as she walked away.

The trees hang vaguely over the bank, and the land appears as though it already belonged to the past.

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The water is dumb, the bamboos are darkly still, a wristlet tinkles against the water-jar from down the lane.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to this tree,—for I love the look of this land.

The evening star goes down behind the temple dome, and the pallor of the marble landing haunts the dark water.

Belated wayfarers sighed; for light from hidden windows is splintered into the darkness by intervening wayside trees and bushes. Still that wristlet tinkles against the water-jar, and retreating steps rustle from down the lane littered with leaves.

The night deepens, the palace towers loom spectre-like, and the town hums wearily.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to a tree.

Let me seek rest in this strange land, dimly lying under the stars, where darkness tingles with the tinkle of a wristlet knocking against a water-jar.

STREAM OF LIFE

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

I think of other ages that floated upon the stream of life and love and death and are forgotten, and I feel the freedom of passing away.

STRENGTH TO SURRENDER

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

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STRIKES

And what is the meaning of these strikes in the economic world, which like the prickly shrubs in a barren soil shoot up with renewed vigour each time they are cut down ? What, but that the wealth-producing mechanism is incessantly growing into vast stature, out of proportion to all other needs of society, —and the full reality of man is more and more crushed under its weight ? This state of things inevitably gives rise to eternal feuds among the elements freed from the wholeness and wholesomeness of human ideals, and interminable economic war is waged between capital and labour.

STRINGS OF EXISTENCE

The overflowing bounty of thy grace comes down from the heaven to seek my soul only, wherein it can contain itself.

The light that is rained from the sun and stars is fulfilled when it reaches my life.

The colour is like sleep that clings to the flower which waits for the touch of my mind to be awakened.

The love that tunes the strings of existence breaks out in music when my heart is won.

STRUGGLE

Let be your strugglings and grabbings and fightings ; forget a while, sleep a while.

Providence leaves our life moulded in the rough,—its object being that we ourselves should put the finishing touches, shaping it into its final form to our taste.

STUDY

I've spent all my time reading, so I suppose my mind must have become like a printed page.

STUPID CHILD

I only said, "When in the evening the round full moon gets entangled among the branches of that *Kadam* tree, couldn't somebody catch it?"

But *dada* laughed at me and said, "Baby, you are the silliest child I have ever known. The moon is ever so far from us, how could anybody catch it?"

I said, "*dada*, how foolish you are! When mother looks out of her window and smiles down at us playing, would you call her far away?"

Still *dada* said, "You are a stupid child! But, baby, where could you find a net big enough to catch the moon with?"

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I said, "Surely you could catch it with your hands".

But *dada* laughed and said, "You are the silliest child I have known. If it came nearer, you would see how big the moon is."

I said, "*dada*, what nonsense they teach at your school! When mother bends her face down to kiss us, does her face look very big?"

But still *dada* says, "You are a stupid child."

SUBMISSION

Allah will not forgive you for submitting to such insult without a word of protest.

He who submits to wrong is also a wrongdoer, for it is he who is the cause of all evil in the world. You may not understand me, but remember that religion is not merely being pious, for that simply encourages the evildoer.

To make others submit is a kind of religion.

SUBSTANCE

The fire assumes different colours according to the fuel used ; but we do not discuss the fuel, only the flames. A lyric is indefinably more then the sentiment expressed in it, as a rose is more than its substance.

SUCCESS

It is not so easy to see the face of success in this world.

SUDRAS

Those who feel pity for the Sudras may say that only the Brahmins were responsible for placing the former in a degraded condition. But without discussing the merit of such an assertion, it has to be admitted that it would be of real benefit to the Sudras to be told that it was they who were responsible for weakly allowing the helpless Brahmins to humiliate them.

So let us forget the other party in this concern. Let us blame our own weakness in being obsessed with the idea that we must have some artificial wooden legs of an education of foreign-make simply because we imagine that we have no legs of our own to stand upon. I have heard of a similar case of an unfortunate man who got drowned in shallow water because he imagined that he had gone out of his depth.

SUFFERANCE

I can never find fault with those who are ready to face the suffering their actions involve.

The suffering which belongs to all mankind shall be my crown.

Any amount of weeping and wailing over the lesser griefs fails to evoke a charitable response. But when sorrow

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is deepest there is no stint of effort. Then the surface crust is pierced, and consolation wells up, and all the forces of patience and courage are banded together to do their duty. Thus great suffering brings with it the power of great endurance.

One side of man's nature has the desire for pleasure—there is another side which desires self-sacrifice. When the former meets with disappointment, the latter gains strength, and on its thus finding fuller scope a grand enthusiasm fills the soul. So while we are cowards before petty troubles. great sorrows make us brave by rousing our truer manhood. And in these, therefore, there is a joy.

It is not an empty paradox to say there is joy in sorrow, just as, on the other hand, it is true that there is a dissatisfaction in pleasure. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so.

One who has been able to dedicate all the burdens of life to God never feels it too much to carry another's sorrow.

One has to endure even the torments of hell.

Let us quietly suffer whatever may befall, for there is no disgrace in suffering.

Heaven reserves the hardest trials for the most deserving !

What we accept of our own free-will ceases to be a hardship.

SUMMER

The music of the far-away summer flutters around the autumn seeking its former nest.

SUN

Has the midday sun any companion ?

In the days of eclipse, men dare look at the midday sun through their broken pieces of glass blackened with soot.

With a mere breath you can blow out the flame which a lamp inherits from the sun, but if all the world blow upon the sun itself its effulgence remains undimmed and unimpaired as before.

All creatures fear an eclipse, not the full sun.

The September sun is spreading the glow of the ripening corn in the air.

SUN AND MOON

"Moon, for what do you wait?"

"To salute the sun for whom I must make way."

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SUNSET

There is a depth of feeling and breadth of peace in a Bengal sunset behind the trees which fringe the endless solitary fields, spreading away to the horizon.

Lovingly, yet sadly withal, does our evening sky bend over and meet the earth in the distance. It casts a mournful light on the earth it leaves behind—a light which gives us a taste of the divine grief of the Eternal Separation ; and eloquent is the silence which then broods over earth, sky and waters.

As I gaze on in rapt motionlessness, I fall to wondering—if ever this silence should fail to contain itself, if the expression for which this hour has been seeking from the beginning of time should break forth, would a profoundly solemn, poignantly moving music rise from earth to starland ?

With a little steadfast concentration of effort we can, for ourselves, translate the grand harmony of light and colour which permeates the universe into music. We have only to close our eyes and receive with the ear of the mind the vibration of this ever-flowing panorama.

But how often shall I write of these sunsets and sunrises ? I feel their renewed freshness every time ; yet how am I to attain such renewed freshness in my attempts at expression ?

Do you see that sunset ? It is like a bird of flame, spreading its wings of cloud and flying towards the night.

SUNSHINE

Thy sunshine smiles upon the winter days of my heart, never doubting of its spring flowers.

The sunshine greets me with a smile.
The rain, his sad sister, talks to my heart.

SUPERSTITIONS

In this wretched country it is difficult enough to find auspicious days in the calendar, and if, on top of that, every household is going to consult its own private family records, how is business going to be carried on at all ?

In this country of ours you need not honour God, but if you don't honour all the rules about the month of *Bhadra*, *Aswin* and *Kartik*. and about Thursdays and Saturdays, and all the special phases of the moon, you'll not be allowed in the house !

SUPPORT

To clutch tighter a weakening support only makes it give way the sooner,

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SUPREME JOY

Our natures are different, but a supreme joy will make our different natures one. A greater love than that which binds us to each other will unite us.

SURRENDER

Once you yield a pin's point of ground, there is no knowing where you will end.

Where one loves, one can follow without agreeing—one can surrender oneself with eyes open.

SUSPICION

Suspicion has no limits.

SWEET LIPS

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, tell me if this be true.

When these eyes flash their lightning the dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer.

Is it true that my lips are sweet like the opening bud of the first conscious love?

Do the memories of vanished months of May linger in my limbs?

Does the earth, like a harp, shiver into songs with the touch of my feet?

Is it then true that the dewdrops fall from the eyes of night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body round?

Is it true, is it true, that your love travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me?

That when you found me at last, your age-long desire found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair?

Is it then true that the mystery of the Infinite is written on this little forehead of mine?

Tell me, my lover, if all this be true.

SWEET PRESENCE

I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not why today my life is all astir, and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

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It is as if the time were come to wind up my work, and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.

SWEET SECRET

No : it is not yours to open buds into blossoms.

Shake the bud, strike it ; it is beyond your power to make it blossom.

Your touch soils it, you tear its petals to pieces and strew them in the dust.

But no colours appear, and no perfume.

Ah ! it is not for you to open the bud into a blossom.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

He gives it a glance, and the life-sap stirs through its veins.

At his breath the flower spreads its wings and flutters in the wind.

Colours flush out like heart-longings, the perfume betrays a sweet secret.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

SYMBOLS

When one encounters strange symbols one shouldn't look despairingly at them and give up hope of ever being able to decipher them.

SYMPATHY

What would move others to tears only serves to move their empty laughter.

When we find some strings vibrating in unison with others we know that this sympathy carries in it an eternal reality. The fact that the world stirs our imagination in sympathy tells us that this creative imagination is a common truth both in us and in the heart of existence.

Those who can pursue its course with vigour needs must win through in the end. But the gods would not have it that such journey should be easy, so they have deputed the siren Sympathy to distract the wayfarer, to dim his vision with her tearful mist.

TACTICS

Tactics must be met by tactics.

TAGORE, MAHARISHI

I am proud to say that my father was one of the great leaders of that movement, a movement for whose sake he

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suffered ostracism and braved social indignities. I was born in this atmosphere of the advent of new ideals, which at the same time were old, older than all the things of which that age was proud.

TALES OF LOVE

I boasted among men that I had known you. They see your pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, "Who is he?" I know not how to answer them. I say, "Indeed I cannot tell." They blame me and they go away in scorn. And you sit there smiling.

I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes out from my heart. They come and ask me, "Tell me all your meanings." I know not how to answer them. I say, "Ah, who knows what they mean!" They smile and go away in utter scorn. And you sit there smiling.

TALKING

Talking is easy with three, when it is hard for two.

TASTE

He could swallow the powder ; he could not get rid of its taste.

TEA

Tea-leaves don't contain enough of the true spiritual essence.

Tea isn't like poetic fancy ; it won't rain down on one of its own volition from the sunset glow in the evening sky. The cups won't fill themselves and come up to you while you sit in a corner of the roof ! I need hardly tell you that !

When the weather is cold I like to drink my tea straight off ; the hot tea brings out the sweat and does one good.

Personally, I look on tea as a pretext for drinking a modicum of hot water three or four hours after the midday meal, and I find it of benefit to my digestion, If you're not in the habit of drinking tea we can make it specially weak for you.

TEARS

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own, and when I bring it to thee as my offering thou rewardest me with thy grace.

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A film of tears gathered over his eyes.

He has set flowing in every home the flood of women's tears, may he grant them peace.

Tears like fitful gusts of wind in the rainy night !

There is nothing like a tear or two to soften the heart.

In the fulness of his emotion a mist seemed to becloud his eyes.

Like the oyster's pearls, the child's tears only increased her value.

It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom.

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

Woman, thou hast encircled the world's heart with the depth of thy tears as the sea has the earth.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER

I hid myself to evade you.

Now that I am caught at last, strike me, see if I flinch.

Finish the game for good.

If you win in the end, strip me of all that I have.

I have had my laughter and songs in wayside booths and stately halls,—now that you have come into my life, make me weep, see if you can break my heart.

TEMPLES

Last night in the garden I offered you my youth's foaming wine. You lifted the cup to your lips, you shut your eyes and smiled while I raised your veil, unbound your tresses, drawing down upon my breast your face sweet with its silence, last night when the moon's dream overflowed the world of slumber.

Today in the dew-cooled calm of the dawn you are walking to God's temple, bathed and robed in white, with a basketful of flowers in your hand. I stand aside in the shade under the tree, with my head bent in the calm of the dawn by the lonely road to the temple.

There stands the temple, cruel and immovable as truth:

The temple door does not open to the worshipper all at once. But little by little its bolts are withdrawn.

TEMPTATION

The temptation which is fatal for the strong is still more so for the weak

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TEST

When you venture to test others you get yourself tested likewise.

THOUGHTS

I can't understand you modern people's line of thought.

His thoughts flowed in two currents, one clear and one turbid like the confluencc of the Ganges and the Jumna.

When we express our thought in words, the medium is not found easily. There must be a process of translation, which is often inexact, and then we fall into error. But black eyes need no translating ; the mind itself throws a shadow upon them. In them thought opens or shuts, shines forth or goes out in darkness, hangs steadfast like the setting moon, or, like the swift and restless lightning, illumines all the quarters of the sky.

Let my thoughts come to you, when I am gone, like the afterglow of sunset at the margin of starry silence.

Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet.

These little thoughts are the rustle of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

God's silence ripens man's thoughts into speech.

Dear friend, I feel the silence of your great thoughts of many a deepening eventide on this beach when I listen to these waves.

Thought feeds itself with its own words and grows.

My thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves and my heart sings with the touch of this sunlight ; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the blue of space, into the dark of time.

My sad thoughts tease me asking me their own names.

Thoughts pass in my mind like flocks of ducks in the sky. I hear the voice of their wings.

THRONE

No claim to the throne can stand, neither the king's nor the people's, if you do not recognise it to be His. A throne is no place for getting puffed up, but for folding the hands in prayer.

The lord's throne needs no stones to give it strength. It is strong in his own splendour.

THUNDERBOLT

A thunderbolt is a thunderbolt, even in the hands of a god,

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TIME

Time itself is Play. Its only object is Pas-time.

I do wish to fly with the time to that land of which no one knows anything.

Every moment is of account. Life is not dalliance.

Thy miracle needs not time, O Mistress of all time terrible with thy necklace of human skulls.

Time waits for none, but goes on for ever.

In the region of time and space infinity consists of ever-revolving finitude.

To me, an old man, a moment's loss is a week.

Time proceeds by revealing the new on his front ; but the men of learning, suppressing that fact, will have it that Time ever carries the burden of the old on his back.

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord. There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers. Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and having no time we must scramble for our chances. We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by while I give it to every querulous man who claims it, and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut; but I find that yet there is time.

The privilege of wasting time proves one's wealth of time. We poor drudges are insects in a hole in this solid toil, you are the evening star in the rich sky of leisure.

Time works marvels !

The real scarcity is of time, and not of food. We are all suffering from starvation of time. None of us has enough of it, neither the King nor his people.

Time is the wealth of change, but the clock in its parody makes it mere change and no wealth.

TIME AND SPACE

The fact is that here, away from Calcutta, I live in my own inner world; where the clocks do not keep ordinary time; where duration is measured only by the intensity of the feelings ; where, as the outside world does not count the minutes,

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moments change into hours and hours into moments. So it seems to me that the subdivisions of time and space are only mental illusions. Every atom is immeasurable and every moment infinite.

TIRED EYES

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening.

TOWERS OF WEALTH

The ferry-boat plies between the two villages facing each other across the narrow stream.

The water is neither wide nor deep—a mere break in the path that enhances the small adventures of daily life, like a break in the words of a song across which the tune gleefully streams.

While the towers of wealth rise high and crash to ruin, these villages talk to each other across the garrulous stream, and the ferry boat plies between them, age after age, from seed-time to harvest.

TRAGEDY

The evening stood bewildered among street lamps, its gold tarnished by the city dust.

A woman, gaudily decked and painted, leant over the rail of her balcony, a living fire waiting for its moths.

Suddenly an eddy was formed in the road round a street-boy crushed under the wheels of a carriage and the woman on the balcony fell to the floor screaming in agony, stricken with the grief of the great white-robed Mother who sits in the world's inner shrine.

We love to feel even fear or sorrow if it is detatched from all practical consequences. This is the reason of our enjoyment of tragic dramas, in which the feeling of pain rouses our conciousness to a white heat of intensity.

All tragedies result from truth remaining a fragment, its cycle not being completed. That cycle finds its end when the individual realizes the universal and thus reaches freedom.

TRAITORS

He despises his country who interposes anything between his feet and her sacred soil.

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TRANSLATION

Man cannot reach the shrine if he does not make the pilgrimage. So, one must not hope to find anything true from my own language in translation.

TRAVELLER

A traveller in a desert can hear the gurgle of water without knowing from which direction it is coming, hesitating to move a step, for the fear of taking a wrong path and going farther away from the spring.

Travellers need lamps more than folks who stay at home.

The modern age has brought the geography of the earth near to us, but made it difficult for us to come into touch with man. We go to strange lands and observe; we do not live there. We hardly meet men; but only specimens of knowledge. We are in haste to seek for general types and overlook individuals.

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wilderness of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, "Here art thou!"

The question and the cry, "Oh, where?" melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance, "I am!"

With a laugh and a song in my heart I have left all sorrow and grief far behind me: Oh, I roam and wander through woods and fields and nameless lands—never caring to turn my vagabond's back!

It is not always a profound interest in man that carries travellers nowadays to distant lands. More often it is the facility for rapid movement. For lack of time and for the sake of convenience we generalise and crush our human facts into the packages within the steel trunks that hold our travellers' reports.

I am like a traveller come to a strange city at midnight.

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Domes and towers and garden-trees look vague and shadowy, and the dull moon of the sea comes fitfully through the silence of sleep. Wistfully he waits for the morning to reveal to him all the strange wonders.

Thou wilt find, Eternal Traveller, marks of thy footsteps across my songs.

Cheerless is the day, the light under frowning clouds is like a punished child with traces of tears on its pale cheeks, and the cry of the wind is like the cry of a wounded world. But I know I am travelling to meet my Friend.

I sit at my window this morning where the world like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me and goes.

Thou hast led me through my crowded travels of the day to my evening's loneliness.

I wait for its meaning through the stillness of the night.

When I travelled to here and to there, I was tired of thee, O Road, but now when thou leadest me to everywhere I am wedded to thee in love.

When the lamp went out by my bed I woke up with the early birds.

I sat at my open window with a fresh wreath on my loose hair.

The young traveller came along the road in the rosy mist of the morning.

A pearl chain was on his neck, and the sun's rays fell on his crown. He stopped before my door and asked me with an eager cry, "Where is she?"

For very shame I could not say, "She is I, young traveller, she is I."

It was dusk and the lamp was not lit.

I was listlessly braiding my hair.

The young traveller came on his chariot in the glow of the setting sun.

His horses were foaming at the mouth, and there was dust on his garment.

He alighted at my door and asked in a tired voice, "Where is she?"

For very shame I could not say, "She is I, weary traveller, she is I."

It is an April night. The lamp is burning in my room.

The breeze of the south comes gently. The noisy parrot sleeps in its cage.

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My bodice is of the colour of the peacock's throat, and my mantle is green as young grass.

I sit upon the floor at the window watching the deserted street.

Through the dark night I keep humming, "She is I, despairing traveller, she is I."

TREES

The trembling leaves of this tree touch my heart like the fingers of an infant child.

The trees, like the longings of the earth, stand a-tiptoe to peep at the heaven.

The trees come up to my window like the yearning voice of the dumb earth.

Be still, my heart, these great trees are prayers.

Roots are the branches down in the earth.
Branches are roots in the air.

O, you shaggy-headed banyan tree standing on the bank of the pond, have you forgotten the little child, like the birds that have nested in your branches and left you ?

Do you not remember how he sat at the window and wondered at the tangle of your roots that plunged underground?

The women would come to fill their jars in the pond, and your huge black shadow would wriggle on the water like sleep struggling to wake up.

Sunlight danced on the ripples like restless tiny shuttles weaving golden tapestry,

Two ducks swam by the weedy margin above their shadows, and the child would sit still and think.

He longed to be the wind and blow through your rustling branches, to be your shadow and lengthen with the day on the water, to be a bird and perch on your topmost twig, and to float like those ducks among the weeds and shadows.

The birth and death of the leaves are the rapid whirls of the eddy whose wider circles move slowly among stars.

TREMBLING LIPS

I try to weave a wreath all the morning, but the flowers slip and they drop out.

You sit there watching me in secret through the corner of your prying eyes.

Ask those eyes, darkly planning mischief, whose fault it was.

I try to sing a song, but in vain,

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A hidden smile trembles on your lips ; ask of it the reason of my failure.

Let your smiling lips say on oath how my voice lost itself in silence like a drunken bee in the lotus.

It is evening, and the time for the flowers to close their petals.

Give me leave to sit by your side, and bid my lips to do the work that can be done in silence and in the dim light of stars.

TRIAL

Trial tests a person.

TRUE BEING

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around ; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name ; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

TRUST

You may have trusted him, but that does not prevent his being a thief.

Only those who are trustworthy know how to trust.

TRUST IN LOVE

"Trust love even if it brings sorrow. Do not close up your heart."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, I cannot understand them."

"The heart is only for giving away with a tear and a song, my love."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, I cannot understand them."

"Pleasure is frail like a dewdrop, while it laughs it dies. But sorrow is strong and abiding. Let sorrowful love wake in your eyes."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, I cannot understand them."

"The lotus blooms in the sight of the sun, and loses all that it has. It would not remain in bud in the eternal winter mist."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, I cannot understand them."

Let this be my last word, that I trust in thy love,

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TRUTH

The stream of truth flows through its channels of mistakes.

Truth raises against itself the storm that scatters its seeds broadcast.

Truth seems to come with its final word ; and the final word gives birth to its next.

The water in a vessel is sparkling ; the water in the sea is dark.

The small truth has words that are clear ; the great truth has great silence.

To be outspoken is easy when you do not wait to speak the complete truth.

Truth in her dress finds facts too tight.
In fiction she moves with ease.

Truth consists, not in facts, but in harmony of facts. Of this fundamental note of reality it is that the poet has said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty".

One can't measure truth by world's values. Light is golden, but can it be weighed with gold ?

How can they who do not feel the truth within them, realise that to bring it out from its obscurity into the light is man's highest aim,—not to keep on heaping material outside ?

Truth cannot be banished.

All truths must be tested in death's court.

Truth and falsehood mingle in life—and to what God builds man adds his own decoration. Only those were pure truths which were sung by the poet.

Through the blows inflicted by the liberty of the individual we can know for certain what is everlasting truth, and what is transitory fancy. The welfare of society depends upon our knowing this or at least attempting to do so.

Men of Science tell us that truth, unlike beauty and goodness, is independent of our conciousness. They explain to us how the belief that truth is independent of the human mind is a mystical belief, natural to man but at the same time inexplicable. But may not the explanation be this, that ideal truth does not depend upon the individual mind of man, but on the universal mind which comprehends the individual ? For to say that truth, as we see it, exists apart from humanity is really to contradict Science itself ; because Science can only

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organize into rational concepts those facts which man can know and understand, and logic is a machinery of thinking created by the mechanic man.

Gladness is the one criterion of truth, and we know when we have touched Truth by the music it gives, by the joy of greeting it sends forth to the truth in us. That is the true foundation of all religions.

Truth looks tawdry when she is overdressed.

To despair of humanity is only possible if we lose faith in truth which brings to it strength, when its defeat is greatest and calls out new life from the depth of its destruction.

Truth cannot be tested except by opposition and obstacles. The testing of truth has not been carried out once and for all by a group of learned men in some past age ; truth has to be discovered anew through the blows and opposition it encounters from the people of every age.

To keep anything back in the attempt to make it comprehensible to another's intelligence would be to distort the truth.

I must speak the truth even about falsehood.

We must undergo some test as to whether we accept truth genuinely or not. Its consequences and penalties must be accepted. In the commerce of truth you cannot obtain the jewel and avoid the price.

The truth we must build up will require a great deal of untruth in the process. Those who have made their way in the world have created truth, not blindly followed it.

Save me, Truth ! Never again let me hanker after the false paradise of illusion.

We really realise how false for us is that which we hear from other lips, or keep repeating with our own, while all the time the temple of our Truth is building within us, brick by brick, day after day. We fail to understand the mystery of this eternal building when we view our joys and sorrows apart by themselves, in the midst of fleeting time ; just as a sentence becomes unintelligible if one has to spell through every word of it.

That which transcends country, which is greater than country, can only reveal itself through one's country. God has manifested His one eternal nature in just such a variety of forms. But those who say that Truth is one, and therefore that only one form of religion is true, accept only this truth,

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namely that truth is one, but omit to acknowledge the truth that Truth is limitless. The limitless One manifests itself in the limitless Many. I can assure you that through the open sky of India you will be able to see the sun—therefore there is no need to cross the ocean and sit at the window of a Christian church.

Deliver us from all that is untrue and let the True shed its pure radiance over our lives.

Men who die for the truth become immortal; and, if a whole people can die for the truth, it will also achieve immortality in the history of humanity.

When we obtain what is true, then our soul gets satisfaction even in its incompleteness and imperfections—we do not even wish to dress it up in materials which are false.

Stainless, empty truth.

One must give up all claims based on conventional rights, if one would find a person freely revealed in truth.

The world is full of voices, and where you close your ears to truth, there strikes the arrow of death.

If we can't put up with truth from without, we shall have to put up with falsehood from within.

The simple and assured peace clothes the thought and word and deed of those who are the bearers of truth.

Is not the truth greater than any number of false words? Merely because I have repeated the same mistake many times, is the mistake to prevail?

TRUTH AND RELIGION

Your truth and your religion is not merely the opinion or sayings of a few persons; it is united by countless threads with those all around you—you cannot root it up at will and plant it in a pot if you want to keep it bright and vigorous with life; if you want to raise it to full usefulness you will have to take your seat in the place which has been determined for you by the people of your country long before you were born. You must never say, "I am nobody to them, and they are nobody to me". If you speak so, then the truth of your religion and all your strength will vanish like a shadow. I can assure you that if your opinions draw you away from the place to which God has sent you, no matter where it may be, then your opinions will never be victorious.

TRUTH AND SUCCESS

Man's chief business is the accumulation of outside

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material. Those who are masters in the art, advertise the biggest lies in their business, enter false accounts in their political ledgers with their broadest-pointed pens, launch their newspapers daily laden with untruths, and send preachers abroad to disseminate falsehood like flies carrying pestilential germs. I am an humble follower of these great ones. When I was attached to the Congress party I never hesitated to dilute ten per cent of truth with ninety per cent of untruth. And now, merely because I have ceased to belong to that party, I have not forgotten the basic fact that man's goal is not truth but success.

TULSI PLANT

If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.

The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.

The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyards, and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth of seven kingdoms.

But let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, where my king's palace is.

It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot of the *tulsi* plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away shore of the seven impassable seas.

There is none in the world who can find her but myself.

She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears ; her hair sweeps down upon the floor.

She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand, and jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles.

But let me whisper in your ear, mother ; she is there in the corner of our terrace where the pot of the *tulsi* plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river for your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.

I sit in the corner where the shadows of the walls meet together.

Only puss is allowed to come with me, for she knows where the barber in the story lives.

But let me whisper, mother, in your ear where the barber in the story lives.

It is at the corner of the terrace where the pot of *tulsi* plant stands.

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TWELVE O'CLOCK

Mother, I do want to leave off my lessons now. I have been at my book all the morning.

You say it is only twelve o'clock. Suppose it isn't any later ; can't you ever think it is afternoon when it is only twelve o'clock ?

I can easily imagine now that the sun has reached the edge of that rice-field, and the old fisher-woman is gathering herbs for her supper by the side of the pond.

I can just shut my eyes and think that the shadows are growing darker under the *madar* tree, and the water in the pond looks shiny black.

If twelve o'clock can come in the night, why can't the night come when it is twelve o'clock?

TWO SISTERS

When the two sisters go to fetch water, they come to this spot and they smile.

They must be aware of somebody who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

The two sisters whisper to each other when they pass this spot.

They must have guessed the secret of that somebody who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

Their pitchers lurch suddenly, and water spills when they reach this spot.

They must have found out that somebody's heart is beating who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

The two sisters glance at each other when they come to this spot, and they smile.

There is a laughter in their swift-stepping feet, which makes confusion in sombody's mind who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

TYRANNY

To tyrannise for the country is to tyrannise over the country.

How much more terrible was man's tyranny over man than all the other cruelties in the world, and how vast and intolerable it had become with the combined power of Society and the Government behind it !

UNDERSTANDING

There are certain things that only people of a certain age can understand.

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At certain ages one does not need to understand everything.

UNHOLY GREED

When it was day they came into my house and said, "We shall only take the smallest room here."

They said, "We shall help you in the worship of your God and humbly accept only our own share of his grace"; and then they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek.

But in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from God's altar.

UNITY

Two rivers on their way to the ocean unite.

It is political and commercial egoism which is the evil harbinger of war. By different combinations it changes its shape and dimensions, but not its nature. This egoism is still held sacred, and made a religion ; and such a religion, by a mere change of temple, and by new committees of priests, will never save mankind. We must know that, as, through science and commerce, the realisation of the unity of the material world gives us power, so the realisation of the great spiritual Unity of Man alone can give us peace.

UNIVERSE

The pet dog suspects the universe for scheming to take its place.

UNSEEN WAY

Where roads are made I lose my way.

In the wide water, in the blue sky there is no line of a track.

The pathway is hidden by the birds' wings, by the star-fires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

And I ask my heart if its blood carries the wisdom of the unseen way.

UTILITY

If bamboos were made only into flutes,
They would droop and die with very shame,
They hold their heads high in the sky,
Because they are variously useful.

VAGUE SWEETNESS

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was

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straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind.

That vague sweetness made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.

VAIN DESIRE

Love, my heart longs day and night for the meeting with you—for the meeting that is like all-devouring death.

Sweep me away like a storm ; take everything I have ; break open my sleep and plunder my dreams. Rob me of my world.

In that devastation, in the utter nakedness of spirit, let us become one in beauty.

Alas for my vain desire ! Where is this hope for union except in thee, my God ?

VAIN LONGING

Where dost thou stand behind them all, my lover, hiding thyself in the shadows? They push thee and pass thee by on the dusty road, taking thee for naught. I wait here weary hours spreading my offering for thee, while passers-by come and take my flowers, one by one, and my basket is nearly empty.

The morning time is past, and the noon. In the shade of evening my eyes are drowsy with sleep. Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggar maid, drawing my skirt over my face, and when they ask me what it is I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not.

Oh, how, indeed, could I tell them that for thee I wait, and that thou hast promised to come? How could I utter for shame that I keep for my dowry this poverty? Ah, I hug this pride in the secret of my heart.

I sit on the grass and gaze upon the sky and dream of the sudden splendour of thy coming—all the lights ablaze, golden pennons flying over thy car, and they at the roadside standing agape, when they see thee come down from thy seat to raise me from the dust, and set at thy side this ragged beggar

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girl a-tremble with shame and pride, like a creeper in a summer breeze.

But time glides on and still no sound of the wheels of thy chariot. Many a procession passes by with noise and shouts and glamour of glory. Is it only thou who wouldst stand in the shadow silent and behind them all? And only I who would wait and weep and wear out my heart in vain longing ?

VANITY

All those great preparations for enjoyment are but vanity.

The world is vanity, and if of pleasure it has none, pain also is a delusion.

VARIETY

God has created many kinds of men, but He does not intend them all to tread the same path.

VEDANTA

The Vedanta seems to help many to free their minds from all doubt as to the Universe and its First Cause, but my doubts remain undispelled. It is true that the Vedanta is simpler than most other theories. The problem of Creation and its Creator is more complex than appears at first sight ; but the Vedanta has certainly simplified it half way, by cutting the Gordian knot and leaving out Creation altogether.

VEGETABLES

Vegetable-juice is a magnificent tonic. It's the finest stimulant imaginable for a brain-worker.

VEIL OF DARKNESS

If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveller, whose sack of provisions is empty before the voyage is ended, whose garment is torn and dust-laden, whose strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty, and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly night.

VERNACULAR LANGUAGES

Unless higher education is given in the vernacular languages, how are text books to come into existence ? We cannot very well expect a mint to go on working if the coins are refused circulation.

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VICE AND VIRTUE

What from one point of view might be regarded as a fault from another might be regarded as a virtue.

VICTORY

Train a troop of tigers and by placing them in the front line of battle, between one's own army and the enemy, make victory certain.

Victory to thee, victory for ever,
O brave heart.
Victory to life, to joy, to love,
To eternal light.

VIOLENCE

I can boast of one thing at any rate. I have never been a tyrant in my happiness, or tried to enforce my claims by violence.

It is not right to resort to violence, taking for granted, through your own habits and indolence, that the beliefs of your society are the only true ones. When a rat gnaws a hole in the hull of a ship it considers only its own inclinations and convenience ; it does not see that the advantage it gains by making a hole in such a huge shelter is very trifling compared with the immense loss it will cause to all.

VIRTUE

The world is welcome to the few really good people it may contain.

I cannot agree that all that is natural is good.

If I were really good at heart I could afford to make a show of being bad. The full moon can afford to show her shadows. But what if the moonless night were to cover itself in cloud ?

Goodness represents the detachment of our spirit from the exclusiveness of our egoism ; in goodness we identify ourselves with the universal humanity. Its value is not merely in some benefit for our fellow beings, but in its truth itself through which we realize within us that man is not merely an animal, bound by his individual passions and appetites, but a spirit that has its unfettered perfection. Goodness is the freedom of our self in the world of man, as is love. We have to be true within, not for worldly duties, but for that spiritual fulfilment, which is in harmony with the Perfect, in union with the Eternal. If this were not true, then mechanical perfection would he considered to be of higher value than the spiritual. In order to realize his unity with the universal, the

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individual man must live his perfect life which alone gives him the freedom to transcend it.

VISION

I hunt for the golden stag.

You may smile, my friends, but I pursue the vision that eludes me.

I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands, because I am hunting for the golden stag.

You come and buy in the market and go back to your homes laden with goods, but the spell of the homeless winds has touched me I know not when and where.

I have no care in my heart ; all my belongings I have left far behind me.

I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands—because I am hunting for the golden stag,

We have our eyes, which relate to us the vision of the physical universe. We have also an inner faculty of our own which helps us to find our relationship with the supreme self of man, the universe of personality. This faculty is our luminous imagination, which in its higher stage is special to man. It offers us that vision of wholeness which for the biological necessity of physical survival is superfluous ; its purpose is to arouse in us the sense of perfection which is our true sense of immortality. For perfection dwells ideally in Man the Eternal, inspiring love for this ideal in the individual, urging him more and more to realize it.

My sight is clouded over like an opium-eater's eyes.

VISITS

If you really think one shouldn't pay calls unless one is worth seeing, many of us would have to spend our days in solitude.

VISVABHARATI UNIVERSITY

This institution should be a perpetual creation by the co-operative enthusiasm of teachers and students, growing with the growth of their soul ; a world in itself, self-sustaining, independent, rich with ever-renewing life, radiating life across space and time, attracting and maintaining round it a planetary system of dependent bodies. Its aim should lie in imparting life-breath to the complete man, who is intellectual as well as economic, bound by social bonds, but aspiring towards spiritual freedom and final perfection.

VOCATION

When the gong sounds ten in the morning and I walk to school by our lane.

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Every day I meet the hawker crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

There is nothing to hurry him on, there is no road he must take, no place he must go to, no time when he must come home.

I wish I were a hawker, spending my day in the road, crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

When at four in the afternoon I come back from the school.

I can see through the gate of that house the gardener digging the ground.

He does what he likes with his spade, he soils his clothes with dust, nobody takes him to task if he gets baked in the sun or gets wet.

I wish I were a gardener digging away at the garden with nobody to stop me from digging.

Just as it gets dark in the evening and my mother sends me to bed.

I can see through my open window the watchman walking up and down.

The lane is dark and lonely, and the street-lamp stands like a giant with one red eye in its head.

The watchman swings his lantern and walks with his shadow at his side, and never once goes to bed in his life,

I wish I were a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with my lantern.

VOICE

Your voice, my friend, wanders in my heart, like the muffled sound of the sea among these listening pines.

VOW

You have dissolved my vow even as the moon dissolves the night's vow of obscurity.

WAITING

On this side of the water there is no landing ; the girls do not come here to fetch water ; the land along its edge is shaggy with stunted shrubs ; a noisy flock of *saliks* dig their nests in the steep bank under whose frown the fisher-boats find no shelter.

You sit there on the unfrequented grass, and the morning wears on. Tell me what you do on this bank so dry that it is agape with cracks ?

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She looks in my face and says, "Nothing, nothing whatsoever."

On this side of the river the bank is deserted, and no cattle come to water. Only some stray goats from the village browse the scanty grass all day, and the solitary water-hawk watches from an uprooted *peepal* aslant over the mud.

You sit there alone in the miserly shade of a *shimool*, and the morning wears on.

Tell me, for whom do you wait ?

She looks in my face and says, "No one, no one at all !"

WANDERING YOUTH

Why did he choose to come to my door, the wandering youth, when the day dawned ?

As I come in and out I pass by him every time, and my eyes are caught by his face.

I know not if I should speak to him or keep silent. Why did he choose to come to my door?

The cloudy nights in July are dark; the sky is soft blue in the autumn; the spring days are restless with the south wind.

He weaves his songs with fresh tunes every time.

I turn from my work and my eyes fill with the mist. Why did he choose to come to my door?

WANT AND WEALTH

The world is yours at once and for ever.

And because you have no want, my king, you have no pleasure in your wealth.

It is as though it were naught.

Therefore through slow time you give me what is yours, and ceaselessly win your kingdom in me.

Day after day you buy your sunrise from my heart, and you find your love carven into the image of my life.

WANTS

Our needs have multiplied so furiously fast that we have lost our leisure for the deeper realization of our self and our faith in it. It means that we have lost our religion, the longing for the touch of the divine in man, the builder of the heaven, the music-maker, the dreamer of dreams.

There is a lower unit of measure for the trials and troubles of the "lower classes." Want is, of course, a permanent feature of their lives, but does not necessarily

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mean 'want' to them. Their very smallness protects them, as the banks protect the pool ; by widening bounds only the slime is exposed.

These lesser wants form a part of the wants of the great Cause,—the horse must be fed and the wheels must be oiled if the best progress is to be made.

Our needs are always in a hurry. They rush and hustle, they are rude and unceremonious ; they have no surplus of leisure, no patience for anything else but fulfilment of purpose. We frequently see in our country at the present day men utilising empty kerosene cans for carrying water. These cans are emblems of discourtesy ; they are curt and abrupt, they have not the least shame for their unmannerliness, they do not care to be ever so slightly more than useful.

WAR

It was always the poor grass that suffered most when two kings went to war.

Once a war is started, rightly or wrongly, it is our man's pride that must carry it on to the end.

WARRIORS

When the warriors came out first from their master's hall, where had they hid their power ? Where were their armour and their arms ?

They looked poor and helpless, and the arrows were showered upon them on the day they came out from their master's hall.

When the warriors marched back again to their master's hall, where did they hide their power ?

They had dropped the sword and dropped the bow and the arrow ; peace was on their foreheads, and they had left the fruits of their life behind them on the day they marched back again to their master's hall.

WATER

All water is clean and holy that cools our heat and satisfies our thirst.

WATERFALL

A lake cannot run out dancing, like a frolicsome waterfall.

The waterfall sings, "I find my song, when I find my freedom."

"I give my whole water in joy," sings the waterfall, "though little of it is enough for the thirsty."

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WAVES

My day is done, and I am like a boat drawn on the beach, listening to the dance-music of the tide in the evening.

Like the meeting of the seagulls and the waves we meet and come near. The seagulls fly off, the waves roll away and we depart.

"I cannot keep your waves," says the bank to the river.

"Let me keep your footprints in my heart."

WAYS AND MEANS

Ways and means are never of a very exalted order—roads and stairs and so forth are always to be trodden under our feet.

WEAKNESS

The weak are in the majority. They are continually poisoning the ears of men by repeating these shibboleths. Nature has denied them strength,—it is thus that they try to enfeeble others.

We women are weak. So I suppose we must join in the conspiracy of the weak.

Where the strong man shows weakness, there the weaker sex cannot help beating her drums of victory.

How irresistible is the force of personal desire in weakening man's character, how one has to pardon man's weakness, but when that weakness affects not only one's own life but the lives of hundreds of others and shatters into fragments their only shelter whether you think that pardonable for a single moment ? Has God given us the right to pardon such weakness ?

WEALTH

Those who own much have much to fear.

Wealth has the ugly habit of diminishing fast. If we are not quick about it, little will remain to enable us to observe our renunciation with all splendour.

He who gives gold, gives only pain ;
When the gold is spent grief comes again.
When a lakh, or crore, of gold is spent,
Grief only remains in the empty tent.

That King's coffers are well stored,
Where wealth alone on worth is poured.

Their are some who are born poor, even in a king's house. Wealth does not cling to those whose destiny it is to find riches in poverty.

In the world's audience hall the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam and the stars of midnight.

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Thus my songs share their seats in the heart of the world with the music of the clouds and forests.

But, you man of riches, your wealth has no part in the simple grandeur of the sun's glad gold and the mellow gleam of the musing moon.

The blessing of the all-embracing sky is not shed upon it.

And when death appears, it pales and withers and crumbles into dust.

There are certain recognised methods for acquiring wealth, such as agriculture, service, trade, and the legal and illegal professions. But none of these points out the direction of hidden wealth.

We shall never be able to make any headway unless we can lay our hands on plenty of money.

Greed of wealth and power can never have a limit, and compromise of self-interest can never attain the final spirit of reconciliation. They must go on breeding jealousy and suspicion to the end—the end which only comes through some sudden catastrophe or a spiritual re-birth.

There is a mischief in money.

WEAPONS

He has made his weapons his gods.

When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

The real power is not in the weapons themselves, but in the man who wields those weapons; and when he, in his eagerness for power, multiplies his weapons at the cost of his own soul, then it is he who is in even greater danger than his enemies.

WELCOME

The night waned, the stars paled in the sky. Suddenly the touchstone of the morning light tinged everything with gold. A cry spread from mouth to mouth—

"Here is the herald!"

I bowed my head and asked, "Is he coming?"

The answer seemed to burst from all sides, "Yes."

Mind grew troubled and said, "The dome of my building is not yet finished, nothing is in order."

A voice came from the sky, "Pull down your building!"

"But why?" asked Mind.

"Because today is the day of the Coming, and your building is in the way."

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Days passed. More wings were added to his palace—more lands to his domain.

The season of rains came to an end. The dark clouds became white and thin, and in the rain-washed sky the sunny hours hovered like butterflies over an unseen flower. I was bewildered and asked everybody I met, "What is that music in the breeze ?"

A tramp walked the road whose dress was wild as his manner ; he said, "Hark to the music of the Coming !"

I cannot tell why I was convinced, but the words broke from me, "We have not much longer to wait."

"It is close at hand," said the mad man.

I went to the office and boldly said to Mind, "Stop all work !"

Mind asked, "Have you any news ?"

"Yes," I answered. "News of the Coming." But I could not explain.

Mind shook his head and said, "There are neither banners nor pageantry."

WESTERN CULTURE

If we were to take for granted, what some people maintain, that Western culture is the only source of light for our mind then it would be like depending for day break upon some star, which is the sun of a far distant sphere. The star may give us light, but not the day ; it may give us direction in our voyage of exploration, but it can never open the full view of truth before our eyes. In fact, we can never use this cold starlight for stirring the sap in our branches, and giving colour and bloom to our life. This is the reason why European education has become for India mere school lessons and no culture ; a box of matches, good for the small uses of illumination but not the light of morning, in which the use and beauty, and all the subtle mysteries of life are blended in one.

WHERE IS MOTHER

The father came back from the funeral rites.

His boy of seven stood at the window, with eyes wide open and a golden amulet hanging from his neck, full of thoughts too difficult for his age.

His father took him in his arms and the boy asked him, "Where is mother?"

"In heaven," answered his father, pointing to the sky.

At night the father groaned in slumber, weary with grief.

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A lamp dimly burned near the bedroom door, and a lizard chased moths on the wall.

The boy woke up from sleep, felt with his hands the emptiness in the bed, and stole out to the open terrace.

The boy raised his eyes to the sky and long gazed in silence. His bewildered mind sent abroad into the night the question, "Where is heaven?"

No answer came ; and the stars seemed like the burning tears of that ignorant darkness.

WHIRL OF PASSION

You, like a rivulet swift and sinuous, laugh and dance, and your steps sing as you trip along.

I, like a bank rugged and steep, stand speechless and stock-still and darkly gaze at you.

I, like a big, foolish storm, of a sudden come rushing on and try to rend my being and scatter it parcelled in a whirl of passion,

You, like the lightning's flash slender and keen, pierce the heart of the turbulent darkness, to disappear in a vivid streak of laughter.

WHISPERS

No more noisy, loud words from me—such is my master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song.

Men hasten to the King's market. All the buyers and sellers are there. But I have my untimely leave in the middle of the day, in the thick of work.

Let then the flowers come out in my garden, though it is not their time ; and let the midday bees strike up their lazy hum.

Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him ; and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence !

I have learnt the simple meaning of thy whispers in flowers and sushine—teach me to know thy words in pain and death.

WIDOWER

He succumbed to the fascination, as a widower to his second wife.

WIDOWHOOD

It is all very well to idealise widowhood from safe dis-

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tance, but you should remember that within widowhood there is a sensitive human heart, throbbing with pain and desire.

Permanent widowhood has in it a sense of immense purity and peace ; a calm beauty like that of the silent places of the dead shimmering in the wan light of the eleventh moon. Would not the mere possibility of remarriage destroy its divine beauty ?

They were tears of joy that washed away the clouds of sorrow that had brooded over her widowed life.

WILFUL WAY

My portion of the best in this world will come from your hands ; such was your promise.

Therefore your light glistens in my tears.

I fear to be led by others lest I miss you waiting in some road corner to be my guide.

I walk my own wilful way till my very folly tempts you to my door.

For I have your promise that my portion of the best in this world will come from your hands.

WIND

O South wind, the Wanderer, come and rock me,
Rouse me into the rapture of new leaves.
I am the wayside bamboo tree, waiting for your breath
to tingle life into my branches.
O South Wind, the Wanderer, my dwelling is in the end
of the lane.
I know your wayfaring, and the language of your footsteps.
Your least touch thrills me out of my slumber,
Your whisper gleans my secrets.

WINE

I stole from the divine storehouse the fragrant wine of heaven, filled with it one earthly night to the brim, and placed it in thy hand to drink.

I will smilingly pour out for you the wine of pleasure in the cup of this beauteous body. When you are tired and satiated with this wine, you can go to work or play.

WINE OF KISSES

Free me from the bonds of your sweetness, my love !
No more of this wine of kisses.

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This mist of heavy incense stifles my heart.
Open the doors, make room for the morning light.
I am lost in you, wrapped in the folds of your caresses.
Free me from your spells, and give me back the manhood to offer you my freed heart.

WINTER

Wet and gloomy days in the cold weather are eminently disagreeable.

In the piercing cold the trees bordering the road seemed to huddle for warmth into their leafy coverings. A fleecy mist lay over each hamlet, like a mother-swan brooding over her eggs.

WISDOM

God waits for man to regain his childhood in wisdom.

We are neither too good nor wise,
That is all the merit we have.

Our calumny spreads from land to land,
And danger dogs our steps.
We take great care to forget what is taught us.
We say things different from the book,
Bringing upon us trouble,
And rebuke from the Learned

Wisdom does not attain completeness except through the living of life ; and discipline divorced from wisdom is not true discipline, but merely the meaningless following of custom, which is only a disguise for stupidity.

After all my education, and intelligence, and arguing, I suddenly see that I am an absolute fool !

WISDOM AND LITERATURE

Fashions in literature that rapidly tire of themselves seldom come from the depth. They belong to the frothy rush of the surface, with its boisterous clamours for the recognition of the moment. Such literature, by its very strain, exhausts its inner development and quickly passes through outer changes like autumn leaves—produces with the help of paints and patches and up-to-dateness, shaming its own appearance of the immediately preceding date. Its expressions are often grimaces, like the cactus of the desert which lacks modesty in its distortions and peace in its thorns, in whose attitude an aggressive discourtesy bristles up. suggesting a forced pride of poverty. We often come across its analogy in some of the modern writings which are difficult to ignore because of their prickly surprises and paradoxical gesticulations. Wisdom is not rare

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in these works, but it is a wisdom that has lost confidence in its serene dignity, afraid of being ignored by crowds which are attracted by the extravagant and the unusual. It is sad to see wisdom struggling to seem clever, a prophet arrayed in caps and bells before an admiring multitude.

WISDOM IN DRINKS

O mad, superbly drunk;

If you kick open your doors and play the fool in public;

If you empty your bag in a night, and snap your fingers at prudence;

If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things;

Reck not rhyme or reason;

If unfurling your sails before the storm you snap the rudder in two.

Then I will follow you, comrade, and be drunken and go to the dogs.

I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours.

Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim.

For years I have gathered and heaped up scraps and fragments of things:

Crush them and dance upon them, and scatter them all to the winds.

For I know 'tis the height of wisdom to be drunken and go to the dogs.

Let all crooked scruples vanish, let me hopelessly lose my way.

Let a gust of wild giddiness come and sweep me away from my anchors.

The world is peopled with worthies, and workers, useful and clever.

There are men who are easily first, and men who come decently after.

Let them be happy and prosper, and let me be foolishly futile.

For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

I swear to surrender this moment all claims to the ranks of the decent.

I let go my pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong.

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I'll shatter memory's vessel, scattering the last drop of tears.

With the foam of the berry-red wine I will bathe and brighten my laughter.

The badge of the civil and staid I'll tear into shreds for the nonce.

I'll take the holy vow to be worthless, to be drunken and go to the dogs.

WIT AND WOMEN

Women who try to be witty, but only succeed in being pert, are insufferable ; and as for attempts to be comic they are disgraceful in women whether they succeed or fail. The comic is ungainly and exaggerated, and so is in some sort related to the sublime. The elephant is comic, the camel and the giraffe are comic, all overgrowth is comic.

It is rather keenness that is akin to beauty, as the thorn to the flower. So sarcasm is not unbecoming in woman, though coming from her it hurts. But ridicule which savours of bulkiness woman had better leave to our sublime sex. The masculine Falstaff makes our sides split, a feminine Falstaff would only rack our nerves.

WITNESSES

Though witnesses of a real event may be few or even wanting, innumerable proofs of a thing that has not happened can always be marshalled.

WOMAN

The women, the women. They are ever crying and weeping. But they cannot turn those back who must go forward.

Woman's heart must worship in order to love.

Women are of two kinds, the mother-kind and the beloved-kind. So I have heard some learned men say. If a comparison may be drawn with the seasons, the mother is the rainy season. She brings the gift of water and of fruit, tempers the heart, and dissolving from the heights drives away the drought. She fills with plenty. The beloved, on the other hand, is the spring. Deep its mystery, sweet its enchantment. Its restlessness rocks the blood into waves and swings over into the treasure-chamber of the mind where the solitary string of the golden *Vina* is lying mute, waiting for a vibration to set the body and the mind ringing in some wordless melody.

Women never make mistakes, or, if they do, a sensible man never mentions them ; it is better to take them on his own shoulders,

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The less you men can make out a girl, the more she attracts you ! We simple women.

When woman swerves from the right path, then she spears fraught with the direst calamity.

Inscrutable are the ways of a woman's heart !

Ladies, you are over-critical in your taste. You notice things that are unessential.

Woman's eyes are like a moth in that they fling themselves headlong on the glare and glitter of jewel and gold.

O women, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men ; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts.

Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery ; painters are giving your form ever new immortality.

The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens their flowers to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious.

The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over your youth.

You are one-half woman and one-half dream.

Oh, the vow of a man ! Surely thou knowest, thou god of love that unnumbered saints and sages have surrendered the merits of their lifelong penance at the feet of a woman.

Woman's arms, though adorned with naught but unfettered strength, are beautiful !

When a woman is merely a woman ; when she winds herself round and round men's hearts with her smiles and sobs and services and caressing endearments ; then she is happy. Of what use to her are learning and great achievments ?

You alone are perfect ; you are the wealth of the world, the end of all poverty, the goal of all efforts, the one woman ! Others there are who can be but slowly known, while to see you for a moment is to see perfect completeness once and for ever.

Women quickly understand the ways of love.

Women's true objects of worship come to their own arms, without asking, in the shape of their husbands and their children.

I know no feminine wiles for winning hearts.

The woman, as an enemy, is to be dreaded more than all others. For reason is futile against her and forces are ashamed ; man's power gladly surrenders itself to her power-

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lessness, and she takes her shelter in the strong-holds of our own hearts,

You women sit in the seclusion of your hearts and only love.

If only women could be set free from the artificial fetters put round them by men, we could see on earth the living image of Kali, the shameless, pitiless goddess.

Hesitation is not in the nature of woman. For her, neither right nor left has any existence,—she only moves forward. When the women of our country wake up, their voice will be unmistakably confident in its utterance of the cry.

Woman knows how to be cruel ; her virulence is like a blind storm. It is beautifully fearful. In man it is ugly, because it harbours in its centre the gnawing worms of reason and thought.

All the King's soldiers and forts, and prisons and iron chains, could not keep fast this little heart of woman.

Alas, that this frail disguise, the body should make one blind to the light of the deathless spirit !

There is no end to their appetite for devotion. They worship most whatever hurts them most.

Woman is deserving of worship because she gives light to the home.

We women would keep others bound. We would rather be put into bondage ourselves.

Domestic work is a necessity for a woman.

With women it is always audacity that wins.

Women live on the trust of their surroundings,—this is their whole world. If once it is out that this trust has been secretly betrayed, their place in their world is lost. They have then to stand upon the fragments of the thing they have broken, and its jagged edges keep on wounding them at every turn. To sin is easy enough, but to make up for it is above all difficult for a woman.

Women do cry over foolish things.

Is my life given to me merely to please husband and children ?

All the exaggerated language about women that you find in English books has at bottom merely desire. The altar at which Woman may be truly worshipped is her place as Mother, the seat of the pure, right-minded Lady of the House. There is some insult hidden in the praise of those who remove her from there,

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So helpless are we women, we needs must place on others the burden of our danger. When we go to our death we drag down those who are about us.

Possibly this is woman's nature. When her passion is roused she loses her sensibility for all that is outside it. When, like the river, we women keep to our banks, we give nourishment with all that we have : when we overflow them we destroy with all that we are.

We women are not only the deities of the household fire, but the flame of the soul itself.

For woman the path of life's true realisation is the welfare of all. The world may be full of joy or full of sorrow—the virtuous and chaste woman will accept it all and make it her chief religious duty to give form to her religion in her home.

We treat our womenfolk with great reverence, as our good angels, our goddesses, and so forth.

Women are the ornaments of society.

A woman's theft is the most fatal of all thefts.

A woman is quite ready to deny that two and two make four if a question of individual happiness is concerned. If reason tells her that black is black and love tells her that black is white, poor reason is soundly rated. How in spite of women the world manages to conduct its affairs.

Not many men in the world would make themselves entirely responsible for a woman's happiness.

Man's heart is the only world for a woman.

Do not wreck your manhood against a woman's charms.

Women-folk know only one man upon the earth—him whom they love ; and never think of other men's deserts. That there may be many whose merits deserve regard, is not recorded in the scriptures of women. The only good man and the only object of a woman's favours is he who has blabbered into her ears the matrimonial incantations. A little moment behind the usual hour of her husband's meals is a world of anxiety to her, but she never cares a brass button if her husband's dependents have a mouthful or not. This inconsiderate partiality of the softer sex might be cavilled at.

Woman, when you move about in your household service your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.

Woman, with the grace of your fingers you touched my things and order came out like music.

WOMANLINESS

Womanliness is not chiefly decorative. It is like that vital

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health, which not only imparts the bloom of beauty to the body, but joy to the mind and perfection to life.

WORDS

O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your foot-prints in my words.

Words lead only to more words.

Men's words are meant only to be heard, not to be practised.

Words do not flow when the heart is full.

An arrow once discharged never returns.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS

I will utter your name, sitting alone among the shadows of my silent thoughts.

I will utter it without words, I will utter it without purpose.

For I am like a child that calls its mother an hundred times glad that it can say "Mother."

WORK

"I am ashamed of my emptiness," said the Word to the Work.

"I know how poor I am when I see you," said the Work to the Word.

Either you have work or you have not.

When you have to say, "Let us do something," then begins mischief.

Work alone was true and all the sentiments only illusions.

By God's grace the good work will be completed.

One great point about work is that for its sake the individual has to make light of his personal joys and sorrows; indeed, so far as may be, to ignore them.

When we look at the field of work, we see some at their trades, some tilling the soil, some carrying burdens, and yet underneath, death, sorrow, and loss are flowing, in an unseen undercurrent every day,—their privacy not intruded upon. If ever these should break forth beyond control and come to the surface then all this work would at once come to a stop. Over the individual sorrows, flowing beneath, is a hard stone track, across which the trains of duty, with their human load, thunder their way, stopping for none save at appointed stations. This very cruelty of work proves, perhaps, man's sternest consolation.

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While the day is bright and the world in the pursuit of its numberless tasks crowds around then it seems as if my life wants nothing else. But when the colours of the sky fade away and the blinds are drawn down over the windows of heaven, then my heart tells me that evening falls just for the purpose of shutting out the world, to mark the time when the darkness must be filled with the One. This is the end to which earth, sky, and waters conspire, and I cannot harden myself against accepting its meaning. So when the gloaming deepens over the world, like the gaze of the dark eyes of the beloved, then my whole being tells me that work alone cannot be the truth of life, that work is not the be-all and the end-all of man, for man is not simply a serf,—even though the serfdom be of that True and the Good.

Work, especially good work, becomes easy only when desire has learnt to discipline itself. Then alone does the householder's state become a centre of welfare for all the world, and instead of being an obstacle, helps on the final liberation.

Work is the dust raised by the passing of Time.

Faith in his work gives man faith in himself ; it is the homage of self to its own power.

Man is at daily war with his fate ; if the soft entwining arms of woman hinder him in his rugged onward march, it is but natural that he should ruthlessly break away.

Good workers have this failing that they tend to mistrust the capacity of others.

All work that is good, however small in extent, is universal in character.

While work had not yet come in to my life I always found it easy to devise short cuts to achievement ; since I have been working I find that what is hard is hard indeed, and what is difficult remains difficult.

Give me some task, it doesn't matter what.

Merely lecturing and writing like this and forming a party was not real work. Rather it seemed to make the impossibility of work more widespread.

WORK AND PLAY

We are free, my friends, from the fear of work,
For we know that work is play.—the play of life.

It is play to fight and toss,
between life and death ;
It is play that flashes in the laughter of light in the infinite
heart ;

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It roars in the wind,
and surges in the sea.

WORKMEN

Mortal life has its limits. Our class of people have their great burden to bear, therefore we have to claim a larger portion of life's sustenance for our share. That's according to Almighty God's own decree.

Are they not the very incarnation of the sacred Tortoise of our scripture, that held up the sinking earth on its back? Because they meekly suppress themselves underneath their burden, the upper world can keep its head aloft.

WORLD

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

The world is so immense, the concourse of man so vast, yet with how few has one any tie! Distant sounds of life, wafted near, bearing tidings from unknown homes, make the individual realise that the greater part of the world of men does not, cannot own or know him; then he feels deserted, loosely attached to the world, and a vague sadness creeps over him.

What is the truth of this world? It is not in the masses of substance, not in the number of things, but in their relatedness, which neither can be counted, nor measured, nor abstracted. It it not in the materials which are many, but in the expression which is one. All our knowledge of things is knowing them in their relation to the Universe, in that relation which is truth. A drop of water is not a particular assortment of elements; it is the miracle of a harmonious mutuality, in which the two reveal the One. No amount of analysis can reveal to us this mystery of unity. Matter is an abstraction; we shall never be able to realise what it is for our world of reality does not acknowledge it. Even the giant forces of the world, centripetal and centrifugal, are kept out of our recognition. They are the day-labourers not admitted into the audience-hall of creation. But light and sound come to us in their gay dresses as troubadours singing serenades before the windows of the senses. What is constantly before us, claiming our attention, is not the kitchen, but the feast; not the anatomy of the world, but it's countenance,

The passage from the narrow to the larger world is stormy.

The world today is wild with the delirium of hatred, the conflicts are cruel and unceasing in anguish, crooked are its paths, tangled its bonds of greed.

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The world is all false.
The awakening is a dream. This world is vain.
This world is a bottomless chasm.

Let me feel this world as thy love taking form, then my love will help it.

We live in this world when we love it.

I live in this little world of mine and am afraid to make it the least less. Lift me into thy world and let me have the freedom gladly to lose my all.

I am in the world of the roads.
The night comes. Open thy gate, thou world of the home.
We read the world wrong and say that it deceives us.

I carry in my world that flourishes the worlds that have failed.

WORLD'S FESTIVAL

I have had my invitation to this world's festival, thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could.

Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent salutation ?

WORSHIP

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our needs and yet run back to the undiminished.

The river has its everyday work to do and hastens through fields and hamlets ; yet its incessant stream winds towards the washing of thy feet.

The flower sweetens the air with its perfume ; yet its last service is to offer itself to thee,

Thy worship does not impoverish the world.

From the words of the poet men take what meanings please them ; yet their last meanings points to thee.

It is not the worshipper's affair whether the god knows or not, whether he accepts or ignores the offering.

The goddess of my worship does not come to me enshrined in beauty, I see her where there is poverty and famine, pain and insult. Not where worship is offered with song and flower but where life's blood is sacrificed. To me however, it is the the greatest joy that no element of mere pleasantness is there to seduce one ; there one must rouse himself with his full strength and be prepared to give up his all. No sweetness

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cloys such manifestation ; it is an irresistible, unbearable awakening, cruel and terrible, in which the strings of being are struck so harshly that all the tones of the gamut cry out as they are snapped asunder. When I think of it, my heart leaps—such joy I feel is fit joy for a man—it is Siva's dance of life. The whole quest of man is the vision of the New as it appears in all its beauty on the flaming crest of the Old as it is destroyed. On the background of this blood-red sky I can see a radiant Future, freed from its bonds.

Goddess, I also set you free today. My earthen temple could hold you no longer,—every moment it was on the point of breaking apart. Today I depart to worship your larger image in a larger temple. I can gain you more truly only at a distance from yourself. Here I had only your favour, there I shall be vouch-safed your boon.

Tranquillise yourself by worship, and try to judge everything by harmonising it with the truth that is in you, and the idea of the good that you feel—then gradually all will become clear to you.

Come, come, O citizens to worship her who takes all fear away from our hearts.

It is no calamity to be banished from a land where Mother's worship remains incomplete.

WOUNDS AND HEALING

When I stand before thee at the day's end thou shalt see my scars and know that I had my wounds and also my healing.

YOGA

Through the process of *yoga* man can transcend the utmost bounds of his humanity and find himself in a pure state of consciousness of his individed unity with Parabrahman. There is none who has the right to contradict this belief ; for it is a matter of direct experience and not of logic.

YOUTH

But to reach twenty-seven—is that a trifling thing ?—to pass the meridian of the twenties on one's progress towards thirty ?—thirty—that is to say maturity—the age at which people expect fruit rather than fresh foliage. But, alas, where is the promise of fruit ? As I shake my head, it still feels brimful of luscious frivolity, with not a trace of philosophy.

I also was eighteen once upon a time.

If youth had only the heat of movement, it would get parched and withered. But there is ever the hidden tears, which keep it fresh.

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We should not despise the young in matters of government. When things get intolerable, the young by the power of their suffering grow greater than their elders.

No increase of gold can create a particle of a touchstone ; no increase of power can ever come up to youth.

I suppose youth is best preserved with the aid of a heart that is an ice-box.

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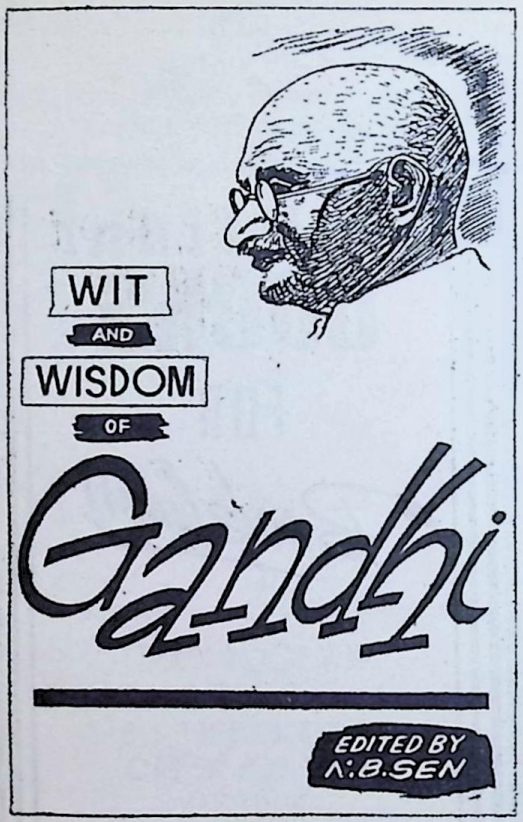

Was Mahatma Gandhi a Saint or a Politician ? Perchance he was both. Throughout his eventful career he dominated the field of politics in India and ultimately brought us freedom from the foreign yoke. As a man he was a noble specimen of humanity and led a saintly life, preaching and practising Truth and Non-violence.

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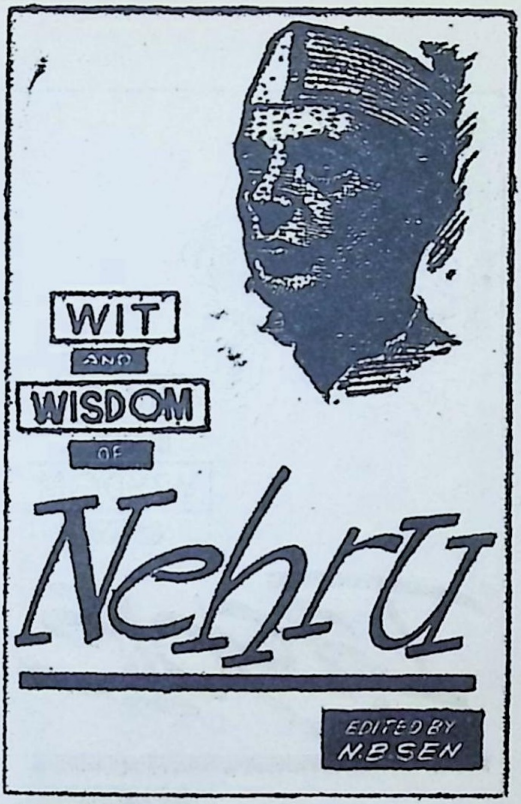

Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is one of the most outstanding figures of the modern age. For about three decades he struggled selflessly and made tremendous sacrifices to win freedom for our Motherland under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. During his life in prison he wrote some remarkable books of merit on History and Politics which have earned him the esteem and applause of the East and West alike.

Nehru as a man is very great indeed, but as a writer he is much greater. Madame Chiang Kai-shek writes: "Nehru will continue to shine as a star in the firmament of English Literature as long as the English language lasts."

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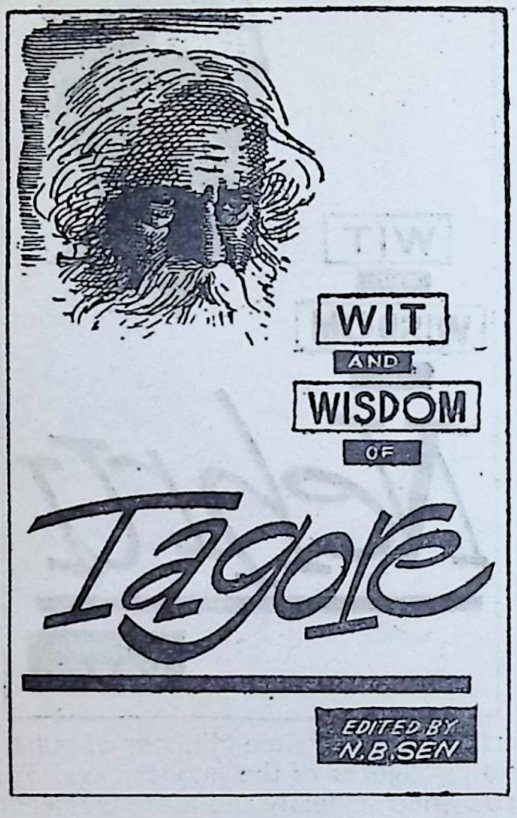

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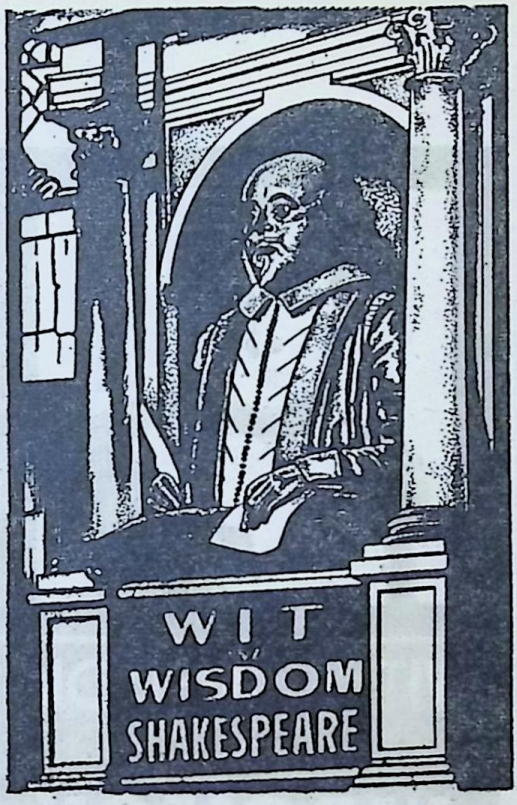

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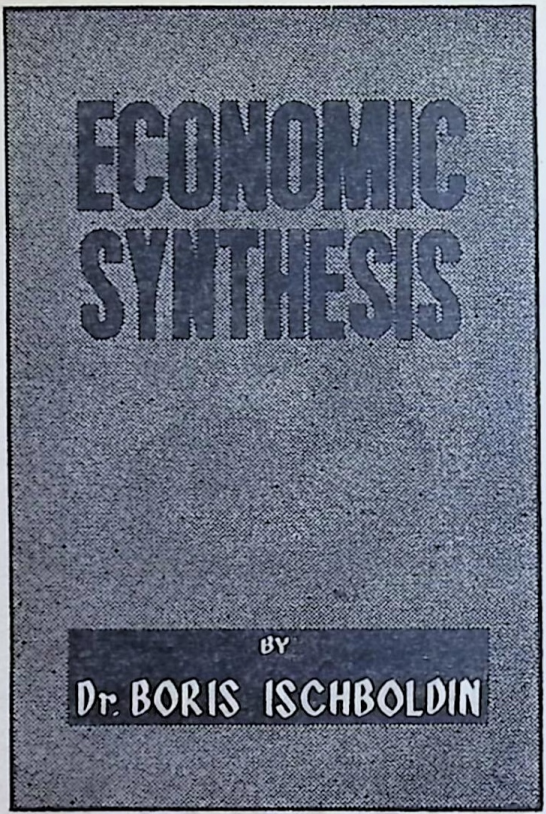

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